

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. VI.]

OCTOBER, 1828.

[No. 34.

REPORT FROM THE DISSECTION COMMITTEE.

So revolting is the practice of exhumation—the trade of dragging dead bodies from the grave for the purpose of dissection—that a very unusual combination of official and private opposition has risen up against it ; and the church-yards in and about London are, in consequence, more and more effectually blocked up against the depredators. The employer and his desperate agent encounter the same degree of popular odium, and the craft of both is in imminent danger of utter and speedy extinction. The anatomists are driven to their wits' end : from the lack of subjects, some abandon their lectures, and all occasionally suspend them ; students fly to other countries ; and the character of the profession itself is at stake. The very law is suddenly armed against them ; and the mere possession of a dead body for dissection, except that of a murderer, is declared to be a misdemeanor. The government, indeed, winked at importations, and generously sacrificed its *ad valorem* duties for the benefit of science ; but in vain. The very importations have failed of their purpose ; and the legislature itself—the dernier resort—has been appealed to. Petitions poured in by scores from every point of the medical compass ; and a Committee, graciously appointed for the purpose, have summoned before them the leading members of the profession, hospital-surgeons, lecturers on anatomy, body-snatchers themselves, and Bow-street officers. They have inquired, with an *ab ovo* beginning, into the utility and the necessity of anatomy—the indispensableness of a supply of subjects—the modes hitherto adopted for obtaining them—the objections to those modes—the practice of foreign countries—the numbers demanded—and, finally, the practicability of furnishing those numbers, without outraging the public feeling by exhumation. The Committee having thus collected and reported, the evidence is now before the world ; and we wait but the next session to place the profession at ease, and on a legitimate basis.

In the number for May last, before the appointment of the Committee, the subject was carefully discussed in this Magazine ; and, so far as respects the imperativeness of the case, and the practicability of furnishing without offence an adequate supply, apparently exhausted. The result of the inquiries instituted by the Committee terminated in recommending the UNCLAIMED BODIES of the workhouses, hospitals, prisons, and

M. M. New Series.—VOL. VI. No. 34.

2 X

penitentiaries of the neighbourhood of London. This was, in fact, our own suggestion ; and it is matter of self-gratulation, that this publication, which aims at mixing the *utile dulci*, anticipated this phalanx of professional persons, and that the whole body together were utterly unable to suggest another expedient. The returns made to the order of the Committee by the parishes, though not yet complete, fully realize our anticipations—from that single source ; our conjectures are completely established, and the supply attainable from the whole of the sources above stated is evidently abundant for all occasions, measured by the more moderate demands of the most eminent of the profession examined before the Committee.

The report contains the evidence of men of the highest reputation, and undoubtedly of the best opportunities for gaining information, whose sentiments could in no other way have been got at ; the communications have been freely and frankly given ; and we now travel, no longer on the slippery ground of conjecture and probability, but on the firm footing of experience and intelligence. We shall be doing our readers no unwelcome service by laying before them the results.

The study of anatomy, as a general pursuit in the medical profession, is comparatively new. To the time of William Hunter, lecturers illustrated their discourses by the exhibition of the bodies of animals, and even gave instructions relative to operations in the same way. In his memorial to Lord Bute, he describes the students as not exercising themselves in dissecting human bodies, because they had no opportunities ; and, indeed, he might have added, the necessity for such dissection was not very deeply impressed upon any but himself. His object was to obtain the royal protection for the institution of a school of anatomy ; but though he undertook himself to build a theatre, and endow it with his own museum, and even with a salary for a professor, such were the stubborn prejudices existing even in that quarter, that all his efforts were useless. But, zealous in his object, and not to be daunted by neglect or rebuff, he resolutely pursued his purpose, and, before his death, had the satisfaction of leaving behind him, he believed, many better anatomists than himself. But the means of procuring bodies for the prosecution of this favourite object were all illegal ; he was obliged to trust altogether to disinterments. For a time, these were adequate to the demand for bodies ; and the numbers yet required were comparatively so few, they were readily obtained without exciting much observation. The offence seldom came before the public notice ; and when it did, was scarcely regarded as a penal offence ; and offenders, when caught in the fact, were usually dismissed with impunity, or occasionally a ducking.

The more anatomy was studied, the more important and indispensable appeared the study of it. A medical education, even of the lowest description, soon came to be considered defective without it : a person wholly ignorant, was degraded in the eyes of his brethren, and distrusted by his more intelligent patients. Students of anatomy accordingly multiplied. In 1793, Mr. Abernethy states the number at 200 ; Dr. Macartney computes them, in 1798, at 300 ; and Mr. Brooks, in 1823, at 1,000. The existing number is probably about 800, or below ; the diminishing series is accounted for by pupils visiting foreign countries—200 are known to be at Paris ; and the cause is the increasing difficulty of obtaining subjects in England.

This difficulty of obtaining subjects sprang not immediately from the increasing demand—for people died fast enough—pretty nearly as fast as they did before—though, if registers, and returns, and calculations are at all to be relied upon, they *do* die now-a-days a year or two later than formerly—but from the greater number of detections, consequent on the greater demand—by which detections the facts of disinterments became more notorious—the public feeling was kindled—the sympathy spread—and greater vigilance was every where employed. The body-snatchers were regarded and treated as criminals; and, despicable as they were before, they degenerated—for even that was possible—till they became desperate. They grew careless of appearances; and greater publicity and greater indignation followed. To force a rise of prices, they voluntarily augmented the peril of their own hazardous trade; they contested in the very graves the possession of the spoil—left those graves exposed—and gave information to magistrates, and to the friends of the disinterred, against their rivals. To extort gratuities, and to crush competition, they proceeded to still farther acts of violence, and excited the populace against the professors of anatomy. On one occasion, Mr. Brooks says, three subjects, for which he gave sixteen guineas each, were taken from him, in consequence of information by the very man who sold them; and once, on refusing a *douceur* of five guineas at the commencement of the season, “some of them came in the dusk of the evening with two subjects, in a high state of decomposition, in a chaise-cart; one of which they dropped at the Poland-street end of Marlborough-street, and the other at the end of Blenheim-street; and, shortly afterwards, two young ladies, nicely dressed, stumbled over one of these horrible subjects, which raised such a commotion, that, had it not been for the prompt assistance of Sir Robert Baker and the police establishment, he might have been sacrificed to popular fury.” These things tended still farther to bring resurrection-deeds to light, and exasperate the public prejudices against snatcher and anatomist alike. The difficulty is again augmented by the apprehensions of the friends of the deceased, who keep watch over the grave, and, in numerous instances, have taken the law into their own hands, and fired upon the desperadoes. In Glasgow, the students themselves dug up the bodies. Every teacher had what was called his “private party,” consisting generally of eight; these were the dissecting students—none others dissected; and these had no other resource than plundering the graves with their own hands. They were frequently shot at; and now that this miserable course is abandoned, the state of the Glasgow school is deplorable. Not more than two or three in the course of a season are obtained by exhumation, and these are obliged to be salted and dried. It short, it has at last become positively impracticable to obtain an adequate supply from this source.

In this scarcity and perplexity, the resurrection-men, not disposed of course to stick at any thing, broke into the houses of undertakers, and stole bodies before burial; while others personated the relatives, and applied to workhouses and hospitals for possession, which of course could only succeed now and then. Expedients of better promise were fallen upon, especially importations from Paris and Dublin; but even this resource has dwindled to nothing—the bodies for the most part did not come in an useable state, and antiseptics have hitherto done little. “The Secretary of State,” says Dr. Somerville, “gave permission to the Custom-house to allow bodies to be imported; and one of the conditions

with the Custom-house was, that I should personally superintend, in order to prevent the privilege from being converted into a means of smuggling. Accordingly, when a vessel arrived, having packages with certain marks, they were claimed by me, and delivered on my responsibility. Every facility was afforded by the Secretary of State and the Custom-house officers; yet the experiment, though tried very extensively, was a complete failure." But the main cause of failure in this case appears to have been the interference of the police; and marvellous it must surely seem, that the Secretary of State should silence the authorities at the Custom-house, and not give the Police a hint—the most pitiful sort of half-measure that ever was heard of!

There is good reason to believe, that of the bodies used in London and Scotland for the last two years, a considerable portion came from Dublin; but the extent, or the carelessness, with which exportation has been conducted, has stirred up the popular feeling even there, and subjects are obtained with difficulty now for the native schools. A report spread, that children were kidnapped for the purpose of dissection; and so currently credited was this report, that it was necessary to protect one of the anatomical schools for nearly a week, by means of the police. The notion was, they were to be sent to Scotland or England by the steam vessels. The winter dissections could not be completed. "The people frequently of late," says Dr. Macartney, "assault the resurrection-men; one of them died in consequence of the rough handling he met with, and another from being whipped with a cat-o'-nine-tails made of wire, and others were thrown into the water. I may add," he continues, "that lately also, even medical men and medical students were assailed by the people; and that at present, the resurrection-men go to a great number of grave-yards, some distance from Dublin, provided with fire-arms, and are accompanied frequently by several students armed in the same manner." In France, too, the law expressly forbids exportation, and of course none can come but such as are smuggled; and fresh obstacles are continually thrown in the way—not to say that subjects, even for native professors at Paris, are diminishing every day, from the activity of the priests, who are as hostile to dissections as they were in days of yore.

Such, then, is the actual state of things—that, though in spite of all difficulties, bodies are still obtained by exhumation, the hazard increases daily—the public exasperation still embitters, and the supply must consequently grow less and less. For the remedy of this growing deficiency, notwithstanding, some would have us simply retrace our steps—only be quiet, and prejudices must subside again. It is suggested, that, as the government has already interfered so far as to remove obstructions at the ports, so the magistrates, with or without authority, might repress officiousness, and leave the anatomists, and the persons they employ, to conflict with the public odium as well as they can. A great part of the general indignation, it is said, has been drawn to the matter by bringing the body-snatchers before the police offices, and thus making a needless noise and parade. But this would be, in fact, an attempt to sanction the system of exhumation, which is in itself a disgusting act, and one which it is much too late to think of reviving. The general feelings of nature rise against it: and to oppose the course of them is perfectly useless. The practice will never again be tolerated.

Nor have we any great faith in Dr. Macartney's prescription. This is to remove all existing prejudices by dint of a little example, by the

repeal of one law—that for dissecting murderers—and the enactment of another. He himself drew up an engagement, binding the friends of the subscribers to surrender their bodies, after death, for the benefit of anatomy, to which he fixed his own signature, and in about a fortnight 98 other names were added, not only of the medical profession, but of clergymen, lawyers, country gentlemen, and titled persons. This bequest is to be sanctioned by law; but even then, the enforcing, contrary to the wishes of friends, and those wishes will be sure to be adverse, will be as invidious and as odious as the very act of exhumation. The anatomists would not get one out of fifty.

The fact of inadequate supply being thus unquestionable, and every remedy, hitherto adopted or suggested, vague or ineffectual, we may turn our attention to that sole source, which the Committee, like ourselves, after the fullest investigation, concur in recommending, as at once practicable, and liable to the fewest objections of a serious kind—the unclaimed bodies of our public institutions; and by unclaimed bodies, we mean—not those who have none to bury them at their own expense—but such as are absolutely in that forlorn condition as to have none who claim affinity with them—none who appear to accompany their remains to the grave.

With respect to this source of supply, then, is it, in the first place, adequate? for if it be not, it will be useless to argue on the fitness or the justifiableness.

What, then, is the average demand for bodies? The students, we see, amount to about 800; but out of these, it seems, for one reason or another, not more than 500 ever dissect. The leading surgeons, and lecturers on anatomy, though universally they allow the period assigned for anatomical and surgical education is much too short, consider three bodies for each pupil as competent on the present system for all purposes, for the two seasons, consisting of sixteen months. Those who have been accustomed to foreign schools speak of a larger number, and even think, apparently with some reason, ten or twelve not too many for dissection and operation. The students of America often dissect thirty. The rest are more practical men, that is, they are more disposed to look at the average of what is usually demanded, and usually accomplished, than at what ought, or what would be desirable to be done. The majority of students are of very humble origin, of very humble fortunes, and are destined, by inevitable circumstances, to very humble stations in society—one-half of them never dreaming of making 300*l.* a year in country towns and villages. Three bodies, then, may be assigned to each, which amounts to 1,500 for the two seasons—the period of anatomical education.

To meet this demand, the only legalized source is the bodies of murderers—producing, fortunately, not half-a-dozen in the year, in the environs of London—which may, therefore, very safely be thrown out of consideration—the number is not worth the enumeration. About a hundred, it has been suggested, might be obtained from the hulks, by the authority of the Secretary of State, if they were to be seized indiscriminately; but this would be to proceed in the spirit of penalty, and cutting up is no part of their sentence—they have most of them friends too. About as many more might be obtained from suicides—but suicides also have friends—and to take them indiscriminately is equally objectionable. The *unclaimed*, of either class, could not be very numerous. Not an hundred could be reckoned upon from the whole of these sources,

supposing the seizure of the unclaimed portion to be legalized ; and for the rest there can be no reasonable pretence, while other means less objectionable are left.

No—the main supply of unclaimed bodies will come from the parish poor-houses. Returns have been made from 127 parishes of London, Westminster, and Southwark, or their immediate vicinity, by which it appears, that out of 3,744, who died in the work-houses alone, 3,103 were buried at the parish expense, and that of these 1,108 were *unclaimed*, that is, were utterly without connexions to inquire about them. Were the returns complete, the probability is that 2,000 may be calculated on, or not much short of 3,000 for the two seasons. But contenting ourselves with what is actually ascertained, here are at the very least 1,500 bodies, or three for each of 500 students, without looking to any other source whatever.

But is this source of supply, after all, less objectionable than the rest ? Why, what are the objections to it ? No private feelings, it is obvious, can be outraged, for no relatives are known to exist ; and such is the general interest taken by relatives in consigning the bodies of their friends to the grave, that, for the most part, we may safely conclude, if none present themselves, none exist, or none are within a knowledge of the case. No one, therefore, can complain that *his* feelings are disregarded, for if he appears, the body ceases to fall within the class of the unclaimed ; and the dead, we suppose, in the absence of better evidence, know nothing about the matter.

If the case be taken up on more general grounds—if it be supposed that people's sympathies extend to absolute strangers—that a general and abstract repugnance exists to the very act of dissection, we venture to express our entire conviction that no such repugnance exists—that, on the contrary, generally, people, in this respect, care little what becomes of others, so that they do not belong to themselves—the common feeling with respect to others is, what matters what becomes of the senseless body ? The practice of examining the dead is very general in the hospitals—is known to be so—is rarely even objected to—nay is often solicited by friends, and witnessed by them—they are anxious to know the *cause*, and are sensible *that* can frequently be discovered only by actual inspection. And even among the higher classes, if prejudices did exist, they are fast wearing away. Sir Henry Hallford, the great aristocrat doctor of the day, assures the Committee he should not be deterred from soliciting permission to examine, from any fear now of wounding the delicate feelings of the very nicest of the nobility.

That the existing prejudices are directed not against dissection, but against exhumation and publicity, is manifest from a multitude of facts. The hospitals, which have dissecting schools connected with them, are not the less frequented since the erection of them ; on the contrary, those very hospitals are of the highest repute. The Irish, whose prejudices are conceived to be strongest, seem, after *making* the dead, in reality, to care little what becomes of them. No horror is expressed at the introduction of dead bodies in Windmill-street, for instance, or anywhere in the neighbourhood of anatomical schools, where the people are accustomed to the sight. There is no evidence, in short, that any body cares about dissection, except in the case of relatives ; and as to relatives even, they do not object to examination, nor would they to dissection, if they knew better what was meant, or were convinced of the advantage to be derived from it to the living. At Dublin, in particular, Mr. Crompton,

the surgeon-general of Ireland, carried on his anatomical pursuits with open doors—every one was at liberty to go in and look at his dissections, and attend his lectures. The consequence was, that a great number of porters, and ostlers, and the poorer people, came into his lectures, and when they were finished, he took the opportunity of pointing out to them the structure of the body, and the importance of such knowledge, till they became so interested, and so favourably disposed to dissection, that they brought him bodies themselves, and, in several instances, where bodies had been exhumed, the relations on discovering it, came with the greatest calmness, and said, they believed he had the body of a wife or child, but they did not wish to make any disturbance, and removed it without the slightest commotion. And others speak on their own knowledge, when delivering popular lectures on anatomy, of the prejudices of the lower classes being at once removed.

But then—as to funeral rites—why in God's name let them be performed. But the bodies must be buried, and if you then exhume, you do the very thing which is obviously a thousand times more revolting than the act of dissection. Well, but cannot these rites be performed, in the house, and over the body, while in the coffin—as is the case every where with Catholics—and the remains, when examined and done with, consigned to the earth? But even this is disturbing after the solemnities of religion. Still the case is not irremediable. The bodies may be buried with the usual solemnities, *after dissection*; and security be taken from the anatomist for the due execution of them. The student, moreover, might pay the expences, and thus relieve the parishes. These expences seldom exceed a pound, and two would not be grudgingly given; and neglect might be punishable by a very severe fine. This good effect, also, might be worked upon the student—he would be made more careful—he would treat the remains with less indifference—and the wanton and hardening practices, which now prevail in the anatomical schools, would be usefully checked.

But bodies, in dissection, are separated limb from limb—every muscle stripped, and every bone bared. No matter; the parts are still easily collectable—few, comparatively, are required to be retained; and whether the parts are thus collected at the end of a week, or of two, or of ten, seems of little importance, provided the remains are finally consigned to the earth, in obedience to the demands of public decency, and in satisfaction of our cold but perhaps common sympathies.

Still it may be said, that this exclusive usage of the bodies of the forlorn and forsaken, is fixing another stain upon poverty. Dissection is a part of the legal punishment for murder, and you thus confound the unfortunate with the criminal. Then put an end to it, as a penalty, altogether. Execution alone, will do as much in the way of deterring, as execution coupled with dissection. Does any one imagine the murderer thinks of his own dissection?—that any one contemplating such an act is deterred by any earthly consequence but that of detection and his own consequent execution? For the service of the anatomists, the numbers from this source, it appears, is insignificant; and it is, decidedly, of more importance to them to remove the prejudices which spring from this degrading cause, than to retain and vindicate their claims upon the bodies of murderers.

But some superfine advocate for justice will interpose, and say, you are inflicting an evil exclusively on the poor; whereas, if the object of dissection be calculated for the benefit of all, the rich should take their

chance, or their share. The objection is not only nonsensical, but inapplicable. The bodies are *unclaimed* ones, and the rich are never in that forlorn and lonely condition. Besides, the rich, by the inevitable course and destiny of circumstances, are the persons who are entitled, or at least alone enabled, to secure to themselves the exemptions and privileges of society. Privations and hardships are the inevitable lot of the poorest; and it seems, indeed, a small additional affliction, to suffer that, which while alive would probably trouble them little—which they know not would certainly befall them—and of which, when dead, they must be insensible.

In all the recent exhumations, which have justly excited so much disgust, it is the poor that have been the disinterred parties. They are buried nearer the surface; the rich are commonly bricked up, or monumented over, or placed in securer coffins, or too deep in the earth to be accessible to the body-snatcher.

Moreover, the poor are, after all, the very persons who are most interested in the cultivation and spread of anatomical knowledge. Always there will be some skilful men, and their services the rich will command. But the more medical men are made effective anatomists, the more will the utilities from this source come down to the poor. The rich now have the benefit of the skilful, and the poor, except in hospitals, have not; but if the race of practitioners generally improve, the poor must share the advantage.

Objections are not yet exhausted—it will be recollected by some, that with this facility for obtaining bodies, the students who are now gone to Paris, and Dublin, and Germany, will all rush back to London, and besiege the schools; instead of 500 dissectors, there will probably be speedily a thousand—and how are these to be supplied? If there be a probability that the students will multiply to a thousand—the unclaimed bodies will, as probably amount to 3,000, which at once removes the embarrassment.

Still some may on this ground be seriously alarmed at the augmentation of numbers in the medical schools, and the consequent inadequacy of the *unclaimed* funds, and therefore we will venture to suggest, that these students need not all flock to London—that nothing but a senseless regulation of the College of Surgeons makes attendance in London imperative. The only schools the college chooses to recognise are those of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; and among other qualifications required, is attendance, for one year, at St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, the Westminster, Guy's, St. George's, the London, and the Middlesex, in London; the Richmond, Stevens's, and the Meath, in Dublin; and the Royal Infirmarys in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; or *four years* at a recognised provincial hospital, and *six months* at least at one of the before-mentioned schools of anatomy. The experience to be gained at many of the country hospitals far exceeds that of some London ones. Westminster makes up only 82 beds, while many provincial institutions have 300.

Remove these restrictions, and many of those who are now, by necessity, and little to their convenience, and not much to their advantage, forced up to London, would remain in the provinces. Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, would become effective medical schools, and the number of town students would thus be kept down, and the supply of subjects of course undrained. A greater number might then also be granted to superior and ardent students, and the benefit, in

the long run, be felt, in the growth and produce of the science, and the improved skill of all.

The advantages, direct and indirect, ought not to be lost sight of. The extinction of the resurrection-trade is sure and certain. Society will get rid of a most disgusting and degrading employment, and one door of depravity be closed. The agents of this deplorable occupation, with the exception of three or four, who are spoken of as conducting their business with some decorum, are, all of them, to the amount of 200, of the very worst description of rogues which fertile London can produce. They are all of them thieves, more or less—making body-snatching the screen of other enormities, and employing their carts in the conveyance of the spoils of burglaries.

The anatomists themselves will be shielded from the necessity of bargaining with these filthy wretches—of violating, personally, and by subornation, one law, to enable them to avoid incurring the penalties of another—of exposing themselves to upbraidings and insults—the perils of popular odium—the indignation of an excited and ignorant multitude—protected from the impositions and extortions of the most worthless of men—from informations—from the visits of the officers of the law—from prosecutions—from indemnities.

Lecturers will gain a fairer remuneration for their labours. Never overpaid, under the existing system, they have been obliged to purchase subjects, at a high price, and sell them to the students at a low one—buying them at fourteen guineas, for instance, and selling at eight, and the cost of indemnities falling wholly upon them. Mr. Granger states he incurred an expense of 50*l.* for allowances to one resurrection man, who was two years in prison; and during the present season he has expended several guineas in supporting another man's family while he was in prison. Private lecturers may also resume, and students who have no time to lose, may pursue their studies through the summer as well as winter—which, by the difficulties thrown in the way of supply, they have been, for some time, prevented from doing. The students too—few of whom can bear expences—will be relieved; and instead of eight guineas for a subject, the utmost need be but two—even if it be thought expedient, which we think it would, to impose upon them the expense of burial.

The country will quickly share the benefit in the increased skill of the profession. Of the kind of improvement, we may judge from a reply of Sir Astley Cooper's, to a question from the Committee:—

“A man, when I was first at St. Thomas's hospital, which was in the year 1784, used to exhibit himself, and receive money from the students for the exhibition, because he was one of those remarkable persons who had recovered from an operation for what surgeons call popliteal aneurism, which disease arises from the giving way of an artery in the ham, and for which it is required that the artery of the thigh should be tied; this man had the artery tied, and recovered. At the present moment, there is not an individual who is educated in London, who would not be ashamed of himself if he could not perform that operation, or tie any of the accessible arteries in the body. Surgery is also improved in the diminution of operations; for at the time at which I first entered the profession, I should say there were at least three operations for one at the present moment. At that time, a man who had an injury to his head, was very generally trephined; but now that operation is rarely performed. At that time, limbs were amputated for compound dislocations, but now very rarely.”

Supposing, then, that the unclaimed bodies of our public institutions are consigned to the purposes of dissection, how will the matter be best arranged? Must all be left to the parish-officers, to grant or refuse at discretion? We should be little disposed to leave any thing to the discretion of individuals, who are never likely to concur, and who are changing every year. No, let all be done openly and definitely. Little as we are disposed to add to laws, a legislative act is the only remedy—one that shall make the unclaimed dead disposable and distributable to the public hospitals, and acknowledged private schools, according to their exigencies; not compulsorily, like a penalty, but as they are required, because there will be periods when few comparatively are wanted, and then the unrequired bodies must be buried in the usual course of things. This must be done under the direction of officers appointed by the College of Surgeons. The schools will give them notice of their wants; the parishes of their dead; and the officers will immediately direct where the body is to be taken, or if it be not required, will give an order for the burial. But once legalize the supply, and regulations will soon be effectively framed.

The state of the laws relative to these matters will then soon bear a consistent appearance. At present, the dissection of the murderer is alone legalized. The act of robbing the grave, and the possession of a body, are forbidden by no statute law, nor by the common law specifically. The former has been gradually brought under the head of offences *contra bonos mores*; the mere possession of a dead body, is obviously not easily forced within the pale of *contra bonos mores*; but by an astute sort of inference, with the discovery of which lawyers and judges are usually delighted, it is stigmatized as an offence, on the ground that none can be legally dissected but a murderer; the onus, therefore, is laid upon the possessor to prove it the body of a murderer; and if he be unable, the possession is an illegal act, and punishable like other deeds *contra bonos mores*. In short, neither lecturer nor student is now safe—possession of a body for dissection is an illegal act; and safety can only be secured by shutting up the lecture-room, and abandoning the profession.

And yet in the teeth of these sanctions and this practice of the law, the courts are ready to give compensation to patients, for what a jury shall determine to be injudicious or unskilful management of surgical cases, though impediments are thrown in the way, on all sides, of a successful prosecution of their profession. And even the very College of Surgeons, who might be expected to have some consideration for their brethren, however humble the station, and who must know the difficulties and obstructions attending the study of anatomy, insist rigorously upon certificates of attendance on dissection, and even personal dissection and operation, before they will empower a student of medicine to practise. Considerable numbers are positively rejected, not for want of abilities, or diligence, but literally for want of opportunity.

The necessity for some legislative arrangement is imperative. The question can no longer be blinked. To secure a competent degree of skill, the necessary means must be sanctioned and protected, and legal obstructions removed. Exhumation the public indignation will itself suppress—it can no longer be borne with. Ignorance, also, that same public will as little tolerate—foreigners will be patronized—or the legislature must sanction the provision which circumstances, scarcely to be calculated on, fortunately furnish, at the least possible expence of painful feeling—the UNCLAIMED BODIES OF PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

THE SMUGGLERS OF ALGESIRAS.

"SHALL we weather the Point on this tack, captain?"

"Why, she lies well up, doesn't she, in spite of this heavy swell?—*Orsa!* you there at the helm, keep her close—there now, steady's the word."

And steady was the progress of the Buena Ventura as she glided by the southern extremity of the rock of Gibraltar, known by the name of Europa Point, so closely as almost to graze the sharp ledges of land that stand out from it to westward. The speakers were two mariners, on the deck of a stout felucca, bearing up against a heavy Gregale, which had blown in their teeth ever since they had left the African coast. They watched their slow advance in silence, measuring it by the gradual disappearance of particular well known objects, just rendered discernible by the unsteady light of a moonless sky. Presently one of the voices was again heard, uttering these words, but in a hushed and cautious tone:—

"Shall we escape the *guarda-costas*, think you, captain?"

"'Tis hard to say."

"But had we not better lie-to for a few hours, and so get in with security?"

"Hold your babble, Diego; have we not always escaped them?"

"No one knows how," said the other; "good luck's no perpetuity. Old Serafin is a lynx now-a-days; but he used, they say, to drive another trade. Hang those reclaimed felons! they are your true white-livered, straight-laced, awkward rogues, who haven't in them one grain of Christian charity;—I dread him and his myrmidons. We may land our cargo cleanly or not—but, at this early time o' night, the odds are against us."

"Once more, Diego, I tell you there is no hazard."

"Once more, then, Captain Saavedra, I tell you frankly, I think you have no foundation for what you say. The tobacco——"

"Drown the tobacco!" cried the petulant commander; "drown it, bale by bale, rather than hear that endless tongue of thine! Go—bestir yourself; we must about ship."

The mate, not being in his master's secrets, turned on his heels, much discomfited and growling. In another minute the vessel was standing in towards Algesiras, keeping her head a little to the northward of the anchorage-ground.

At the period of this conversation, Don Francisco Serafin was *cobo principal de rentas*, or Preserver of the rights of coast, in the service of King Ferdinand. He was a man of some fifty years of age, pompous in office, active and circumspect. It was well known by what means he had obtained a post of such respectability, and requiring so much skill. Not through the regular changes and promotions, from one step in the police department to another;—not by money, or the interference of power in his behalf;—his own peculiar qualifications purchased it for him, at a time when no other man in the kingdom was so well adapted to the employment. For the information of some who are strangers to these matters, it may be well to state that the harbour of Gibraltar is one of those which by charter is possessed of rights of exception from all port-dues, taxes, customs, and other ordinary levies. The merchants

who reside here have consequently the power of introducing all the productions of other countries at little or nothing beyond their cost price. The market, therefore, is supplied with luxuries collected from all parts of the globe: the rarest works of the most distant factories are displayed here for sale; and the silks and the perfumes which we only know as the representatives or the barterers of wealth, are here exhibited on a moveable stall, or huddled up under the old handkerchief of a Moorish pedlar. The close neighbourhood of this great depôt to the main land has encouraged a system of smuggling with all the surrounding sea-ports; and the contraband trade is a fertile source of riches, as well to many of our less conscientious countrymen, as to the thousand petty pirates, who laugh at the preventive efforts of their own government officers. Riding at anchor under the protection of the English guns, no cargo, however suspected, could be seized or scrutinized by the *employés* of the Spanish king; and, benefiting by a favourable moment of absence or forgetfulness, nothing is easier than to effect a landing for these illicit goods on some unprotected point of coast, whence they may be transferred to their destination, or some covert place of sale. It would require a greater man than Don Francisco Serafin to have prevented this traffic. But he was one who knew the nature and character, better perhaps than any man, of the professed smugglers of the day. In his youth, and for many years, he had been engaged in transactions of this very kind, but with greater success than most of his competitors, and to a larger extent than any one on record in those seas. It was then a profession of more risk, and he had few competitors to rob him of his gains. After amassing a large fortune, the fear of dying as a disgraced man, or the weariness of a life so turbulent and uncertain, led him to abandon the black flag, and tender his services to his country, to crush the trade which had been his sole support. His name, and the appearance of sincerity in his offer, secured to him the appointment which he now held. He migrated from Gibraltar to the town of Algeiras, just across the bay, and prosecuted his measures for the capture of piratical vessels with a diligence and cunning which only his long familiarity with their plans and system could have imparted to him. It was natural that he should now be a man feared, but not respected; his execution of his office with so much promptitude was in itself unpopular; people whispered that the old hobby was not thrown away, but that Don Francisco could still defraud his sovereign, as he used to do, and sin beneath all his saintship. But this suspicion, which seemed to originate in the malice of those to whom he was so formidable, was backed by the enmity of some of the local authorities, and particularly of the governor of the land forces, to whom Don Francisco was above all things obnoxious for the privilege which he held of calling out the military whensoever, and in as great a body as he chose. If, then, the dark rumours that went abroad respecting his concealed practices were constant and stoutly affirmed, it should be inquired how much these accidental causes might have contributed to the circulation of them. We shall hear more of this as our narrative proceeds.

The Buena Ventura glided gently over the waters of the bay, no longer ruffled by the strong breeze, which was now screened from them by the heights of the rock. In a few minutes all hands were busy in taking in sail, and throwing out her anchor;—in a few minutes the whole of the

unlawful cargo was removed in silence, and with the most exact order, from the hold of the felucca to the open strand. Thence, one by one, the casks and bales were carried off by accomplices, between whom and the crew not a syllable of intercourse was exchanged; so that no one but perhaps their leaders, and the subordinates employed in transporting these burthens, could say whither they were destined. A few small packages now only lay by the sea-side, awaiting the return of some of the sturdy Andalusians to clear off the last articles of the cargo. The men had not yet returned to their vessel, but, with their captain, still were grouped on the beach to watch the remaining goods. It was dark and lonely. Presently the sound of approaching footsteps, sinking scarce audibly in the sand, gave promise of a quick termination to their night's duty. The others drew near, and were saluted as they came up, but without answering the challenge. There was a pause; but the succession of wonder, distrust, and fear was too rapid to be distinctly noted, before the foremost of the new party, rushing on the captain, grasped his collar with surprising strength, and raising a lantern, hitherto concealed, illuminated each feature of his face with a full, level, and dazzling glare. A moment had not gone by before the light was again withdrawn, and some words of strange import whispered in the smuggler's ear—"We shall meet again; I know you now!" This was all that passed. The leader, cheering on his associates, hurried away to a different landing-place; their hushed voices were heard in close consultation, until lost in the distance, or drowned by the silvery sounds of their oars as they rowed off to a vessel lying about a hundred yards off.

To explain this occurrence, it will be necessary to state that Captain José Fernandez was the officer next in command to Don Francisco Serafin in the preventive service, as we term it in England. He was a fine, spirited young man, rapidly advanced to his present responsible post, for which his qualifications were to be found in many a hard action with foreign foes, and a system of admirable precaution against the transgressors of the coast-laws. Almost idolized by his own men for the indifference with which he encountered danger—honoured by his government with especial marks of favour—respected even by the illicit traders, whom he baffled with bravery, and circumvented without injustice—the only man to whom Fernandez was personally obnoxious was his superior officer, Don Francisco Serafin. Whether from jealousy of the young man's spirit and enterprise, or from other secret and family reasons, the old Cobo had manifested towards him, from the day of his appointment, a cold, hard demeanour, which went far to counteract their common good designs for the advantage of their country's commerce. This disaffection had been long fomented, and at last brought to a terrible consummation, by the gradual attachment which had sprung up between the young officer and his only child, a girl of about seventeen years old. Julia, the girl of her father's heart, but perhaps still more the darling of his pride than of his affection, was graced with a large share of those rich bounties which are showered upon the daughters of Spain by a sky pure, cloudless, and glowing. I remember her years ago, ere her father had abandoned his wandering profession, and his home on the opposite rock;—I remember her black, quick eye, and the graceful lineaments that promised to be once expanded into perfect beauty. She grew up as a flower beside her Arab mother, and you might see the traces of a fiery blood

mingled with the gentler impulses that moved her feminine spirit. Her mother died at Algesiras, before the rigid education was perfected which would have fettered the girl's wild character, and straightened it down to the tame mechanism devised by systems and false prejudice. As it was, Julia felt the strong incitements which gave a channel to her actions and sentiments: she was directed by thoughts not as yet curbed; and, year by year, the strong natural independence of her soul warmed with fresh ardour, and burst forth more and more uncontrolled. It was no wonder then that the chivalrous young Fernandez, whose duties brought him frequently to the house, should seem to her fancy an object more glorious and fit for her affections than the homely interests provided for her by her course of education, or the usual gallants who followed in her father's train. It was no wonder either that the passion, once formed, should strengthen and be obeyed. She was not skilled, or not willing, to exercise the arts of coquetry and dissimulation; the tale graven on her heart might be read legibly on her cheek;—and who would read the characters so clearly, who would interpret them so justly, as he who had inspired the language and dictated the very words? They became affianced in heart; but the forms of love were prohibited by her austere father, whose influence, had it availed, would have interposed an eternal chasm between them.

It was this young officer who, upon returning to his ship on the night in question, chanced to encounter a large party of men, evidently employed in the smuggling trade, just outside the town of Algesiras. His own party was very small; but he did not hesitate to challenge the marauders. These, on the other hand, speedily disengaged themselves from their burthens, and, at the orders of their chief, charged the assailants with such alacrity and superior force, as to drive them off with great peril of life. Chagrined at his failure, but satisfied that he was too weak to attempt any thing farther, Fernandez hurried on towards the shore, in the hope of strengthening his detachment in time to surprise the others on their return. On the road, as we have seen, he was accosted by Captain Saavedra, who unwittingly so far disclosed his occupation as to assure Fernandez of the connexion between the two parties. He just managed to note the countenance of the captain for future recognition, and, afraid of losing his object, passed on to his boat without farther operations. But the commander of the Buena Ventura was too wily a man to give him a farther chance. Without loss of time, he too retreated with his companions, and was soon on board the nimble felucca. In a few minutes the vessel shot off from her moorings, and was lost in the forest of masts and hulks that lie at anchor at the New Mole, on the Gibraltar side of the bay.

On the following morning, Fernandez appeared on duty at the house of Don Francisco Serafin. A meeting was reluctantly allowed. He stated the occurrence of the previous evening, and requested either advice how to act in the present emergency, or fuller powers and resources to trace this mysterious transaction to its source. His superior would indulge him with neither. He persisted "that his visitor had not come officially, but to steal an interview with his daughter. He was astonished at his making this frivolous occasion the ground of so much affected anxiety. A mere ordinary case of the landing of contraband goods, and a glimpse at the owners!—What of that? Why did he not secure the

weaker detachment, instead of going on to his own vessel for fresh supplies? And what could be done now, at any rate? He confessed that he could see no more of these fellows, and that the ship itself had disappeared. What chance had he of discovering the offenders?—No, no; he had his own designs; but he would discomfit him, by listening no longer to such pitiful trash!"—And, therefore, he quietly indicated that the door was open, and his retirement much to be desired.

But Fernandez, though he left his commander without farther remonstrance, was not deterred from the prosecution of his search. Piqued at this ill-treatment, he now sought to avenge himself by an exhibition of superior skill in detecting these covert enemies. The world would know that he had succeeded when Serafin had despaired; and succeeded, too, without assistance, without encouragement. Another motive, less acknowledged even by himself, may have excited him in this situation of affairs:—he may have looked suspiciously at the unusual reluctance of Don Francisco to follow up a search to which some clue had been given. It was unlike the general alacrity of the old man, and he was determined to sift this matter as far as his cunning would assist him. He called in to his aid a very powerful accessory.

At the corners of the streets, and under the porchways of the large houses, in the town of Gibraltar, may often be seen swarthy, bearded men, in the Moorish attire, with one or two articles for sale displayed on a basket at their feet, or suspended round their neck, in the more usual manner of pedlars. A quick eye gazing round on the passing crowd, and a certain expression, residing in no definite feature, but to be collected from the *tout ensemble* of the face, give to the European an idea of fraud and dissimulation, or of subtilty, in vain tempered by a hypocritical vacancy. Under the cover of a handkerchief, or some of the commodities for sale, are more carefully deposited certain precious articles—such as bottles of Turkish otto of rose, eau de cologne, purses and ornaments of seraglio paste, silks, &c. The superstructure will be a layer of morocco slippers, and perhaps little richly-worked footstools, which may be exposed without caution. Before one of these venders of foreign rarities, a Moor named Hadoud, Captain Fernandez suddenly stopped short on the evening of the day of this disappointing interview with the Cobo principal. A glance of recognition was interchanged; and the African, bustling his hand over the surface of his little pack, contrived to disguise from the other its contents, without appearing to be so engaged.

"Never mind, Hadoud," said Fernandez; "you are safe here, you know, and I want to speak with you on other matters. Follow me to the neutral ground; I will make it worth your while."

The Moor hesitated for a moment; but the ingenuous tone of the young officer overcame his doubts. He fitted up his stock into a portable form, and slinging it at his back, trudged at some distance behind the other, who led the way through the principal street and over the lines, till they reached that flat isthmus which lies between the possessions of the English and the mother country. Here Fernandez awaited his follower, and being at last overtaken, here he communicated to him such of the preceding incidents as were necessary for his purpose, and made certain proposals, which, if accepted by the Moor, would possibly lead to the discovery he so much desired. Hadoud was a trader between the two continents—sometimes affluent, sometimes without resources—

but always alike enterprising, clever, and true to his trust. His character and mode of life were well known to Fernandez, and they had more than once come in collision on the open sea. Former acts of kindness had rendered him bound in gratitude to the Spaniard, and this, added to a knowledge of his character, caused the present expedient to be adopted, with what success will be presently seen. Fernandez described accurately and minutely the appearance of the man upon whom he had fallen on the preceding night. He desired Hadoud, if possible, to hunt him out, and employ any means he might gain possession of to detect his employer, and the true state of these latter occurrences. He gave, moreover, a promise that, beyond the payment of any expenses which might be incurred, and with which of course he should stand charged, there would also be provided for the Moor a remuneration sufficiently generous to act as a present inducement for vigilance and exertion. This was the outline of the scheme, and it commenced favourably. Hadoud, as was expected by the officer, had no difficulty in identifying the person described;—a long course of traffic in the same line had brought him in contact with most of the principals—and with Captain Saavedra, of the Buena Ventura, amongst the number. He could not clearly see his way at that time; but if Captain Fernandez would rely on him, and give him time and means, he had no doubt his plans would be successfully prosecuted. The two men parted from each other, sanguine as to the issue of their scheme.

We must now pass over to a later period of time, and suppose that the space of a month has intervened between this event and that which we are about to narrate.

Towards sunset of a fine calm evening, a shore-boat was seen plying alongside our old friend, the Buena Ventura, as she lay attached to a buoy before the pleasant little town of Catalan. She had lately been a voyage, the exact particulars of which have not been handed down to us, and had arrived that very afternoon in the roads of Catalan—a town, as every one knows, placed on the eastern side of the rock, and just above Europa Point. A man in Moorish dress, who might speedily have been recognized as Hadoud of Gibraltar, descended from the gangway of the felucca, and was soon quietly seated in the boat, which, without other burthen, then put off, and, in the uncouth fashion of the place, was rowed onwards till the eye of the spectator might lose it amongst the thousands that flock about the landing-places and vessels moored near the port of Gibraltar. We also shall lose sight of the Moor for a few hours, leaving to the reader that mode of employing them which his fancy shall supply as the most appropriate to the occasion.

This interval having elapsed, Hadoud might again be seen on the same spot of the neutral ground, where a few weeks before he had been engaged in that conversation with Fernandez which led to his subsequent voyage and the present events. His former companion was again with him, and the animated looks of either party proved that they were employed in considerations which interested them deeply, though we have nothing beyond the concluding words of their discourse to furnish any ampler indications of the true case. The young captain was pacing to and fro on the low ground, at times putting some short question to the Moor, who, in a more stationary attitude, shewed, by a quick accent and subtle look, that his own part in the matter was neither feigned nor trivial. Fernandez paused for a moment, and looking full into his com-

panion's face, asked with more than common earnestness, whether the other would on his oath declare that he had failed in finding out the principal to whom Captain Saavedra had been playing in the character of subordinate?

"As I trust in the Prophet," he replied, "all my exertions have proved fruitless. I have told you what I know; if you choose to benefit by it, well. You may defraud me of my compensation by rejecting what I counsel; but, as sure as there is wisdom in experience, you will find it sufficient for our purpose."

"What, you feel assured, then, that we may trace the rogues from their landing-place to-night to the very warehouse in which their goods will be deposited?"

"I do."

"And you are confident as to the hour and place?"

"I have it from the lips of the captain himself; he informed me of it, that I might be on the spot to effect any small purchase I might desire, not being willing to disturb his cargo till unshipped."

"You do not think that confession could be extorted from him?"

"I have tried better means than force, without effect."

"And you would recommend a reconnoitering party to follow the warehousemen or receivers to their place of concealment, and then burst upon them?"

"You have it exactly; and my reward may depend upon the successful issue of the scheme."

A few words of preliminary arrangement farther were exchanged, and the men separated.

The scene is now once more shifted, and will represent the same spot, and nearly the same actors, as were introduced in the commencement of our narrative. The crew of the Buena Ventura were busied under a midnight sky in transferring the cargo of their vessel from one to another, until the hold was completely cleared, and the beach lined with bales of various illicit wares. As before, they were received by different landsmen, employed by the owner to convey them in secrecy to the place of destination. Not a word, nor any sound, broke the silence of that hour beyond the rippling of the water over the sands, and the occasional noise made by some blunderer in his vocation. The huge masses of goods were gradually carried off, and the last packages were just committed to the hands of a porter, when Captain Saavedra taking our old friend, Diego, aside, informed him, in a low tone, that he must confide to him the rule of the vessel for a few hours, as he had business on shore, and must for that time be absent. Honest Diego, always a pompous man, was too delighted with this momentary power to stay for any discussion about its administration or limits. Wishing good morrow to his commander, he turned off towards the men, and collected them with a word of command both ludicrous and unseasonable. The crew re-embarked in merry mood, under the auspices of their *soi-disant* Cæsar; but the jealous echoes of the quiet shore nearly punished him for his vain-glory by an instant development of their transactions. He was soon, however, beyond reach of harm; for the gib and topsails of the felucca were now filling with the breeze, and the Buena Ventura almost instantly was lost in the haze of night.

Captain Saavedra followed up the rear of his servants, occasionally putting to them some inaudible question, or directing their line of

advance. There was little or no light from heaven to guide them as they went, and they had consequently to trust to a dark lantern, which from time to time was allowed to throw out a single suspicious gleam in their front, and then was closed again. But the road seemed familiar to them, and they had no fears of lengthening it by unnecessary circuits. It now ascended a little from the beach, and, winding round some angular rocks, lay for a while in the bosom of two banks, from which again it emerged, and traversed the open moor in a direction at right angles to the line of coast. They passed, at a distance, one or two rustic buildings, with here and there a feeble lamp, displayed in honour of the tutelar saint ; and this object, whenever it occurred, served at the same time to assist them in their route, and to caution them against the least noise on their progress. A larger structure, as of an opulent farmer, at last stood before them, and it seemed that this was the end of their journey ; for although from its windows gleamed more and brighter lights than they had yet seen, they deviated not a whit to avoid them, but advanced boldly and even hurriedly up to the gateway of the house. The foremost of the troop halted, and called out in some low *patois* to the inmates. The door was instantly opened, and one attired in their out-dress, and apparently a member of the same class, welcomed them upon their return. Having passed the threshold, Captain Saavedra stood forward, and inquired if the secretary could be seen. A lean, suspicious-looking rogue answered the inquiry in person, and demanded the wants of the interrogator. Saavedra looked at him significantly, and having briefly explained his present employment and circumstances, added, that he wished to have a personal interview with the master.

"The master?" exclaimed the other ; "he's at St. Rocque, you know :"—and a grim smile sharpened the angles of his countenance.

"No, no!" replied the captain—"I am better informed than that ; 'tis no use hesitating with me ; I have a passport."—And he exhibited a card, on which were drawn sundry figures in masonic hieroglyphics, and which, when recognized by the other, produced an instant change of visage.

"I beg pardon, Sir," said he, more meekly ; "I was mistaken in my appreciation of your merit and qualifications. Come forward, Sir ; mind the step, Sir—here, to the right."

And the two important gentlemen retired through the secretary's door, and so on to an inner room, in which the great personage, the *innominato*, the master himself, was to be found. Without at present describing this mysterious character, or the exact particulars of their secret conversation—important as must be the conversation of three such men, in such a place, at such a time, and with such strange characters round and about them—it will be enough to observe, that a sudden pause was, after a time, created in it by a tumult in the outer apartments, and the clashing of weapons, as of many men in contest. Fierce and loud exclamations were tossed to the skies—horrid cries of rage and agony, *clamorque virum clangorque* ! The countenances of the triumvirate fell : the secretary's face was as a parchment, on which nature had long ago written some features in bad ink—the captain seemed to smell bilgewater—the master was conquered. Still, but with less riot, the commotion continued. The sounds came nearer as they diminished in violence ; and all had subsided, save a dying oath, or the moan as of a suffering man—when the sanctuary of the invisible three was burst open by a troop of Spanish

soldiers. At their head was Fernandez, covered with dust and blood. By his side, or just after him, came up Hadoud the Moor, with a drawn scimitar in his hand, and glancing fire as he went from beneath his dark eyebrows. They advanced to the table—and a word, a single word, bursting from the lips of the young leader, stopped the headlong career of the troops.

"Serafin!" exclaimed Fernandez, as he gazed on the haggard countenance of the man who sate like death between his two speechless accomplices—

"Serafin!" he exclaimed; and the flash of rage was clouded over by a sad and pensive expression, that indicated deep inward sorrow and unutterable meditations.

"Ha! bloodhound!" cried the furious Moor, "is it you who have sunken my ships, and despoiled me of my property? Is it you who have branded me with disgrace, and made me homeless? Is it you who cursed the true believer, and smote so grievously his helpless little ones?—Ha! is it not the Prophet who has blessed me in seeing this sight?"

But his words passed across the unhappy man he addressed like whispers at midnight in the ear of a dreamer;—his eye was glazed in idiotcy, and the half-opened mouth could not disclose the unmeaning syllables that he seemed on the eve of uttering.

"Despatch him at once!" cried the Moor.

"Hold! fool!" interrupted Fernandez; "you know not what you say. The laws——"

"He has transgressed every one of them!" replied the other.

"Ay, ay—true; it may be so;—but he is the father—Oh! God, have mercy!"

The eye of the young soldier was filled with the tears of womanhood, and he did not recover from this overpowered state till another imprecation from Hadoud urged him to be on his guard. Composing himself as he might, he ordered his men to lead off the culprits to the town of Algeiras, where they were to abide the course of the law. Taking his station at their head, he himself led the way to the gates, and gave all the necessary orders for his prisoners' confinement. They were lodged together for the night, and, on the following morning, were brought before the municipal authorities for examination and commitment. Presumptive proof of guilt was so strong, that no time was lost in sending them on to Madrid, to take their trial there for the alleged crimes and misdemeanors. In the mean time, Fernandez betook himself, disconsolate but not despairing, to the former house of Don Francisco Serafin. He was admitted to his daughter. He narrated the past circumstances, and begged that he might be allowed to investigate the secret chambers of the old Cobo, to ascertain his exact connexion with the illicit traffic which he was appointed to destroy. There he discovered several series of correspondence, and other documents, demonstrating most fully the existence of most extensive dealings with the smugglers themselves. He collected these papers, and reserved them for subsequent use. He next proceeded to the offices and lower rooms, and beneath the ground-floor he found deposited several casks of powder, and other articles of suspicion, which he had also removed, and placed so as to be instantly disposable. Having done this by the assistance of the family servants and some of his own men, whom he secretly employed under the cover of night, his next measure was to procure an interview with Julia as speedily

as possible. Having effected this, he told her in few words what he proposed to do. He said he should remove every thing that could criminate her father; he had cleared the house, and before daylight the heavy commodities would be at the bottom of the ocean, and the lighter ones burnt, or otherwise destroyed. He had no doubt but that he might succeed in gaining over Hadoud, and all those who had been actors in the scenes of that night; and if this desirable object could be attained, his plan was to disappear with them in his own vessel for some foreign port, until the trial of her father had come on, that by their refusal to attest his guilt, nothing could be substantiated against him. He should be informed of their proceedings, and act as they pointed out to him for the wisest. As for himself, he was most unhappy to have been the instrument of the old man's peril; but if his wishes and efforts could now be of any avail, the terrible fate which hung over him should be averted. He claimed nothing at her hands, but the privilege of having the hope of her remembrance, and perhaps gratitude, when the object for which he was now about to expatriate himself should have been achieved.

They parted in the dead of night, and to this hour have not met again. Fernandez had influence enough with his followers, not excepting Hadoud, to induce them to acquiesce in his plan. The delinquent Serafin was conducted to Madrid, but all testimony against him had disappeared. A few whispers and some circuitous evidence were alone left to affix on him the disgrace he so well merited. To complete the romance of this story, it would be well to anticipate the verdict of acquittal, which the court will have to pronounce on him ere long. But these events and characters not being built on fable, it is more exact to state that he is still awaiting this probable termination to his trial, and a happy return to his daughter. It should be added, that Fernandez and his companions at first crossed over to Tetuan, whence they issued at different times, and appeared in the streets of Gibraltar whenever and wherever this might be done with safety. He will probably remain there until the last accomplishment of his wishes, now no longer delayed by the hostility of Don Serafin, but by the wish of his daughter that her father may be present and sanction the nuptials with a paternal benediction.

ÆVΛΗ.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS: No. II.

IN the midst of all that real or apparent prosperity which distinguished the year 1824, and which ended in the panic at the latter part of 1825, projects of improvement in the interior of our country, and for the embellishment of our metropolis, kept pace with those for digging the bowels of the peaceful earth in Mexico, and other parts of the world, in search of gold and diamonds. New canals were excavated—new rail-roads laid down in the country—and new streets planned in town. One projected an opening from Blackfriars' Bridge into the North Road, to the utter demolition of that assemblage of sweets collected for a century in Fleet Market, and of the pickpockets in Saffron Hill. A second projector planned a street—certainly very much wanted—to lead from Waterloo Bridge to the same point; and a third proposed another, equal in width and magnificence to Regent Street, to lead from Charing Cross to the British Museum. This last has likewise been taken into the consideration of Mr. Nash, and is now partly in progress—an act of parliament having been obtained to carry it into execution as far as Chandos Street. Two new bridges, in addition to those which have been built, and the one which is now building, were among the different projects; while others, not contented with going over the water (the general path, by-the-by, of most projectors), determined to go under it; and the Thames and its finny tribe, not being sufficiently annoyed by the gas, was condemned to be bored with a tunnel—at which attempt it appears to have been so indignant, that it has completely revenged itself upon the violators of its peaceful bed, by stopping the project in the midst of its execution. That this was a bold undertaking, conceived in the true spirit of scientific speculation, and a work of art that, had it been completed, would have remained to posterity a noble example of the science, and industry, and perseverance of the present day, and a wonder the more for the lion-hunters of the metropolis, nobody can doubt. But a sober consideration of the subject (and where water is alone concerned, we ought to give it no other) must convince any dispassionate person that it was only fit to be admired as a work of art, and could never have realized either utility or profit at all commensurate with the immense expense of the undertaking. This was, however, a circumstance which only concerned the subscribers; it did not deteriorate from the nobleness of the project itself, or the ingenuity of the scientific projector; and we are among those who are exceedingly sorry that the want of money has condemned us to be contented with only half a tunnel.

While Mr. Brunel was working under the Thames, Colonel Trench, with his usually active mind, was labouring to adorn the north bank of the river with terraces and quays—which, certainly, could his plan have been accomplished, would have ranked among the greatest and the grandest improvements of the metropolis.

Colonel Trench, sanguine as to the realization of his plan, came into the field of projection backed by the support of royalty. Dukes and duchesses, peers and M.P.s, graced the meeting at which he proposed and described his magnificent intentions; and, that every thing might go on swimmingly, this first meeting was held on the water, in the state-barge of the Merchant Tailors' Company.

A direction, containing some of the first names in the country, was speedily formed, and bankers, architects, and engineers appointed—the first of which appointments was certainly rendered a sinecure, by the want of subscribers.

Mr. Rennie's favourable report was read—tasteful designs of Messrs. B. and P. Wyatt were produced—the late Duchess of Rutland, of unquestionable architectural taste, had given these designs the sanction of her approbation—and the late Duke of York presided at the meeting. But, alas! thus supported by noble and royal patronage—thus surrounded by peers, and legislators, and the rulers of the country—Colonel Trench forgot one thing—he forgot the coal-merchants!! The occupiers of the wharfs—the persons principally interested—even more so, perhaps, than the proprietors, since their trade depended upon their premises—were never consulted until the whole plan had been digested by directors, architects, and engineers, who, with all the beauty of their designs and science of their constructions, could not convince these obstinate wharfingers that the approach to their present open premises through arches built by Messrs. Wyatt and Rennie, would be an improvement. This formidable body, supported in their opposition by the Marquis of Salisbury, a great proprietor—and the late Dr. Kitchiner, a little proprietor—overturned the project.

What an abominable country this must be, in which the interests of a few obscure wharfingers, and timber and coal-merchants, can weigh down the interests and wishes of half the nobility of the country! Yet so it was; and the project ended in the display of Colonel Trench's eloquence, and the exhibition of the really elegant designs of Mr. Philip Wyatt—for to the taste of this gentleman we attribute the seductive drawings (we can call them nothing else) that induced so many to patronize Colonel Trench's plan.

This project at the time made a great, and perhaps more stir, than many which were actually carried into execution. The "gentlemen of the press" took up the subject. Argument after argument was bandied about in the newspapers and periodicals; and it is really curious to look back at the different opinions and views which different writers took of the same subject. One called it a "brilliant proposal held out of embellishing in so magnificent a manner this part of the metropolis"—that the designs "marked a judgment and good taste, which afforded the greatest promise for the accomplishment of this national object;" while another pronounced it to be a plan "good for nothing, but to put money into the pockets of the projector and his architects, and to empty those of the subscribers; threatening great physical injury; worthless as to all purposes of public pleasure or advantage, as it is hazardous to many important public and private interests."

Another writer calls it "a plan, than which one more pregnant with mischief, and more replete with absurdity, I will venture to say was never submitted to public consideration;" the projector "appears to be more qualified to draw beautiful plans than accurate conclusions."

Some asserted that it would stop the passage of the river; others, that it would shut out all air from the Strand and its adjacent streets. Sanguine people pronounced that it was beautiful, and that it promised the good citizens of London and Westminster a magnificent promenade, with distant views of the Surry Hills; while those of a saturnine temperament declared that it would only be a space in which the smoke of the city and the fogs of the river might congregate with greater facility. In short, praise and abuse, reason and absurdity, defences and accusations, were bandied about on all sides; and the projectors were ridiculed or applauded, according to the temper or the interests of those by whom the question was discussed.

But this abuse and this opposition was not the only circumstance

Colonel Trench had to contend with. A Sunday paper set up a claim of Mr. Nash, as the originator of the plan of the Thames Quay, and very nearly accused the colonel of stealing his ideas from the architect in no very handsome manner. This, however, is denied by Mr. Nash, in a very polite letter—which still, however, left the matter in doubt as to which had to claim the honour of first originating the scheme; neither of them acknowledging, what it is but fair to presume that they must very well have known, that the plan had been long ago projected, and even reported upon; and a similar one was likewise suggested by Sir Christopher Wren, in his plan for rebuilding the city of London after the fire in 1666.

The advantage of narrowing and deepening the River Thames had been very generally admitted; and the late Mr. Jessop, the engineer, presented a plan to the House of Commons, illustrative of the subject, which was published in the Report of the Select Committee for improving the Port of London, in 1800. The late Mr. Mylne's opinion had also been obtained upon the subject. An act of parliament was likewise actually passed (22 Chas. II. c. 2.) to set out a quay from London Bridge to the Temple.

All claims, therefore, to originality must be given up both by Mr. Nash and Colonel Trench; but, although this must be confessed to be the case, the colonel has certainly the credit—and no little one it is—of having reduced these general plans into detail, of having investigated the minutiae of its possible accomplishment, and of having exhibited some very tasteful designs as to its architectural execution.

In any view which *we* may take of the subject, all commercial or private interests must be quite out of the question. We do not look on the project with the eye of a speculator, or with our hands in our pockets—but as artists; we consider it only as a work of art—and as such, it is impossible not to pronounce the plan as one which would tend more to the embellishment of our metropolis than any other that has been projected.

Petersburgh and Paris have their magnificent quays and boulevards—nay, even Dublin has graced the shores of its narrow Liffey with quays and buildings, of which the metropolis of the greatest country in the world might be proud; and the Thames—the magnificent Thames—seems alone condemned to roll its waters through coal, timber, and lime-wharfs, and to be used for nothing but a filthy sewage pouring into its streams, through mud-banks which are really a disgrace to London.

Setting aside, therefore, all considerations of calculation, we cannot, as artists, but pronounce the plan of Colonel Trench as a magnificent embellishment to our national river and city, and, as such, regret that the rights of the citizens in 1825 should have had the same effect upon his plan, as their cupidity had on that of Sir Christopher Wren in 1666. In a commercial country, however, profit must be the principal consideration; and, in a free government, the rights of private individuals can very seldom be voted away for public benefit.

Finding that there was so much opposition to the quay and terrace of Colonel Trench, other projectors issued a prospectus and plans for a rival construction of the same sort, on the Surry side of the river; but as the gallant colonel's exertions were paralyzed by the energetic opposition of the coal-merchants and proprietors, headed by his Grace of Norfolk, and the Marquis of Salisbury, so did the plan of the Surry Terrace die a natural death for the want of support. Judging from the lithograph

drawings of Mr. Philip Wyatt, it is impossible not to acknowledge the elegance of the design, and the apparent magnificence of the project. The feasibility of the scheme—the ultimate pecuniary profit attached to it—the result as to its effect on the river—may all be matters of doubt, and were of course open to dispute. But in the varied and general abuse which many in the violence of their opposition, cast upon the architectural designs for its execution, the writers were more influenced by their prejudices than by their judgments.

Determined, we suppose, to preserve a history of his exertions to accomplish his project, and that posterity might be aware of his industry—as well, perhaps, to prevent any future projector calling the future project of a Thames quay his own—Colonel Trench has published a quarto volume, purporting to be “A Collection of Papers relating to the Thames Quay, with Hints for some farther Improvements of the Metropolis.” It is this book which is now laying before us; and, in addition to the complete detail of Colonel Trench’s plan, which it contains, it is certainly the most curious collection of various and opposite opinions upon the same subject that has ever appeared. It is, indeed, a series of broad assertions on matters, almost of fact, completely contradictory, and contains the opinions of some of our first scientific men on the subject, which may be of service in some future day. The book is, however, defective, inasmuch as it does not contain the lithographic architectural representation of the plan; and we wonder much at this omission, as the work contains seventeen plates of other plans projected by the colonel. The insertion of these drawings would have rendered the work much more valuable.

In concluding his history, for we must call it such, of this project, the colonel thus mentions the person from whose suggestions seem to have originated all the late improvements of the metropolis, though his name has never been mentioned, nor his plans adverted to, by any of the projectors. Speaking of a portion of the plan, Colonel Trench says, “that the individual who made this suggestion knew no more of Gwyn than I myself did: but it is singular, that in Nos. 75 and 76 of the explanation of his first plate, these very ideas are clearly and distinctly stated. Indeed, that wonderful man seems to have anticipated my (*every*, we presume) plan of improvement that has been contemplated or carried into effect, from 1766 to the present day.” The fact is, that almost all the late improvements have been suggested by, or copied from Gwyn’s book, though few have had the honesty to acknowledge it, and give to this departed person the credit due to his genius.

We now come to Colonel Trench’s “Hints for some farther Improvements in the Metropolis.” The houses of parliament, and the courts of law, and the parts contiguous, are the first to which the colonel directs the attention of the reader; and here he is quite as magnificent in his ideas as he had been in his quay. He speaks of sweeping down one side of Parliament Street, and constructing “a grand terrace, raised to the height of twelve or fourteen feet above the level of the street,” upon which he would erect a *new Westminster Hall*, *new courts of justice*, a *new House of Lords*, and a *new House of Commons*.” Why, all the architects of the kingdom ought to unite their talents to design a monument in honour of Colonel Trench, for thus cutting out so much employment for their genius; or, rather, the three attached architects of the Board of Works should have done this, since, had these projects been carried into effect, they would have divided the employment, and the profit and the fame, all among themselves.

The colonel then imagines "an area of 1,000 by 500 feet, occupied by these buildings and surrounding streets, on terraces so far above the spring-tides, as to combine salubrity with grandeur;"—"the Houses of Lords and Commons, distinct yet adjacent, and so disposed that the apartment between them should be a central station for the throne, from which, on great and solemn occasions, the King might address the assembled Peers and Commons, each occupying their own house." Certainly very comfortable for them; but, we fear, the King must have the lungs of a Stentor, or deliver the speech concocted by his ministers through a speaking-trumpet. "Such an arrangement," the colonel continues, "would get rid of that tumultuous and disgraceful scramble, in which, after struggling through narrow passages, rendered more dangerous by ascending and descending stairs, his Majesty's faithful Commons rush into the royal presence, breathless and exhausted."

Our author then, quitting the imaginary, proceeds, in some very sensible and artist-like observations, on what has been done in this part of the town—induced, as he says, by "a strong personal feeling that the beauty, grandeur, and propriety of public buildings are really of great importance to national character.—I do not wish," he continues, "for any thing of finery or extravagance: effect does not depend upon expensive decoration: a cheap building may be very beautiful from its symmetry, its just proportions, and its judicious position; while a most expensive edifice, decorated with all the enrichment that art can execute, may fail to please, or may excite a feeling of regret at the waste of so much ornament."

Let professors read this unanswerable observation of an amateur, and blush for much that they have done.

The colonel next illustrates his observations by various designs of his own, or rather designs of Mr. Philip Wyatt, made under his directions, shewing how he would have disposed of the buildings, and contrasting his plans of the alterations of the courts of law with those which have lately been carried into execution. Here the colonel is no longer utopian. His designs are in good taste and keeping with what was already there; and we cordially confess them so far superior to those which are effected, that we sincerely regret his suggestions were not attended to. The designs in Plates VI and VII, being Views of the North and West Fronts of the Courts of Law and Parliament House, shew a good and well-digested knowledge of the *locale* and its capabilities, united with great architectural taste and judgment—a very rare union in the present day.

We must conclude our observations on this part of the work before us with the following curious description, which the author gives us, of the manner in which buildings are ordered and executed under the commands of the Lords and Commons, and which is very well illustrated in the late Report made by the Select Committee upon Public Buildings.

"Almost every thing," the colonel says, "that is now doing, or has lately been done, about the Houses of Parliament, bears the mark of haste and temporary expedient. The Committee of the Lords directs a certain number of rooms to be erected by a CERTAIN DAY, just as a general officer would order buildings to be erected in a cantonment for the temporary accommodation of his troops. The Committee of the Commons adopts *precisely the same course*; and some of its members distinctly say, "Let the House of Lords build what they please without

reference to us; let us build what we want without reference to them."

While such is the case, what unanimity of design can be expected in the improvements? What chance has an architect of doing justice to his art or to himself?

After bestowing a few pages and plates upon York House—which we congratulate the public has been constructed after the present design, said to be that of the late Duchess of Rutland, instead of after those upon which it was first began, and which would really have been a disgrace to the Park—the Colonel proceeds to the subject of a royal palace; and here again he allows the magnificence of his imagination to take the lead. The palace is placed near the Serpentine, in Hyde Park—the river and Kensington Gardens are made available as park and grounds—and a street is projected, leading in one unbroken line from the entrance to the Park at Grosvenor Gate to St. Paul's cathedral, which is intended to form the magnificent termination of what would certainly be the finest street in the world.

We have little hesitation in stating our opinion, that this is decidedly the best plan that we have seen for a radical improvement of the metropolis. A street of such length, terminating at one end by an elegant triumphal arch, forming an entrance to the palace of the sovereign, and bounded at the other by such a metropolitan cathedral as that of St. Paul's, would indeed have formed an architectural vista, which we imagine would have been perfectly unequalled not only by any thing that has hitherto been executed, but by any thing that has hitherto been imagined.

The colonel finishes his book with some observations upon Gwyn's "London and Westminster improved," which he accompanies by a lithographic copy of one of the plans from the work, by way of illustration of his remark, that there is scarcely one of the late speculations of improvement in the metropolis that is not to be found in this work, published in 1766.

In this work may be seen all the improvements about Westminster, at Whitehall Place—Charing Cross—at the King's Mews—in Pall Mall—Regent Street—in the Strand—Waterloo Bridge—quays on both sides the river—two situations for a royal palace—the improvements at Hyde Park Corner, with the splendid addition of a triumphal arch—burial-grounds—cattle-market—and abattoirs. "In a word, the enlarged and intelligent mind of this man seems to have embraced and anticipated every thing, and has left us little to do but to read and consider his invaluable work, and, as far as circumstances will allow, to carry his views into effect."

Such is the just tribute which Colonel Trench pays to the genius of Gwyn—a tribute which he ought certainly to have received from other quarters, where his work has been of so much, though unacknowledged service.

The colonel's own book and plans form valuable additions to the subject; and it is with regret that we turn from his fairy visions of architectural embellishment to the dull recollection of the pounds, shillings, and pence, which renders his magnificent projects utopian. Could another Columbus discover another new world, to pour inexhaustible mines of gold and silver into our country's lap, we know no way in which it might be more beneficially expended than in realizing some of the plans of Colonel Trench.

S. S.

MODERN PICTURES.

IT is too much the fashion, among certain popular periodical writers of the day, to cry up the "old masters," at the expense not merely of the moderns generally, but of those of our own country and our own day in particular. The praise of "old pictures" is a fertile subject; and the writers in question seem to need no other motive for adopting it into their list, and recurring to it whenever occasion serves. And assuredly we shall not be the persons to contend that too much praise and admiration *can* be bestowed, on such painters as the best of the Italian and Flemish schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But still we must insist, that to *compare* these painters and their works with those of our own day and country, to the disparagement of the latter, is a very suspicious mode of proving our love for art and its productions, or even of shewing our judgment in regard to them. If comparisons are proverbially "odious," it is because they are for the most part manifestly unjust; and the one to which we are now referring is more unjust, and consequently more "odious," than almost any other that we are in the habit of meeting with, even in this age of comparisons: because the point in question is one on which the nature of our information (or rather the want of it) prevents us from instituting any just comparison whatever. Our attention is directed to a certain exhibition of "old pictures" (the National Gallery, for example, or the annual selection at the British Institution)—every individual production forming which exhibition is there to claim, not our judgment, but our admiration—since the joint suffrages of half-a-dozen generations have already definitively pronounced it to be excellent in its kind: and we are bid to compare *this* exhibition with one not merely by modern, but by *living* artists, every production forming which is placed there to claim our *judgment* merely, in the first instance, and *not* to exact our admiration, unless the latter feeling necessarily follows the award of our critical examination. —Now what possible conclusions can be drawn as to the relative condition of art at two distinct periods, by means of two different exhibitions coming before us under these circumstances? It may be fairly stated, that every distinguished exhibition of pictures by the old masters, consists of works selected, on the ground of their merits (or supposed merits) merely; and selected, too, from the best works of the best painters of the best ages of painting that the world ever knew;—not the best *age*, but *ages*;—and not of one country, but of all:—whereas the collections of modern works with which it pleases our would-be critics to compare the above, are the productions of the artists of one country and of one year, and are scarcely *selected* at all, but are, in fact, presented to us with an express view to their after selection and appreciation. Let the exclusive lauders of "old pictures," and the pretended despisers of our modern Royal Academy Exhibitions, prove to us (if they can), that the old masters of any one country ever did or could have collected together, on any one spot, a set of productions, all painted during the previous year, which were equal in their aggregate of merit to any one Royal Academy Exhibition for the last four or five years; and then (but not till then) we may possibly admit the policy, but will never admit the justice, of instituting comparisons between *se*-lections from the works of the dead, and *col*-lections of works of the living. But, in the mean time, we must beg to be of opinion that living English artists are very

far from being the contemptible set of persons that a certain class of living English critics would persuade us ; and still more convinced are we, that, whatever their pretensions may be, the way to make those pretensions higher than they are is not to hold them out as lower.

We would not have it supposed, from the above observations, that we are inclined to deny the supremacy of the old masters : on the contrary, we are disposed to admit that supremacy, not merely over all living ones, but over all who *have* lived since their time. We are of opinion that, since the days of Titian, no one has lived possessing such an eye for colour, and such a perception of individual character, as indicated by the human face ;—that no one since Raphael has combined such an intense feeling of *expression*, of all kinds, with such a miraculous power of embodying it ;—that no one since Correggio has enjoyed so penetrating and absorbing a sentiment of female grace and loveliness, added to so unequalled a skill in working out that sentiment into visible images, for the delight and benefit of others ;—that no one since Rembrandt has even imagined, much less achieved, such brilliant pictorial triumphs, by such seemingly inadequate means as mere light and shade ;—and, finally, that no one since Claude has seemed to feel and understand, still less been able (as he was) to make others feel at least, if not understand, the mysterious correspondence and sympathy that exists between the objects of external nature and the heart of man. All this, and more to the same effect, do we

“ Most powerfully and potently believe ;”

and what is more, we “ hold it honest to have it so set down.” But we do *not* hold it either honest, or reasonable, or politic, to have it set down in a form, and with a view, to the disparagement, or what is still worse, the discouragement, of other things and persons—which latter have more than enough to discourage them, in that absolute want of a national feeling for their art, and consequently a national patronage of it, against which they have to contend.

Among the multiplicity of moral maxims, each contending with its fellows for the palm of folly, which every nation possesses, and calls them its “ wisdom,” perhaps that which deserves to carry off the said palm is the one which bids us “ never speak ill of the dead.” If the word “ living” were substituted for “ dead,” the maxim would have some merit. Of the dead nothing should be spoken but the *truth* ; and whatever is true should be spoken. But in regard to the living, we are half-inclined to admit the soundness of the modern law *dictum*, which lays down that “ the greater the truth the greater the libel.” At any rate, we would contend that, if there were no other reason or motive for so doing, social policy would teach us to “ never speak ill of the” *living*, except in very extreme cases indeed. Not that we would have any thing but *the truth* spoken of any person or thing, at any time, or for any purpose whatsoever. But there is nothing, either in reason or in justice, which requires that “ the whole truth” should be spoken at all times ; and every thing, both in reason and in justice, *forbids* that it should be so spoken in a tone and temper calculated to make it an instrument of unmingled mischief to some, without the possibility of good to any.

We would apply the foregoing remarks to the art of painting in England at the present day. Its condition is strong and flourishing enough to give it claims to great and constant encouragement, but not enough so

to enable it to do without these, at least with any prospect of progressing, or even of maintaining its present station. We have (to say nothing of "two, or one" great painters) many good ones, who may become great by proper treatment. But we have none—not even one—who (like many of the great ones of other times) must and will become great by the mere force of their genius alone, and in spite of all things that can oppose or hold them back. And the reason of this is to be found, not in the different natural constitution of men's minds, but in the different circumstances under which those minds are nowadays subject to be bred up and moulded. In a highly refined state of society, it is next to impossible that a genius, strongly marked by nature, should retain those marks long after its possessor quits his cradle. This is at present as little to be looked for, as that a piece of money should retain the sharpness of its stamp for any great length of time, while forming part of the "circulating medium" of a great commercial country. As little is it to be expected, that minds of the finest natural perceptions (and such the mind of a great painter must necessarily be) should consent to run the risks, and undergo the consequences, almost certainly attendant on the early pursuit of a profession like painting, in an age and country where we acknowledge but one unpardonable crime—that of poverty; and but one unfailing source of real personal distinction—that of wealth.

But our limits warn us that we must turn at once to the more immediate object of this paper,—which is, not so much to argue the *impolicy* of withholding the encouragement of enlightened and judicious public praise from the painters of our day, as to shew its manifest *injustice*, by a reference to their actual merits and pretensions. And with this view, it is our intention simply to describe a few of the latest novelties that have been presented to the British public in this department of Fine Art, and which are still before it for proof and illustration of our remarks. We shall commence with Mr. Martin's Fall of Nineveh.

If it were necessary to adduce proof that the actual condition of Art among us is any thing but contemptible, and its prospects far from discouraging, this picture alone would answer the purpose in view. It is not only a production of real genius, but it is one which could not have been produced except under circumstances highly favourable to the future development of talent and genius of a similar kind. What we mean is, that this picture cannot be looked upon as a single and distinct result of the art of painting merely—a result which might have been produced at any given time, or by any person gifted with mental qualities and habits similar to those possessed by its author. It supposes, in addition to mere genius and great pictorial acquirement, a high state of mental refinement, not only in the artist, but in the general public to whom his work is addressed. Without meaning to place it above, or even on a level with, some of the productions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy, we will venture to assert that no painter living in those centuries could have produced it; and if for no other reason, simply for this—that at that time the public taste was not in a condition to receive and appreciate it. Let us not be mistaken. The public taste of that day was of a higher and rarer cast than any which has prevailed since; and the productions of Art which were offered to it were of a higher quality in proportion; each acting reciprocally upon the other, as these are always found to do. The chief productions of the time of which we speak, were more highly endowed with those highest of all endowments in works of Fine Art, individual passion and character;—as, indeed, the

productions of Art in an early stage of society are always found to be, as compared with those of a more cultivated and advanced stage. They differed from the best which have followed them, much in the same manner that the *Iliad* differs from the *Æneid*; and from much the same causes. But the fine production of which we are now to speak, if upon the whole inferior in general character, because inferior in intensity of moral effect, to many early efforts of Art that might be pointed out, is equally original and specific in its character with them, and, we venture to think, indicates as high and as rare a degree of mingled genius and acquirement as any *one* among them which could be named. Perhaps we shall best attain our end by at once proceeding to describe in detail "The Fall of Nineveh;" and in doing this, we shall endeavour (as the artist has done) to attract and concentrate the interest upon the chief moral point of the subject, by referring to all the merely mechanical details first. To make any previous reference to the traditional story on which the picture is constructed, seems unnecessary.

In the upper portion of the extreme left of a space which is almost entirely covered with the buildings forming a vast and splendid city, is seen a mass of raging flames, devouring all before them, and casting a lurid light over all surrounding objects. Immediately beneath this portion of the scene lies a great river, traversed by a superb bridge, and covered with a cloud of vessels, bearing myriads of the besieging army which has been for years lying before Nineveh without being able to make any impression on it. At the moment, however, which is chosen for the point of time represented in the picture, the hand of Omnipotence seems to have interposed for the destruction of the devoted city; as the enormous walls, which have hitherto rendered the space within them impregnable, are now crumbling beneath the united power of lightnings from above, and the rising river from below; and various breaches are visible in them, through which the living flood of the enemy is pouring. The whole space above alluded to, together with a considerable portion of space on *this* side the city walls—which is covered with myriads of the besieging and defending armies, engaging each other at all points—is to be considered as the *distance* of the picture; and there is not a single point of that distance which is not peopled with a separate and distinct human interest, in addition to that which it includes as a grand and general whole. The other distances, on the right, are occupied by the remote buildings of the vast city; and, beyond them, by a dark obscure, through which the mighty tomb of Ninus rises like a huge "exhalation,"—which would be almost indistinguishable from the clouds into which it rises, but for the sacrificial fires that are seen glimmering upon its sides. We now reach the fore-ground, the extremities of which are occupied, that on the right by the massy towers, terraces, and hanging-gardens of the royal palace, and that on the left by the gorgeous funeral pile which has been prepared by order of the king, Sardanapalus, and on which has been heaped all the wealth of the palace, to be destroyed, in case of extremity, together with its proud owner, and his host of beautiful concubines. These latter, together with the queen herself, and all the chief persons of the court, are collected into a variety of distinct but united groups, on a terrace in front of the palace, overlooking the principal scene of the combat below, and including the point at which the spectator is supposed to be placed: and at this point it is that the chief human interest of the picture is sought to be concentrated. The time is considerably after sunset; and the lights by which the various objects are

rendered visible consist of a lurid and stormy moon—the fires of the burning city—and, finally, a tremendous flash of lightning, which wraps the whole of the fore-ground and its figures in a blaze of brightness.

In looking upon this splendid combination of imagery, our first and chief attention is attracted to where unquestionably it ought to be, in a work of this nature, but where it as unquestionably has not been always attracted in Mr. Martin's previous works—namely, to the central groups forming the chief point of human interest, in virtue of the human passion and character which they are made instrumental in developing. We have no hesitation in asserting, that, whatever may have been the case in former instances, in this before us Mr. Martin has given the due attention, and neither more nor less than was due, to this human portion of his subject; and that, in fact, he has balanced this portion of it against the other, with consummate skill, and with perfect success. Farther, we will assert that all is attempted, in this department of the work, of which the subject was fairly susceptible; and that in scarcely any of all the various points has the artist failed, or even fallen short of what may be supposed to have been his own conceptions of the matter in hand. In fact, as it must not be concealed that, in his previous productions, Mr. Martin had shewn very considerable deficiencies in the practical skill connected with this most important department of his art, so let it not now be denied that a most striking improvement is observable even on the very first glance at the work before us; and that the more its details are examined, the more manifest this improvement becomes. We have, here, no deficient or contradictory expression—no awkward, extravagant, or theatrical attitudes—and very little, if any, defective drawing. And, on the other hand, we find a very considerable portion of real pathos and passion; much elegance, dignity, and spirit of design; great truth, united with extraordinary brilliance of colouring; and a skill in composition and arrangement in all respects corresponding with these. It gives us great and unqualified pleasure to be able to say this; and Mr. Martin may be assured that those who, in noticing his work, neglect to say as much, have been accustomed to point out his real or supposed defects in this particular, less from a love of art and of justice, than from that feeling of envy which is incompatible with either a real love for art or a sound judgment concerning it. In truth, we can scarcely anticipate what fault even the class of persons in question will find, in Mr. Martin's treatment of the human face and figure in this picture.

The point of time supposed to be depicted is that at which Sardanapalus, perceiving the inevitable fate of his city, and consequently of his throne and person, points to the funeral pile which he has ordered to be prepared for himself and his favourite concubines, and is proceeding to take possession of it; while his queen and all his court are about him, each and all variously affected, according to their various characters and circumstances. The principal group—that including Sardanapalus and his loving and beloved Azubah—is (as a group) at once grand, simple, and touching, in a very high degree; and, in regard to the details of it, the unaffected majesty of the royal lover is in all things answerable to the surpassing loveliness of his self-devoting slave and mistress.

The group second in importance is little, if at all, inferior in merit and interest to the one just described. It is that of the queen, who is led reluctantly away by her maidens from the horrors of the scene, which her lingering love for the king will scarcely allow her to quit. There is a modest and tender sweetness in the character of her beauty, which

greatly adds to her effect upon the scene of passion of which she forms so conspicuous a part. Many other of the female figures in this portion of the picture merit particular commendation, no less for the passion and pathos that are educed from them, than for the manner in which they are made to balance and bear out the composition, so as to render it an effective and consistent whole. The female figures undoubtedly bear away the palm, both of merit and of interest, from those of the males ; but these latter are by no means deficient in either spirit or appropriateness ; though, in point of distinctiveness, as well as of variety, perhaps they are a little deficient. But, among all the figures forming this great central department of the work, the only one to which we decidedly object is that of the gigantic warrior a little to the left of the centre, who is lifting his sword to punish some slaves, who, in the confusion of the moment, are drinking and carousing to the health of the king. We conceive this figure to be at best out of place ; and that, if it were not so, it would still be out of character, and out of drawing too. We point this out, however, simply because it is the only serious objection we have to make of this nature.

Still continuing among the points of human interest, we must notice with entire commendation the figure, in the distance below, of Belesis, the rebel warrior and priest, at whose instigation the revolt against Sardanapalus has been organized and chiefly supported, and who is leading the right wing of the besieging army. Farther, we must add, that the whole of this middle distance is managed with infinite practical skill, directed by a consummate knowledge of the principles of pictorial effect : for not only is an impression of vastness, as well as of distance, produced by means of inconceivably minute and elaborate distinct details ; but there is every where an appearance of order and arrangement, seeming to grow out of what, when examined closely, can only be looked upon as a sort of studied confusion. We do not know that we explain this point very satisfactorily ; but to ourselves it is one of great interest and curiosity in this picture. It is an artifice, however, which has been employed in most of Mr. Martin's previous works of this class ; but in none so successfully as in the present : and we may add, that it has never been employed with equal success by any other artist, living or dead.

It only remains for us to speak of the architectural portion of this picture—that portion on the effects of which Mr. Martin seems to have hitherto placed so much dependence, and which is, from its nature, calculated to excite so much attention in the merely superficial observer. For our own parts, we will frankly confess (because our motive in doing so cannot be mistaken) that we attach comparatively little value to this portion of Mr. Martin's peculiar skill, and to the uses to which he applies it. On the contrary, we are of opinion, that if he had placed less dependence on this portion of his art, and used it less profusely than he has hitherto done, he would have deserved at least, if he had not gained, even more reputation than he at present possesses : and, in proof of the soundness of this opinion, we would adduce the present work, which is incomparably the best production of the artist's pencil, and in which, if our memory serves us rightly, the knowledge and skill now in question have been more sparingly used than in any of those previous productions of the same hand which can be brought into comparison with this ; such as "The Fall of Babylon," "The Feast of Belshazzar," &c. The truth is, that the effect now referred to, if it cannot exactly be called a trick,

depends almost entirely on an *optical illusion*: as such, it is altogether of a mechanical nature, and does not appeal to, or in the remotest degree spring from, any one of those mental qualities or attributes to which the results of high Art should and do address themselves, and on their more or less perfect accordance with which the merits and value of those results depend. Thinking thus, we are pleased to observe that Mr. Martin has, in the work before us, placed less dependance on the effect in question than we had feared that he would; and still more pleased are we to be able to state that he has succeeded better in proportion. The architectural details of this fine picture are sufficiently elaborate and extensive to convey a grand and gorgeous impression of the scene in which the events depicted take place; but they are not made to overlay and extinguish any of the more important points of the subject.

Perhaps something similar to the above may be said, in reference to the extraordinary effects of *light*, in this picture. There is nothing attempted of the *super-natural*; and there is nothing produced that is either un-natural, or that falls strikingly short of the natural effects resulting from the extraordinary circumstances of the case. And perhaps this arises from the just and judicious manner in which the various lights that prevail in different parts of the scene are preserved separate and distinct from each other, and are thus made each to produce its own effect, without attempting the physical impossibility of uniting and blending them all into one, and preserving them all separate, at one and the same time.

We must now take leave of this fine work, by stating our opinion, that it is one which would not have been deemed unworthy the very finest ages of Art—to which ages it would, in fact, have added a kind of lustre, which at present they are without;—and, moreover, that the day which has given it birth is one which cannot in fairness be treated with disrespect, if it be but in virtue of this one picture alone.

It will perhaps be thought that we have chosen an unlucky moment at which to illustrate our introductory observations, by critical references to works actually before the public eye. But the truth is, that if we had chosen that particular period of the year when the annual produce of British Art is open to public inspection, we should have had no chance of getting through our task within any ordinary limits, or of doing any thing like justice to the claimants upon our attention. Indeed, we are by no means sure of being able to do this even now; though the objects demanding particular mention are but two more—one of which, by-the-by, does not come very strictly within the scope of our subject. We allude now to the great picture of Mr. Lane; which is so entirely beyond all reasonable limits, in point of size, that it can scarcely be looked upon as a *picture* at all, but rather as a *scene*; and it will assuredly not long remain a picture; nor would it even if it possessed ten times the merit that it does: because no gallery could receive it; nor can it be used with any good effect even as the altar-piece of the largest church in the metropolis. The truth is, that several of the most promising artists of our day—and Mr. Lane among them—have fallen into the fatal mistake of supposing that greatness of size has some necessary connexion with grandeur of effect; whereas it might almost be stated that directly the opposite is the case. We do not of course mean that *smallness* of size is calculated to produce grandeur of effect: though it is by no means incompatible with it—as has been satisfactorily shewn by the example adduced in the

paper on "OLD PICTURES,"* to which the present paper is offered, if not exactly as a *reply*, at least as a *set-off*. What we mean is, that greatness of size, if carried beyond a certain point, is positively destructive of the particular effect sought to be produced by it: to say nothing of the certain and quick mechanical destruction which it entails upon itself. The work in question—the Vision of Joseph—has (together with some glaring defects) very great and striking merits: but if the latter were tenfold more in amount than they are, and the former were altogether removed, the picture itself could not hope to live for half a century, nor the painter to be remembered by it during half that period. In fact, those who paint for immortality have more chance of attaining their object, even by painting miniatures in rings, than by the opposite extreme, of covering acres of canvass. Mr. Haydon seems at last to have discovered this truth, though twenty years too late for his own fame, no less than for the future character of British Art; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Lane will not be blind to it, even for a single day. If he *should* be, and should determine to paint two more such pictures as the Vision of Joseph, the hopes that his friends and the public have a right to conceive in regard to him will be worse than dissipated—they will be contradicted.

Without entering into a minute detail of the various points of this striking work, we will say, generally and without qualification, that *all* the merely natural portions of it merit commendation, and that *all* the *super-natural* portions merit, if not absolute condemnation, a most limited portion of praise indeed. The group on the mattress on the right—of Joseph, the Madonna, and the infant Jesus—are executed in a masterly manner; and the characters of the two former (but particularly that of the Virgin) are conceived with great feeling and truth. We cannot, however, approve of the new manner of treating the principal figure, Joseph; who is represented, not as receiving the holy dream into the recesses of his mind while asleep, but as literally *awakened* by it, and gazing upon it with his bodily senses. We do not see that, by this mode of treating the subject, sufficient is gained to excuse the incongruity: for all the other novel portion of the picture might have been introduced just as appropriately, in the ordinary and (so to speak) natural mode of treatment. The portion to which we allude is that which represents not merely the angel who comes to bid Joseph take flight into Egypt to avoid the massacre of Herod, but that massacre itself. Now, so far from there being any thing objectionable in this latter, it is not only the most poetical mode of treatment, but it increases the subject matter in a vast degree, and in a most effective manner. But by making Joseph literally *see* all this, instead of *dream* it, the artist has changed into a miracle that which need not be regarded as such, and which claims and receives our human sympathy in the exact proportion that it is *not* so regarded. There is another portion of this work, the conception of which we can as little approve as that to which we have just alluded. We mean the introduction of the gigantic figure, who has been struck to the ground by divine influence, just as he was about to fulfil the (not yet existing) mandate of Herod, by destroying the Holy Child. There can be little doubt that all this exceptionable matter, together with the host of supernatural objects which occupy the whole upper portion of the canvass, was introduced chiefly, if not entirely, on account of the enormous scale on which the artist had determined to execute his work. But, notwithstanding the scope which all this has given to the display of design and execution,

* *Vide* MONTHLY MAGAZINE, vol. vi., page 26.

we cannot but grieve for the loss which has consequently been sustained, in the want of that unity and simplicity for which even the old masters themselves had too little respect, but the occasional absence of which was rendered more excusable in *them*, on account of the miraculous powers of *execution* which they for the most part displayed. We will gladly admit, too, in the present instance, that much has been gained, on the score of mere execution, by the mode of treatment of which we complain: for, in fact, the fallen figure to which we have just alluded, and the action and expression of Joseph, are among the finest parts of the picture.

The other picture to which we would direct attention, as illustrative of the present condition of Art, is from the pencil of a foreigner; but should not, on that account, be passed over by us. On the contrary, it may be adduced as a new and striking evidence of the progress which a love for the art is making among us, since it was painted with an express view to exhibition and sale in this country. The *Death of Virginia*, by M. Le Thiere, is, upon the whole, the very best work we have yet seen from a French hand; and, putting all national comparisons out of the question, it is, in point of mere composition and execution, a fine and striking production. What it fails in are those points in which the French have hitherto always failed, and in every department of Fine Art, whether Painting, Sculpture, Poetry, or Music—namely, those points which depend for their success on a due blending together of the sensibilities and the imagination. The French have little of either of these, and what little they have lies exclusively on the surface; and the consequence is, that *all* which they have is displayed on every occasion equally, and that there is no such thing to be found, in any of their productions, as a striking concentration of these to any one particular point. The groupings of this work are composed and arranged with great skill and judgment; each separate figure is designed (generally speaking) with force, truth, and spirit; the colourings of the various parts have sufficient correspondence, each with the other, to produce an harmonious and consistent general effect; and the composition of the whole, *as a whole*, is at once simple and comprehensive. In short, there wants but one thing to make this a fine and admirable work of Art; but that one thing is not only the most important of all, but is more important than all others united, since it may compensate in a great degree for the absence of *them*, while they can never do as much for the absence of it:—we mean truth, depth, force, and variety of individual expression. In a word, the *Death of Virginia* is a masterly production, in all which depends upon the mechanism of Art; and if that vital flame of expression is wanting, the presence of which is the sure, and the only sure, indication of high genius, it must be conceded that this divine quality, or rather condition, of the human mind, is not to be looked for now as it once was, when every thing connected with human society was as favourable to its development as it is now *unfavourable*. For this fact alone, if for nothing else, it would be no less unreasonable than unjust to institute any direct comparisons between collections of “Old Pictures,” and modern ones.

It was our intention to have concluded this paper by a brief estimate of the merits of our principal Living Painters; as a set-off, no less against the fulsome panegyrics of their pretended admirers, than against the unmeaning but mischievous sneers of those who equally pretend to despise them. But our limits warn us that we must defer the fulfilment of our intention till a future opportunity.

COURT OF CHANCERY:

No. III.

To those who have followed us through our two former articles on this subject, it can scarcely fail to have become apparent that the grand evil of the Court—its original sin—is the narrowness of its capacities relatively to the matters requiring its attention. To some extent this disproportionate supply undoubtedly originates in that excess which, by driving parties into litigation for its construction, the confused and obscure state of the law gives to demand. Still let the law become as simplified as the complication of society will admit, while the Court of Chancery continues to retain its functions, we think we have shown enough to prove that, under its existing organization, it never can be adequate to their appropriate discharge.

It is, however, no easy matter to define wherein adequacy consists; good laws and able administrators being given, it is true it might be propounded to be comprised in the combination of the greatest economy with the greatest despatch. But economy and despatch are branches of the definitions which require to be defined themselves, and it is difficult to lay down any general scale by which to determine either. Costs will, in all probability, be more affected than time by variations in the subject of litigation, and the utmost that can be effected for the attainment of economy, would seem to be the establishment of the subordinate machinery of the court upon the simplest models, and the arrangement of the wages of all employed in its working, not upon a patronage and monopoly, but upon a competition price.* Delay, as the more tangible, has been the general subject of attack; but, as to the point at which delay commences, there seems to be but one common vagueness of idea. The Chancery Commissioners interrogate the witnesses, on the one hand, about the capability of the court under its present constitution for getting through the business with *sufficient* despatch; the witnesses, on the other, talk about the impossibility of keeping the business within *moderate* limits; but neither the one nor the other condescend to inform us wherein that sufficiency and those limits consist; and parliamentary orators seem as little to have settled the terms of their contest. With our legislature, indeed, time would seem to admit of very nice attenuation before it is spun out into delay. When, in 1813, the House of Lords met, in grave deliberation, to devise means for expediting their appellate business, they thought they had done wonders when they provided measures by which the disposal of the existing arrears would be accelerated from eleven to *four* years,† though they forgot, at the same time, to make any additional provision for the appeals immediately to be presented. In like manner, though causes are seldom set down for hearing, in the Court of Chancery, until a twelvemonth after the first commencement of

* In the contest in the Six Clerks' Office, which happened about the year 1693, between the Six Clerks and the Sworn Clerks, it was vehemently contended by the latter, that they could do the business of the office *much cheaper* and *more expeditiously* without their superiors; and, indeed, the charge of causing the records to be taken away from the office to be copied at under-rates, was doubtless much more grievous than the others made against them of using "unmannerly and abusive language," "breaking of windows," "cutting desks," "breaking down seats," &c.—*Parke's History of the Court of Chancery*, p. 255. We leave our readers to apply the moral.

† Cooper's Parliamentary Proceedings as to the Court of Chancery, p. 177.

proceedings, and generally then have to await their turn on the list for full two years before they are heard, and after that, perhaps, only to receive an interlocutory judgment, without obtaining their final decision until four or five years from the period of their first institution; yet our legislators (if they are to be judged by their actions) seem to think this all in exceeding good time. We suspect, however, there are few individuals awaiting the decision of their causes to obtain possession of their property who would like to adopt this legislative notion of dispatch; and, we apprehend, we should not be charged with urging on proceedings with untimely haste, if we were to affix a twelvemonth from the commencement as the average period within which ordinary causes ought to receive their determination. The causes tried in the courts of common law are frequently of equal importance with those litigated in Chancery; yet the average there certainly does not exceed six months, and even this we conceive to be higher than necessity demands. Now, in order to estimate the additional force necessary to infuse into the court for approximating its dispatch of business to this average standard, we have instituted a comparison over a period of three years, for which we happen to have the materials, between the causes requiring its judgment, and the extent to which it is enabled to give it. The return refers to cases of pure equity alone, and will stand thus:—

Years.	Bills filed.	Dismissions for want of Prosecution.	Result of Causes requiring Adjudication.	Decrees.	Dismissions after Hearing.	Aggregate of Causes adjudicated.	Proportion of Adjudication to Causes requiring it.
1822	2,202	184	2,018	457	30	487	$\frac{1}{4}$ and a fraction.
1823	2,286	168	2111	446	31	477	$\frac{1}{4}$ and a fraction.
1824	302	97	2,241	302	16	18	$\frac{1}{4}$ and a fraction.

It is true, the returns of bills filed do not distinguish between original bills and those of revivor and supplement; and, as the two latter are the mere continuous steps in the same cause, taken for the purpose either of reviving a suit against the representatives of a deceased party, or adding new parties to it, the apparent amount of cases requiring adjudication is to all the extent of those swelled beyond its actual one. It is certain, however, that bills of revivor and supplement form a very insignificant proportion to original bills; and we believe we should be speaking prodigiously within the mark, if we fixed it at one-fourth. Taking it, however, at this very low estimate, the apparent proportion of causes disposed of in the space of a twelvemonth to those requiring a decision, will, in the two most favourable years, have been little more than a third, and in the other vastly below it; so that, at the very lowest possible estimate, it would require the effective force of the court to be tripled, in order to accomplish the decision of its present average quantity of causes within the somewhat protracted period of twelve months—and this, be it remembered, in equity alone—without saying one word of either bankruptcy or lunacy matters. But the present amount of business pending is by no means that from which the estimate ought to be drawn. It is beyond all doubt, that the delay and

costliness of the court effectually shut its doors upon crowds, who would otherwise rush to it for justice. "Not a day passes," says Mr. Cooper, "that the Chancery barrister, in the honest discharge of his duty, does not advise his client to *sacrifice hundreds* rather than embark in an equity suit—a vessel in which few have sailed long without being wrecked." Indeed, if proof were required, it would be found in the disproportionate increase of that specie of business—injunction cases—which, if any thing in that court can be called urgent, wears most the semblance of urgency, relatively to business of all other descriptions.

The methods for giving effective strength to the court will, for the most part, be found either in a better distribution of the subjects of its jurisdiction, an amelioration of its internal organization, or in securing additional power in its functionaries.

In the front of the first is the separation of bankruptcy from the great seal. We approach to the consideration of this measure with one striking presumption in its favour—the utter imbecility with which the jurisdiction has been administered during the period of its union. The whole bankrupt jurisdiction originated with a statute of Henry the Eighth, which gave to the Chancellor, together with certain other state and judicial dignitaries, the power of seizure over the persons and property of debtors, "suddenly fleeing to parts unknown, or keeping their houses and not minding to pay their debts." This was followed by the 13th of Elizabeth, which introduced such considerable alterations in the former, as virtually to supersede it; and the latter may now accordingly be considered as the foundation of the present bankrupt code. It was under this that the power given to the dignitaries pointed out in the statute of Henry became vested in such "*wise, honest, and discreet*" commissioners as it might please the Chancellor to direct such commission to; and, as the office of assignee was unknown until the reign of Anne, the whole ministerial as well as judicial department was at first administered by the commissioners. Saving a discretionary power in their selection, the Chancellor appears, for a long time, to have had no other control over their actions. They constituted a supreme court in themselves, though in the habit of obtaining the advice of the common law judges, when embarrassed in the exercise of their functions; neither were they at first accustomed to pay the Chancellor the compliment of consulting him; nor did he, until repeatedly pressed for his interference in their proceedings, at length reluctantly consent, in particular emergencies, to extend it; so that his present jurisdiction is the mere growth of disjointed legislative enactments and gradual encroachments. Originally, the number of commissioners varied with the importance of the commission; and their selection was, in almost every instance, made in obedience to the nomination of the creditors. With the view, however, of a better regulation of the London commissioners, Lord Harcourt first established the London lists; but as the ministers who compose these were in their origin, so they still continue removable at the Chancellor's pleasure, and their numbers have varied at different times according to his caprice. Indeed, standing commissioners, after the fashion of the London lists, have at times been appointed for some of the more populous of the provincial districts; but, with Lord Eldon's dynasty, these have fallen into disuse; and the nomination of the country commissioners still rests with the parties making application for the commission.

The London commissioners constitute a body of seventy individuals,

distributed among fourteen lists, of five commissioners each, of which three only sit at a time; and in the same manner, though each country commission always contains the names of five persons, but three of the commissioners ever act under it. The meetings of country commissioners are held *in private*; those of the London ones, in rooms appropriated to the purpose, but amid a din, a bustle, and a confusion which is more like the riot of a bear-garden, than the dignified solemnity of a court of justice.

Barring the "Great Unpaid," the judicial organization of England can boast few functionaries less imbued with aptitude for the discharge of their functions than are the Commissioners of Bankrupts, both town and country. In most of the parliamentary debates on this subjects, the tub thrown out has been the danger of committing the adjudication of the complicated circumstances arising out of a commission of bankruptcy to any less competent individual than the Chancellor himself. "As to the particular jurisdiction of the bankruptcy business," said Lord Castlereagh, in one of them, "none required greater attention, on account of its difficulty and intricacy. It was so particularly important in a commercial country, that it would be highly dangerous to trust the decision, in business of such weight, to any authority subordinate to that of the Lord Chancellor." Yet, with respect to country commissioners, of the three individuals who in this "commercial" country are selected for the primary administration of a business of such "difficulty" and "intricacy," one is generally a mere provincial counsel, who, in the multiplicity of the branches of the profession he has to exercise, can scarcely be supposed to have his head overstocked with bankrupt law; and the remainder are attornies—a class of practitioners who do not profess a knowledge of any thing higher than the mere practical department of the law, and who, it is notorious, seldom even attempt the study of its principles. From either, we apprehend, that sound adjudication, except on the most straightforward matters, may be looked for in vain; and for both, we have the evidence of a Mr. Spurrier, a country solicitor himself, and one of the witnesses examined before the Committee of 1817. "It is well known that commissioners are sometimes appointed by the solicitor himself—not because they are the fittest persons, but *because they are most likely to suit the solicitor's or the bankrupt's purposes.*—(Page 75, first Report). It is true the London commissioners are not chosen to suit the purposes of either the solicitor or bankrupt. As little are those of the *creditors* consulted in their choice. The purposes their selection has to suit are those of the aristocracy and the government. They wear on their foreheads "the mark of the beast." They are the living evidence of that wholesale corruption—that agency of bribery—which, with the revolution, became the improved substitute for the more clumsy agency of physical force on which governments had theretofore rested their power. Judicial aptitude forming but a small consideration in the exercise of judicial patronage, sometimes the commissioners chosen are young lawyers, destitute of either learning, experience, or judgment; at others, they are those whose long and briefless standing only served to shew their incapacity for offices of importance; while the instances in which it has happened that the acquirements of individuals would otherwise have afforded a guarantee for the ability of their administration, instead of the tribunal receiving their undivided attention, more lucrative professional avocations in other quarters have left these to look upon their commissioner-

ship as a mere subsidiary employment. Indeed, the Court of Basinghall-street seems pretty much considered as an agreeable morning lounge, where sinecurists may resort just *pour passer le tems*, and to fill the pocket with sovereigns. Fortescue, speaking of the judges of the King's Bench in ancient times, says that "they did not sit more than three hours in the day, and that, when they had taken their refreshments, they spent the rest of the day in the study of the laws, read the Holy Scriptures, and other innocent amusements at their pleasure. Indeed," he adds, "it seems rather a life of contemplation than of much exertion." We never heard that our Commissioners of Bankrupts were particularly addicted either to the reading of the Scriptures, or the study of the laws; but, undoubtedly, in the shortness of their sitting, and their *leisure for contemplation*, they might almost be mistaken for these judges of the olden time. Be this as it may, Mr. Harvey, the member for Colchester, who may be supposed to have some knowledge of the subject, stated, in one of the debates on this subject, it to be "his firm belief, that, what between capacity with inexperience on the one hand, and experience with incapacity on the other, there were not more than five or six commissioners, out of the seventy-two, who were able to discharge their duty as they ought."

But were the commissioners, deprived of these trifling drawbacks, to become ever so sedulous in their office, the system itself, in London, at least, has effectually precluded the possibility of the complete and undivided attention of its judges being given to the various matters which come before them. Sitting at their various meetings by rotation, the same cause becomes liable to an eternal variety of judges in all its various stages, and this not only from one meeting to another, but even in the same meetings. "We assemble," says Mr. Cullen, one of them, in his evidence before the Committee, "under a number, sometimes a great number, of different commissions at once: our attention is solicited at one and the same moment by many suitors, all equally pressing, and entitled to despatch and decision upon their respective cases; and these often involving many nice questions of fact and considerations of law. One party gains the attention of a commissioner; he is instantly broken in upon by another party, perhaps by another commissioner; the half-heard case must be repeated; and the second judge soon, in like manner, gives way to a third; and so the case taken up by one after another returns, perhaps, upon its steps, till, after having, as it were, circulated through the list amid the eternal interruption of one commission by other business—of each other by each other—and of all by the public, it remains finally undetermined, unless the suitor, or his counsel or solicitor, undertakes the invidious task of asserting his right to the combined attention of three commissioners (if three fortunately happen to be present), or of breaking up the meeting for want of a quorum; in either of which cases the functions of the list in all the commissions are immediately suspended." The absence of the requisite quantity of commissioners become not unfrequently a trifling impediment to the constitution of any court at all.

Moreover, the spectacle of judges being paid by fees at the hands of the suitors, is an indecency of which this court has the honour of a daily exhibition, and while keeping a sharp look out for them occupies no inconsiderable part of the attention of the commissioners, the amount becomes a subject of eternal squabbling. Indeed, however little may be

thought of mal-administration in its other departments, dexterity in this appears held in no slight estimation among the commissioners. Mr. Cooper states, "Some of the commissioners plume themselves on possessing in greater perfection than their brethren, the faculty of gaining a very large amount of fees in a very small space of time. One of them has boasted of having received thirty sovereigns one Saturday morning.—Thirty meetings in a few hours!!! I had this from an acting commissioner; and who did not scruple, five minutes afterwards, to assure me, that no branch of our law was better administered than that which falls under the superintendence of the London commissioners of bankrupt."

These fees are dependent upon the number of meetings held in each bankruptcy, and the time for sitting not exceeding, upon an average, two hours in the morning, it has given birth to the suspicion, that meetings have been unnecessarily multiplied for the purpose of bringing with them a multiplication of fees. Of course we, who are such staunch believers in the universal disinterestedness of human nature, would not for a moment indulge in so improbable a conjecture. It certainly, however, strikes us as a little strange, that between the 1st of April 1824, and the 1st of April 1827, "there have been held in London alone, fifteen thousand public meetings of the commissioners of bankrupt, and six thousand one hundred and thirty-two private ones."* From the petition of *ex parte* Grimstead, in the bankruptcy of Howard and Gibbs, it appeared that up to a certain stage in the proceedings there had been literally twenty-three private meetings, the expence of which, to the petitioner alone, amounted at the least to the sum of 500*l*.

In addition to this the greatest fluctuation pervades all the decisions of the court. Each different list of commissioners has its own little code of laws—its own little formulary of practice. The proceedings of the whole exhibit a motley record of contradictory decisions; and the lawyer who is consulted by a suitor as to the bearing of the law on his case, has no other criterion on which to form his judgment, than a knowledge of the list before which the case is to be heard.

To crown the whole, this system which, be it remembered ought, from its peculiar nature, to exhibit the extreme of economy, is arranged upon a scale somewhere about the acme of extravagance. Nor does the cost rest with the positive sums lavished on its support. The losses to the estate, from the nature of its management, are to be taken into the account; and when it is considered that this is committed to individuals who have frequently an interest in delaying a distribution of the estate, or whose share in the produce is relatively too small to secure its prudent administration—that there are brokers and managers who, doing very little, must, upon all the sound principles of the court, receive very much—and that the whole is conducted under the superintendence of a body constituted like the commissioners, themselves forming no inconsiderable item in the account, it may be readily conceived that Mr. Montague does not exaggerate (indeed he has solid *data* for much of his calculation) when in estimating

* Parkes' History of the Court of Chancery, p. 422.

Commissioners and solicitor.....	£56,000
Messengers	24,000
Increase of litigation from the nature of the tribunal.....	24,000
Losses from	<div> <div>Non-Seizure</div> <div>Non-discovery</div> <div>Improvident sales</div> </div>
Expences attendant upon assignees.....	21,700
Interest of money at bankers	24,000
Losses from failure of assignees, unclaimed dividends, and undivided residues.....	14,400
He sets the whole down at the annual cost of	£224,100

With a court thus constituted for his assistance, it is in the nature of things impossible but that the jurisdiction in bankruptcy should make the tremendous inroads it does on the time of the Chancellor. That there are, however, materials in existence for the establishment of a court of bankruptcy, adequate to relieve him of the whole of this burthen, will be obvious to any one who does not believe all the legal learning and judicial competency of the country to be confined under the wig of each passing Chancellor. With respect to the cost, there is little doubt that it would be found a measure of economy, but if there were the slightest doubt of its exceeding the two hundred and twenty-four thousand odd pounds at which Mr. Montague estimates the annual expences of the present system, the deficiency might easily be made up by throwing in the seven to ten thousand per annum which is now paid in the *sinécure office of patentee of bankrupts*, and the five to ten thousand to which the Chancellor, ceasing to continue the labour, would cease to become entitled. What would be the precise construction of such a court—what the number of its judges—what the time of their sitting—it is without our purpose now to attempt to define. The Scotch law of debtor and creditor is on the whole very superior to our own, and even if we could not borrow a leaf out of their book of bankrupt administration, at all events we here take leave to recommend its perusal. With them, as with us, the ministerial administration is vested in a trustee chosen by the body of the creditors; but, unlike that of the English assignee, his trust is a *judicial trust*; and, in his character of distributor of the estate, he acts as a judge in the first instance, and in his management is assisted by three commissioners, elected by the creditors from their own body, as a committee of management. Their proceedings are subject to the constant superintendence of the creditors, and the whole to the review of the Court of Session.* On this, however, we cannot enlarge. All we have to say is, that the fewer the judges, consistent with the purposes of promptitude, and the nearer the approximation of their sitting to permanency, the nearer would be the approach of the court to perfection. Certain we are, that for London, half-a-dozen efficient judges would get through the business much better than the seventy who now enact the farce of administering bankruptcy law at Basinghall-street. Undoubtedly to every inferior court there should somewhere reside an appellate jurisdiction, and the court of appeal to the tribunal we propose,

* Bell's Commentaries on the Laws of Scotland, fifth edition, p. 17.

might either be to a superior court in bankruptcy, or some other court of appeal, in which the Chancellor, alone or associated with other judicial dignitaries, was made to preside. Be this as it may, the original jurisdiction ought undoubtedly to be wrested from him, and provided for in some such court as that we have alluded to. Nor are we, in doing this, enforcing a mere visionary speculation of our own. The measure has been urged by the highest philosophical and practical authorities. Among the former it may be sufficient to mention the names of Sir S. Romilly and Sir W. Evans. Among the latter, Mr. Montague, Mr. Cooke, the Vice Chancellor, and Mr. Roupel. The objections by which it has been met do not deserve the name of arguments. The specious absurdity, that the Chancellor is the only individual in the state to be trusted with the decision of difficult and important matters, would heap upon him about one-half the business of the twelve judges. The "most grave and insurmountable objections" of the present Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, were, that "if the bankruptcy jurisdiction were withdrawn, no greater *innovation* could be introduced: that bankruptcy proceeded from the great seal, and therefore to *change* it, would be to *introduce a change* in the original jurisdiction." That "to *change*," is "to introduce a change," is certainly not exactly a novelty; but when on a recent occasion the salary of that learned judge was raised from its old to a higher amount, he would have been puzzled to call the variation by any other name than an *innovation*; and we do not imagine the *change* produced very "grave and insurmountable objections" to his profiting by the increase.

With the separation of bankruptcy must come the separation of lunacy from the ordinary and original jurisdiction of the court, with both a better distribution of the original and appellate functions of its judges; and in all it should be borne perpetually in mind, that the high powers of the great depository of the law, as the Chancellor has been aptly termed, ought to be reserved only for cases, in which their previous investigation in the inferior tribunals had exhibited them possessed of doubt or difficulty. Any thing short of this is a pure waste of the time of the suitors and the money of the people.

With respect to the internal organization of the court, one of the greatest of its present grievances is its almost unlimited power of appeal. Undoubtedly, the greater the number and variety of minds successively brought to the examination of the same subject, the greater is the probability that sound conclusion will be the result. There is, however, no conceivable number of appellate tribunals, to the establishment of which this principle, if admitted to all its consequences, might not give sanction; and it is obvious that the powers and nature of legislation require some limit to be affixed to its operation. Now, with proper securities for the average abilities of a set of subordinate equity judges, we should imagine that one or two appeals, at the outside, might safely be rendered conclusive. Yet, under the present constitution of the court, one cause may become scarcely any thing else than a succession of appeals. After awaiting about two years and a half, from the time of its institution, for some adjudication or other, nothing is more common, than that the preliminary order in a suit should be for its reference to the master, for the ascertainment of certain matters of fact. Upon this reference, the master, in due time (to wit, perhaps a twelvemonth) makes his report. Against this an appeal may be lodged with the Vice-Chan-

Chancellor, whose decision may be again appealed against to the Chancellor, and from the Chancellor in Lincoln's-inn-hall, an appeal lies against this judgment to the Chancellor on the woolsack. Nor is this any thing like all—each successive adjudication in the cause is exposed to the same process; so that with the spirit of litigation abroad in either party, and the requisite funds to carry it through, there is scarce any degree of vexation, distraction, and perhaps ruin, which the court does not afford the means of visiting on the other. Of the character of the appellate tribunal of final resort—that to the House of Lords—it is impossible to speak in terms of reprobation sufficiently strong. The least to be said for it is, that it is a pompous mockery of justice. Indeed, their own incapacity seems to have been so well appreciated by some of themselves, that Lord Erskine, in one of the debates on the subject, with a view of securing the presence of an individual or two who would not necessarily disgrace it by his ignorance, could see no other remedy for the evil than impounding Lord Eldon and Lord Redesdale in the House. To have given efficiency to the tribunal, his lordship should at the time have secured their immortality. Lord Holland was exceedingly indignant, that the lords who knew nothing about the law should not be treated as participators in its administration.—“This is the first time,” said his lordship, “that the House had been laid prostrate at the feet of learned lords, and the first time it had been announced that all the other peers were mere cyphers.” As to the position of the House with reference to learning (having hitherto heard little about its learning) we do not venture to speak; but we can tell Lord Holland, that, however unaccustomed to the hearing of wholesome truths may be the House he was addressing, that night was very far from being the first time on which its own judicial incompetency had been published to the world. The conviction is, indeed, too universal to require our enlargement on it, and it is manifest that such a tribunal ought not to continue its existence, only to add to the already overgrown appellate processes to which all suits in equity are exposed. The *dignity* of the peerage appears to be the principal obstacle to this improvement; but the time will come when peers will no longer have to meet questions of public utility with the opposition of their dignity.

The propriety of affixing a limitation to the number of counsel to be heard in each cause, rests on the same principles as that of affixing a limit to the power of appeal; and we do not hesitate to say, that the number frequently employed at present, operates as a serious detriment upon those who have to await their exhaustion for the adjudication of their causes. The Chancery Commissioners proposed to restrict the number to two in each interest; and if two lawyers cannot be found between them, to put the court in possession of all the facts of the case, and the bearings of the law upon it, we should have little left to say for the talent, learning, and industry of the English bar. In justice, however, to its junior members, and for the interest of the suitors of the court, the whole class of advocates ought to be placed on an equal footing. Privileges and immunities seldom bespeak any thing else than injustice to the unprivileged; and the mischievous privilege enjoyed by king's counsel of having all the motions with which they are intrusted heard before a single stuff gownsmen can open his mouth, is pretty much of the same description as most other immunities.

There is something in the arrangement of causes for hearing very

similar to that which we have seen operating so injuriously in the bankrupt tribunals—namely, that as the plaintiff has the selection of the judge for any hearing which he wishes to obtain, the same cause is exposed to the chance of being heard in its different stages before different judges, and in the Court of Chancery, no more than in those of bankruptcy, has it ever yet been found that one mind could inhabit three bodies at once. Perhaps even the prodigal expenditure of time caused by this privilege is the least of the evil. It is rarely that a cause can be investigated at all, even in its preliminary stages, without some indication of the judge's opinion on the whole matter escaping; and of course these indications will not be lost upon a party who has the liberty of bringing it on for further hearing before the same or another judge, according to his option.

But of all the existing practices of the court, perhaps the most objectionable is that which relates to its mode of obtaining testimony. Now it has become no less a popular truth than an axiom in jurisprudence, that the only efficient security for the soundness of testimony is to be found in the publicity of its delivery, and under the ordeal of an interested examination. “Si jamais un législateur,” says M. Bellot, a foreign jurist, “se propose le problème du mode le plus sûr de ne point atteindre la vérité, le code de procédure Français lui en fournira la solution au titre de *l'interrogatoire sur faits et articles*. Pour éviter à la partie l'ennui de la publicité, l'embarras d'un contradicteur, pour affaiblir les conséquences de ses tergiversations et la honte du mensonge, pour lui fournir les moyens, de méditer à tête reposée, de calculer ses réponses, ce code exige qu'elle interroge en secret, par un seul juge, hors de la présence de son adversaire, et que les faits sur lesquels l'interrogation a été requises lui soient communiqués au moins vingt-quatre heures d'avance.”* The description here, however, given of the code de procédure, is a pretty accurate resemblance of the proceedings in the English Court of Chancery. The testimony obtained from the parties to a suit, is comprised either in affidavits, or in the answers of the defendants to the plaintiff's bill. In neither are the parties confronted with each other. The swearing is a mere ceremony before an officer of the court, and the answer is strictly confined to the formal string of allegations which the bill exhibits, and is delivered with such guarded caution, that its preparation is actually intrusted to an advocate of the court. All other evidence is obtained through a set of written interrogatories administered to the witnesses, not in open court, but in the privacy of the examiner's apartment. All the interrogatories for the various witnesses in the suit are strung together. The party, or his agent, points out the different facts to which he wishes each to be examined; but there is no power whatever, either of cross-examining the witness—leading him out of the formal track which is marked out for him, or taking advantage of his answers to found upon them new questions. The objections of the commissioners to the substitution for this wretched system of a *viva voce* mode of evidence, were principally the impossibility of the three Chancery judges bestowing upon examinations their personal attention, and the increased cost which it was pretended it would occasion. The very existence of a *viva voce* system in the courts of common law, however, proves that the first can be a valid

* Exposé des motifs de la loi sur la procédure civile, pour le Canton de Genève, p. 109.

objection only under that existing harmony of evil which pervades the whole Court of Chancery, and, consequently, that it is capable of being removed by a thorough reform. But even under the present state of that court, the argument is more specious than sound. The court only decides upon written depositions, but so under the system we are advocating it might still continue to do. The evidence might originally be taken *viva voce*, with the proper securities, and the depositions be reduced to writing, in order to enable the judge to form upon them his decision. Indeed, this very reduction into writing of all testimony, is one of the securities which Mr. Bentham has propounded as necessary to its perfection. With respect to the objection about cost, we apprehend the commissioners had no *data* for their calculation, and we take leave to mistrust it altogether. Throughout every stage of a cause, the existing system adds prodigious lengthiness to its proceedings. The long rigmarole of testimony runs the gauntlet of office-copies—counsels' briefs, *et omne hoc genus rerum*, while a considerable portion has to be waded through by the judge before he can pronounce a decision in the case. In every successive instance it increases the cost of each, and has, moreover, the additional property of consuming the time of the court. Mr. Parkes, in his history of the court, has a calculation of the mass of writing contained in the *affidavits alone* of fifteen causes, the aggregate of which amounted to the enormous quantity of six thousand one hundred and ninety-four folios, p. 433. Still, though so lamentably deficient in the greater part of its system of evidence, it has one redeeming feature, and rather than part with which, we would willingly forego all for which we have been contending—Thank God! there is at least one court in the country where a defendant cannot shelter himself from withholding from a fellow-citizen his right or his property, under the shallow absurdity that no man can be heard in his own cause. "Vile maxim of technical jurisprudence," might Mr. Bentham well exclaim, in reference to this atrocious absurdity, "there is not a man, there is not even a judge, who has the least regard to it, in what passes in the bosom of his family."* This is, indeed, the bright feature of the court; but it only serves to make the darkness more visible around it.

The system of pleading demands renovations scarcely less than that of evidence. The mode of dispatching, we were going to say, but we prefer the term—slumbering over business in the master's office, should be completely changed; and there is not a subordinate office of the court which does not require thoroughly purging.

The obvious modes for the infusion of new strength into its judicial force, are either the addition of new functionaries, or a better husbanding of the powers of the old. The requisite amount of the former will necessarily in part depend upon the extent to which the latter is carried; and, in either case, the figure suggested must partake somewhat of the random character of speculation. Even with the command over the whole time of the present judges, four or five new ones might not be more than the purposes of dispatch require, and with the present distraction of their attention, possibly six.

We leave this, however, for the less conjectural ground of pointing out how the powers of existing functionaries may be rendered more efficient.

* *Traité des Preuves Judiciaires*, tome I., p. 192.

The Masters, as the only subordinate officers who exercise any thing of a judicial function, are the only inferior functionaries to whom we shall allude. For them, the narration of a fact will be sufficient. They seldom make their appearance at their offices before eleven; and are mostly off again at three. The earliest appointment for business before them is accordingly eleven—the latest two. “Consequently,” says the pointed author of the *Indications*—“Warrant sent for frequent answer—Master full for a week.”

The Master of the Rolls we may, in like manner, dismiss with a fact. Legal vacations occupy about nine months out of the twelve. During a considerable part of those vacations, which occur between November and June, his sittings are only occasional; from the beginning of August to the beginning of November he does not sit at all. Except during a very few days he never takes his seat until six in the evening, and leaves it seldom much after ten: and during term time, he sits but three evenings in the week; out of term, seldom more than four; and never on seal days, without one of which a week rarely elapses.

The Chancellor, however, is not so easily to be passed over, nor can we make so accurate a calculation of the time devoted by him to his judicial business, since we have not the number of days that he closes—either entirely or prematurely—his court, to sit in the House of Lords in judgment on himself—to assist in the formation of rickety cabinets—to advise on the dispensation of the patronage of the church—to settle the diplomacy of Europe—in a word, to discharge the various duties which branch out of his political functions; and still less have we the means for measuring the amount of distraction which his mind must undergo from the combination of all. Now upon what recognized principle of jurisprudence it is that judicial aptitude can be increased by political diversion, we have never yet been sufficiently fortunate to hear. That the very reverse of the case must be obvious to all those who will take the trouble to reflect that competency, and not political intrigue, is the only safe passport to the bench—the possession of a calm, unruffled, and undivided attention to its duties, a requisite security for their discharge—that next to the consciousness of the popular eye, there is nothing so productive of a dignified independence in the individual, as the conviction that he is indebted for his high place, not to the stability of a faction, but to his own high character alone—nothing so mischievous to the suitors of the court as the eternal delay to which their causes are exposed by an ever varying succession of judges. Since unsupportable then on principles of jurisprudence, let us turn to the arguments by which this monstrous anomaly is attempted to be sustained. The search for these, however, is something like that of a needle in a bottle of hay. In one of the debates on this subject, the burthen of Mr. Canning's song was, that it was a “noble” and a “valuable prerogative” of the crown, that it could take from the ranks of Westminster Hall the meanest individual in birth and original station, and place him at once “in the head and front of the peerage of England.” Moreover, that it was a “beautiful” prerogative, and further, that unless the Chancellor were thus to be placed at the front of the peerage, what were *they* to do for instruction in its laws and institutions—so that, in short, what between the nobility, value, and beauty of prerogative, and the want of a *fugleman* for the peerage, the whole was too good a thing to be given up. Prerogative may be a very fine thing, and in a royal cabinet it may be a *beautiful*

curiosity into the bargain; but neither nobility or beauty are always devoid of mischief: and the value of all prerogative (except to him who enjoys its exercise) consists in its tendency to promote public utility, and in that alone. This tendency, we apprehend, it would be difficult to demonstrate for the prerogative in question: and certainly it is not very wise in a minister of the crown to rest the question on the want of an instructor to our hereditary legislators on the laws and institutions of the country they have to govern. Again, it is urged, that so high a prize operates as a beneficial stimulus upon the industry and exertion of the bar. Undoubtedly, the law is a dry study, and it may be necessary to treat lawyers like babies, and give them sweetmeats to make them learn their lesson. In God's name, however, let the sweetmeats be given for the lesson, and not as they now are for playing truant—not, indeed, truant from books—but truant from the cause of honesty and independence to that of venality and corruption. It is well known that splendid as is the prize, political apostacy or political prostitution are now, as they ever have been, the only roads to its attainment.

Ὅσκι θεοῖς ἐπιπέθῃται, μάλα τ' ἔκλυον αὐτῆ,

is a maxim pretty well understood by lawyers; and we do not hesitate to declare, that the prize, as at present betowed, has no better operation than as an agent of corruption.

With the slight interest both had in the matter, it was not very wonderful that, on the project for separating these discordant functions, Lord Eldon should have to oppose "not merely his own individual opinion, but the collective wisdom of an acute and intelligent profession." We doubt not our readers will equally understand the answer of Lord Hardwicke, when informing Lord Northington that he must take with the chancellorship both political and judicial offices together, he told him that "Westminster Hall would never forgive him if he suffered these offices to be disjoined." "Double headed monster," may Mr. Bentham well remark, "Head judge and Head party-man, back to back: fitter to be kept constantly in spirits in anatomy school, than one hour in the cabinet, and the next hour on the bench. Behold in this emblem* one of the consequences of having one and the same man to sit as sole highest judge, with all the property in the kingdom at his disposal, and in the cabinet to act as chief organizer of intrigues, and moderator of squabbles about power, money, and patronage; the cabinet situation being the paramount one, the most transcendent aptitude for the judicial situation cannot keep him in it, the most completely demonstrated inaptitude remove him out of it!"

But if the petitioners for justice are thus injured by the union, assuredly the state has little political gain to thank it for. All along our Chancellors have been little else than political adventurers. In the earliest period of their history they were ever the willing agents of arbitrary power. What they have gained on the score of government with a Thurlow, a Loughborough, an Eldon, or a Lyndhurst, ourselves require instruction.

With all this in our view, it is impossible we can hesitate about recommending the confining the province of the Chancellor to the discharge

* Lord Eldon.

of his judicial functions. With this, and the several other topics we have touched on, we think we have glanced at some of the more prominent of the measures to be adopted for infusing new vigor into the powers of the court, and here we complete our brief sketch of its *morale*.

In the first of our papers on this subject, we proposed to lay bare the seat of disease, and we trust we have redeemed our pledge. If we have truth on our side (and we have spoken as those "having authority,") it is obvious that gentle medicines and soothing palliatives will be about as efficacious as *breathing* over a limb up to which mortification was crawling. Indeed such remedies would be productive rather of mischief than of good; like opiates, lulling the consciousness of pain, they would only leave the disease to acquire fresh strength, and already it bids defiance to all but the boldest application of the knife. That a length of time, however, will elapse, before this, or any other part of our jurisprudence shall be placed on a system of thorough adaptation to its ends, the moral aspect of the country bids us too clearly foresee. That the time will at length arrive, we may almost as certainly predict.

THE EVENING STAR.

The chimes have rung from yon church-tower,
The honey-bee has left the flower,
The hushed wind sleeps, the leaves are still,
And, high o'er bleak Llansaddon's hill,
Gleams from his watch-tower, faint—afar—
The hermit-natured Evening Star!
Heralding to night's wizard noon
The coming of the zenith moon.

Sweet Star! to thee, 'mid ruins grey,
The owl hoots forth a boding lay;
To thee, 'mid lanes retired and shy,
The twinkling glow-worm lifts her eye;
To thee the wanderer turns, and hears
The uplifted voice of other years
Sweep o'er his soul in solemn tone;—
Then, sadly-musing, weeps to own
How hopes have withered, friends have changed—
Some dead, some distant, some estranged—
Since last within his native stream
He marked, sweet orb! thine imaged beam,
And drew in thought's attempered power
A moral from the scene and hour.

Emblem of Hope and Holiness!
What heart but must thy beauty bless?
What eye but recognize in thee
Some germ of unknown deity?
A soul divine illumines thy rays,
Eternity is in thy gaze;
Thy smile the first musician fired,
The first young poet's muse inspired,

Ere yet unhappy Orpheus sighed
 To listening woods at even-tide ;
 Ere Homer sang night's mellow noon,
 The vaulted sky, the unsullied moon ;
 The first-born poet hymned to thee
 His song of rude idolatry ;
 Zephyr, as 'neath a steep hill's crest
 He lay, reclined on Echo's breast,
 Caught up the wild and novel rhyme,
 Bore it aloft from clime to clime,
 And thus, while round the world it ran,
 Music and Verse were taught to man.

Mild Genius of the Summer Night !
 How oft, beneath thy guardian light,
 My school-boy feet have braved the gloom
 Of haunted glen, or church-yard tomb !
 Where yon forlorn old abbey rears
 Her spectre figure, grey in years,
 Through whose lone courts, when winds are still,
 Time's awful voice sounds strange and chill,
 I've stood with her—the young, the mild—
 The blue-eyed Ellen—nature's child !
 Night was around us, night above,
 And heaven put on a look of love,
 While, 'neath her sweet, expressive glance,
 The maid's transfigured countenance
 Shone more than nymph or seraph fair,
 For tenderness and hope were there.
 But youth's gay dream is over now,
 The snows of age are on my brow ;
 And *she*—affection's hapless slave—
 Sleeps in her lone, unnoticed grave,
 Watched by the moon in regal car,
 And hallowed by the Evening Star !

Hark ! round their old, accustomed tree,
 The gathering gnats hum drowsily ;
 And night, with finger dim and grey,
 Hath closed the eyelids of the day :
 'Tis gloom around, o'er flood and fell—
 Sweet Star of Evening ! fare thee well !

• Ως δ' οὐτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστὴρ φαεινὸν ἀμφὶ σελήνῃ
 φαίνεται.

VILLAGE SKETCHES:

No. XI.

THE SHAW.

SEPT. 9th.—A bright, sunshiny afternoon. What a comfort it is to get out again—to see once more that rarity of rarities, a fine day! We English people are accused of talking over much of the weather; but the weather, this summer, has forced people to talk of it. Summer! did I say? Oh! season most unworthy of that sweet, sunny name! Season of coldness and cloudiness, of gloom and rain! A worse November!—for in November the days are short; and, shut up in a warm room, lighted by that household sun, a lamp, one feels through the long evenings comfortably independent of the out-of-door tempests. But though we may have, and did have, fires all through the dog-days, there is no shutting out daylight; and sixteen hours of rain, pattering against the windows and dripping from the eaves—sixteen hours of rain, not merely audible but visible, for seven days in the week—would be enough to exhaust the patience of Job, or of Grizzel; especially if Job were a farmer, and Grizzel a country gentlewoman. Never was known such a season! Hay swimming, cattle drowning, fruit rotting, corn spoiling! and that haughty river, the Loddon, who never can take Puff's advice, and "keep between its banks," running about the country, fields, roads, gardens, and houses, like mad! The weather would be talked of. Indeed, it was not easy to talk of any thing else. A friend of mine having occasion to write me a letter, thought it worth abusing in rhyme, and bepommelled it through three pages of Bath-Guide verse; of which I subjoin a specimen:—

"Aquarius surely *reigns* over the world,
And of late he his water-pot strangely has twirled;
Or he's taken a cullender up by mistake,
And unceasingly dips it in some mighty lake;
Though it is not in Lethe—for who can forget
The annoyance of getting most thoroughly wet?
It must be in the river called Styx, I declare,
For the moment it drizzles it makes the men swear.
'It did rain to-morrow,' is growing good grammar;
Vauxhall and camp-stools have been brought to the hammer;
A pony-gondola is all I can keep,
And I use my umbrella and pattens in sleep;
Row out of my window, whene'er 'tis my whim
To visit a friend, and just ask, 'Can you swim?'"

So far my friend.* In short, whether in prose or in verse, every body railed at the weather. But this is over now. The sun has come to dry

* This friend of mine is a person of great quickness and talent, who, if she were not a beauty and a woman of fortune—that is to say, if prompted by either of those two powerful *stimuli*, want of money or want of admiration—and took due pains, would inevitably become a clever writer. As it is, her notes and *jeux d'esprit*, struck off *à trait de plume*, have great point and neatness. Take the following billet, which formed the label to a closed basket, containing the ponderous present alluded to, last Michaelmas Day:—

"To Miss M.
'When this you see
Remember me,'
Was long a phrase in use;
And so I send
To you, dear friend,
My proxy. 'What?' A goose!"

the world ; mud is turned into dust ; rivers have retreated to their proper limits ; farmers have left off grumbling ; and we are about to take a walk, as usual, as far as the Shaw, a pretty wood about a mile off. But one of our companions being a stranger to the gentle reader, we must do him the honour of an introduction.

Dogs, when they are sure of having their own way, have sometimes ways as odd as those of the unfurred, unfeathered animals, who walk on two legs, and talk, and are called rational. My beautiful white greyhound, Mayflower, for instance, is as whimsical as the finest lady in the land. Amongst her other fancies, she has taken a violent affection for a most hideous stray dog, who made his appearance here about six months ago, and contrived to pick up a living in the village, one can hardly tell how. Now appealing to the charity of old Rachael Strong, the laundress—a dog-lover by profession ; now winning a meal from the light-footed and open-hearted lasses at the Rose ; now standing on his hind-legs, to extort by sheer beggary a scanty morsel from some pair of “drowthy cronies,” or solitary drover, discussing his dinner or supper on the alehouse-bench ; now catching a mouthful, flung to him in pure contempt by some scornful gentleman of the shoulder-knot, mounted on his throne, the coach-box, whose notice he had attracted by dint of ugliness ; now sharing the commons of Master Keep the shoemaker’s pigs ; now succeeding to the reversion of the well-gnawed bone of Master Brow the shopkeeper’s fierce house-dog ; now filching the skim-milk of Dame Wheeler’s cat :—spit at by the cat ; worried by the mastiff ; chased by the pigs ; screamed at by the dame ; stormed at by the shoemaker ; flogged by the shopkeeper ; teased by all the children, and scouted by all the animals of the parish ;—but yet living through his griefs, and bearing them patiently, “for sufferance is the badge of all his tribe ;”—and even seeming to find, in an occasional full meal, or a gleam of sunshine, or a whisp of dry straw on which to repose his sorry carcass, some comfort in his disconsolate condition.

In this plight was he found by May, the most high-blooded and aristocratic of greyhounds ; and from this plight did May rescue him ;—invited him into her territory, the stable ; resisted all attempts to turn him out ; reinstated him there, in spite of maid, and boy, and mistress, and master ; wore out every body’s opposition, by the activity of her protection, and the pertinacity of her self-will ; made him sharer of her bed and her mess ; and, finally, established him as one of the family as firmly as herself.

Dash—for he has even won himself a name amongst us, before he was anonymous—Dash is a sort of a kind of a spaniel ; at least there is in his mongrel composition some sign of that beautiful race. Besides his ugliness, which is of the worst sort—that is to say, the shabbiest—he has a limp on one leg that gives a peculiarly one-sided awkwardness to his gait ; but, independently of his great merit in being May’s pet, he has other merits which serve to account for that phenomenon—being, beyond all comparison the most faithful, attached, and affectionate animal that I have ever known ; and that is saying much. He seems to think it necessary to atone for his ugliness by extra good conduct, and does so dance on his lame leg, and so wag his scrubby tail, that it does any one who has a taste for happiness good to look at him—so that he may now be said to stand on his own footing. We are all rather ashamed of him when strangers come in the way, and think it necessary to explain that

he is May's pet; but amongst ourselves, and those who are used to his appearance, he has reached the point of favouritism in his own person. I have, in common with wiser women, the feminine weakness of loving whatever loves me—and, therefore, like Dash. His master has found out that Dash is a capital finder, and, in spite of his lameness, will hunt a field or beat a cover with any spaniel in England—and, therefore, *he* likes Dash. The boy has fought a battle, in defence of his beauty, with another boy, bigger than himself, and beat his opponent most handsomely—and, therefore, *he* likes Dash; and the maids like him, or pretend to like him, because we do—as is the fashion of that pliant and imitative class. And now Dash and May follow us every where, and are going with us now to the Shaw, as I said before—or rather to the cottage by the Shaw, to bespeak milk and butter of our little dairy-woman, Hannah Bint—a housewifely occupation, to which we owe some of our pleasantest rambles.

And now we pass the sunny, dusty village street—who would have thought, a month ago, that we should complain of sun and dust again!—and turn the corner where the two great oaks hang so beautifully over the clear deep pond, mixing their cool green shadows with the bright blue sky, and the white clouds that flit over it; and loiter at the wheeler's shop, always picturesque, with its tools, and its work, and its materials, all so various in form, and so harmonious in colour; and its noisy, merry workmen, hammering and singing, and making a various harmony also. The shop is rather empty to-day, for its usual inmates are busy on the green beyond the pond—one set building a cart, another painting a waggon. And then we leave the village quite behind, and proceed slowly up the cool, quiet lane, between tall hedge-rows of the darkest verdure, overshadowing banks green and fresh as an emerald.

Not so quick as I expected, though—for they are shooting here to-day, as Dash and I have both discovered: he with great delight, for a gun to him is as a trumpet to a war-house; I with no less annoyance, for I don't think that a partridge itself, barring the accident of being killed, can be more startled than I at that abominable explosion. Dash has certainly better blood in his veins than any one would guess to look at him. He even shews some inclination to elope into the fields, in pursuit of those noisy iniquities. But he is an orderly person, after all, and a word has checked him.

Ah! here is a shriller din mingling with the small artillery—a shriller and more continuous. We are not yet arrived within sight of Master Weston's cottage, snugly hidden behind a clump of elms; but we are in full hearing of Dame Weston's tongue, raised as usual to scolding-pitch. The Westons are new arrivals in our neighbourhood, and the first thing heard of them was a complaint from the wife to our magistrate of her husband's beating her: it was a regular charge of assault—an information in full form. A most piteous case did Dame Weston make of it, softening her voice for the nonce into a shrill tremulous whine, and exciting the mingled pity and anger—pity towards herself, anger towards her husband—of the whole female world, pitiful and indignant as the female world is wont to be on such occasions. Every woman in the parish railed at Master Weston; and poor Master Weston was summoned to attend the bench on the ensuing Saturday, and answer the charge; and such was the clamour abroad and at home, that the unlucky culprit, terrified at the sound of a warrant and a constable, ran away, and was not heard of for a fortnight.

At the end of that time he was discovered, and brought to the bench; and Dame Weston again told her story, and, as before, on the full cry. She had no witnesses, and the bruises of which she made complaint had disappeared, and there were no women present to make common cause with the sex. Still, however, the general feeling was against Master Weston; and it would have gone hard with him, when he was called in, if a most unexpected witness had not risen up in his favour. His wife had brought in her arms a little girl about eighteen months old, partly perhaps to move compassion in her favour; for a woman with a child in her arms is always an object that excites kind feelings. The little girl had looked shy and frightened, and had been as quiet as a lamb during her mother's examination; but she no sooner saw her father, from whom she had been a fortnight separated, than she clapped her hands, and laughed, and cried, "Daddy! daddy!" and sprang into his arms, and hung round his neck, and covered him with kisses—again shouting, "Daddy, come home! daddy! daddy!"—and finally nestled her little head in his bosom, with a fulness of contentment, an assurance of tenderness and protection, such as no wife-beating tyrant ever did inspire, or ever could inspire, since the days of King Solomon. Our magistrates acted in the very spirit of the Jewish monarch: they accepted the evidence of nature, and dismissed the complaint. And subsequent events have fully justified their decision; Mistress Weston proving not only renowned for the feminine accomplishment of scolding (tongue-banging, it is called in our parts—a compound word, which deserves to be Greek), but is actually herself addicted to administering the conjugal discipline, the infliction of which she was pleased to impute to her luckless husband.

Now we cross the stile, and walk up the fields to the Shaw. How beautifully green this pasture looks! and how finely the evening sun glances between the boles of that clump of trees, beech, and ash, and aspen! and how sweet the hedge-rows are with woodbine and wild scabions, or, as the country people call it, the gipsy-rose! Here is little Annie Weston, the unconscious witness, with cheeks as red as a real rose, tottering up the path to meet her father. And here is the carrotty-polled urchin, George Coper, returning from work, and singing "Home! sweet Home!" at the top of his voice; and then, when the notes move too high for him, continuing the air in a whistle, until he has turned the impassible corner; then taking up again the song and the words, "Home! sweet Home!" and looking as if he felt their full import, ploughboy though he be. And so he does; for he is one of a large, an honest, a kind, and an industrious family, where all goes well, and where the poor ploughboy is sure of finding cheerful faces and coarse comforts—all that he has learned to desire. Oh, to be as cheaply and as thoroughly contented as George Coper! All his luxuries, a cricket-match!—all his wants satisfied in "home! sweet home!"

Nothing but noises to-day! They are clearing Farmer Brookes's great bean-field, and crying the "Harvest Home!" in a chorus, before which all other sounds—the song, the scolding, the gunnery—fade away, and become faint echoes. A pleasant noise is that! though, for one's ears' sake, one makes some haste to get away from it. And here, in happy time, is that pretty wood, the Shaw, with its broad pathway, its tangled dingles, its nuts, and its honeysuckles;—and, carrying away a fagot of those sweetest flowers, we reach Hannah Bint's: of whom, and of whose doings, we shall say more another time.

M.

DR. GRANVILLE'S TRAVELS TO ST. PETERSBURGH.*

MAN (here, in England, at least) may be described, by way of distinction, as a *travelling* animal. So strong is this propensity imprinted upon him, that even the impossibility of gratifying it (which in time eradicates all other propensities) has little or no effect upon this. If an Englishman cannot travel in fact, he will, somehow or other, contrive to do so in fancy; if he is precluded from "going abroad" in his own proper person, he will, in imagination, take upon him that of some one who is more happily situated, and, in default of being able to see "foreign parts" with his own eyes, will examine and judge of them through those of other people. The innumerable books of travels, of every conceivable class and quality, that each succeeding season puts forth, at once prove and provide for this imperishable and insatiable want of the English mind. Nothing in the shape of travels comes amiss to us, by whoever it may be offered, or of whatever it may consist. Even we ourselves (critics as we are, and therefore exempt, *ex officio*, from all human infirmities or deficiencies whatsoever) must plead peculiarly guilty to the charge now in question. For sedentary persons, who seldom or never move farther from our writing-tables than to our reading-chairs, we have been great travellers in our time, having made the circuit of the terrestrial globe several times—to say nothing of sundry voyages to the moon and elsewhere. And yet, to this day, we are content to accompany "to the Continent," and back again, the merest Cockney who contributes his travelling lucubrations to the *Morning Herald* newspaper! Nay, we have even read every word of the letters lately indited by Mr. Henry Hunt himself in the above-named erudite miscellany, touching the relative prices of peas, potatoes, and periwinkles on the opposite side of the Channel, and pointing out the striking inferiority of the flavour of Bourbon coffee, as sold in the Parisian cafés, to the radical roasted corn of the said modest and disinterested reformer! It may readily be supposed, therefore, with what hungry delight we hail the appearance of a book of travels upon our table. Dr. Granville's work,—(we take the liberty of whispering this information into the doctor's exclusive ear, seeing that it is a matter with which, for reasons to be explained hereafter, our readers have little concern) is, among books of travels, and taken as a whole, in all probability not the most lively and intelligent that has for many years issued from the English press; nevertheless, if we do not contrive to extract from it a sufficient quantity of entertaining matter to prevent *our* readers at least from complaining that it was ever written, we will be content to be set down for the future as persons utterly unqualified to exercise the honourable calling to which we belong. And we shall take the more pleasure in performing this duty, because the worthy doctor who furnishes us with the occasion of it is gifted with a certain irrepressible *bonhomie*, which, though it cannot make up for his manifold deficiencies as an author, renders him a by no means disagreeable travelling companion. Accordingly, with his tediousness, his

* A Journal of Travels to and from St. Petersburg, by A. B. Granville, M.P., &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

trifling, and his tittle-tattle, we never grow out of temper ; with his logic we are never disposed to be very angry—though it, at every page, leads him to general conclusions only not at open variance with his premises, because he never seems to have any hold upon the latter at all ; except, indeed, in the cases of personal character, where, still following his seemingly favourite prototypes, he sets down every one who confers the most ordinary civility upon *him* as the pink of politeness, grace, and good breeding—the pattern of learning and liberality—and, in short, the model of every virtue and accomplishment under heaven. These things, in consideration of the good doctor's happy quality above-mentioned, we can easily away with. We can even overlook (because luckily we can also overleap) his eternal prosings about public buildings, and the interminable display of architectural knowledge which they call forth—with their peristyles, tetrastyles, octastyles, and innumerable other styles. Even his palpable blunders,—his puerilities, and common-places, without end—his fastidious affectations of *finery*—and his infinite unconsciousness of the presence of all these matters and things—we can easily excuse. Nay, so powerful and pervading is the effect of a happy temperament on all that it touches, we can even, in virtue of it in the present instance, almost pardon the worthy doctor his criticisms on Fine Art, his philosophy, his physic, and his puns !

It appears that our author left London on the 20th of September 1827, as part of the travelling *suite* of a Russian nobleman and his lady, the Count and Countess Woronzow, who were returning to their own country, after a temporary visit to this. We state the case in the doctor's own way, who, with all his affected contempt for what is beneath the first *grade* in society, is far from being “above his business.” Luckily, the professional services of the doctor seem to have been confined to the administering forty-five drops of laudanum to the lady, as an antidote to sea-sickness in the passage across. If it had been otherwise, the secondary job which the pains-taking physician contrived to unite with his professional one—that of giving a full, true, and particular account of the Russian capital, by means of a residence of about forty days in it—must have “come tardy off.” As it was, however, the doctor must have satisfied his gratitude to his patrons, and, at the same time, earned his handsome *traitement*, at a very small outlay of trouble indeed : for, during the leisure moments of the above-named brief period, he professes to have fully attained his chief object in visiting Russia ; inasmuch as he has seen, examined, and put himself in a condition to describe, in their minutest details, *all* the noticeable public institutions of Petersburg ;—including half a score or so of royal palaces ; as many government establishments and scientific institutes ; together with churches, hospitals, theatres, schools, and public charities, without number : to say nothing of his having gained a very satisfying insight into the general manners, habits, and state of society of this vast metropolis ; and fully informed himself in regard to the most secret views, qualities, and personal character of nearly all the leading members of the Russian community ! Out of these materials, thus collected, our traveller now sits down to furnish the English public with “*a Guide*” to the city of Petersburg : no such work existing, it appears, up to this time. In what manner the desideratum has now been supplied, it seems unnecessary to state, after what we have said above ; and the more especially, as

(we repeat) our object in noticing the work is simply to cull from its thirteen hundred closely-printed pages a few of those which seem calculated to amuse and interest all classes of readers.

Prepared (we had nearly said *determined*) as the doctor evidently was beforehand to see every thing in Russia *couleur de rose*, it will naturally be supposed that he does not start without flinging a sarcasm or two at his predecessors, Doctors Clarke and Lyall, who had viewed things under a different aspect. But it is not our intention to follow the travellers, step by step, on their journey; but to hasten forward towards the end of it—that being the portion which seems most likely to afford the kind of matter of which we are in search. Still we may, in the course of the journey itself, pick up a few straggling matters not unsuited to our purpose.

As we have hinted that the doctor travelled in the ostensible character of family physician to a lady of distinction, it seems superfluous to add that he is a most determined gossip. He scarcely sets foot on a foreign shore, before, finding that (happily for all parties) he has little or nothing to do in his primary capacity, he commences operations in his secondary one, by proceeding straight to the bookseller's-shop—that (and not the barber's) being, according to the doctor's improved and refined notions of such matters, the true spot whereon to pick up an acquaintance with what is passing in any given city. Here he gains the following information, touching that unfailing theme of interest and inquiry, Beau Brummel:—

“We learned that one of these voluntary exiles, once the leader of *ton*, not at all an enemy to snuff, or to the boxes that hold it, is lodged very comfortably at a bookseller's not a mile distant from Dessein's, and that he has been resident there for the last ten years, without once sleeping out of the house. He lives rather retired, but objects not to the visits of many of his old friends, who, on passing through Calais, make it a point to call on this exquisite specimen of the refined gentleman. His mode of living is rather monotonous and sedentary. He writes and reads a great deal, or converses with his landlord, who is a most intelligent person, formerly an associate of Miranda, with whom he went to South America. Although he complains of not being rich, his apartments are said to be furnished with the most superb *buhl meubles*, most of which were purchased and selected by him with great taste, at Dunkirk, to the amount of two thousand pounds. The landlord speaks with great regard of his inmate, with the whole history of whom he appears to be well acquainted.”

Only conceive of the most exclusive of ex-exclusives being looked upon “with great regard” by the gossiping, beggarly provincial town!

Proceeding without delay through the Netherlands, our travellers at Ostend, and again at Brussels, fall in with Capo d'Istrias. As that person is at present filling a part which, if he uses rightly the opportunities it will afford him, may be looked upon as one of the most important in the European drama of the day, the following notices of him, vague and unsatisfactory as they are, will be read with interest and curiosity:—

“Count Capo d'Istrias was born at Corfu, where he was filling a public situation of trust under Government in the year 1802, at the time of my visiting that island, and was held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens. Corfu and the rest of the Ionian Islands, were then under the protection of Russia; but enjoyed a form of government of their own, as has been the case since their occupation by Great Britain. The Representative of the Russian

monarch, at that time residing in Corfu, was Count Mocenigo; a nobleman who, by his impartial conduct, had gained the esteem of persons of all parties. He lived in a style of splendour well becoming his high station, and it was at his hospitable table that I recollect seeing, for the first time, Count Capo d'Istrias. One could observe, even at that early period of that gentleman's public career, that he possessed, within him, all the necessary elements for ensuring his future elevation. General Romieux, the Representative of the French Consular Government to the Septinsular Republic, near to whom I sat on that day, said to me, pointing to the Count:—'*Cet homme ira bien loin dans la carrière de la diplomatie. Il ne lui faut que des circonstances favorables.*' The General's prophecy has long been verified; but its final and most triumphant accomplishment is even now taking place, by the Count's elevation to the chief station in the Greek Government. From the year 1813, when Capo d'Istrias was Minister Plenipotentiary from the Emperor of Russia to the Swiss Cantons, and, for his firm and upright conduct, was honoured with the right of citizenship by one of the Cantons, to the beginning of 1827, his career has been, with little interruption, a constant succession of highly honourable distinctions. He assisted at all the most important deliberations in some of those Congresses of Sovereigns which peculiarly mark the diplomatic history of Europe during the last fifteen years; and, on the part of Russia, affixed his name to the memorable treaty of peace, concluded in Paris on the 20th of November, 1818. In the full enjoyment of the confidence and good opinion of his Sovereign, the Emperor Alexander, Count Capo d'Istrias followed his Imperial Master to St. Petersburg after the signature of that Treaty, where he assumed, in conjunction with Count Nesselrode, the functions of Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

"The more opportunities I have of conversing with Count Capo d'Istrias, the more convinced I feel of the justice of public opinion in regard to his merits. On one occasion he discoursed at full length on the state of Greece, and the form of Government best adapted for that country. On a subject that had been so long and so often discussed, I should have thought it impossible for any one to offer any thing new. The Count, however, proved by his opinions, corroborated by facts, and an appeal to long experience, that much which is novel, striking, and important, remained yet to be told on so interesting a subject. His notions respecting finances and loans, in particular, made a great impression on my mind. I had never heard those questions treated in so original a manner; nor was I the less struck by the prudence and caution which seemed to mark the sentiments of this statesman. The facility with which, while speaking, he referred to certain facts, led me to remark to him that his memory appeared surprising. He assured me that the compliment must not be generally applied, and that he never had any memory for precise words and numbers, but only for ideas. In support of this assertion, he related an anecdote respecting his admission as Doctor of Philosophy, in the University of Padua. On that occasion he had endeavoured to commit to memory his thesis, which had been previously approved of by the professors, with a view to his defending it, according to custom. But on mounting the rostrum, not a word could he recollect of his composition. He knew well enough what it was all about—recollected the arrangement of the different paragraphs by the help of the ideas which each contained; but the words, the provoking words, escaped his mind's grasp. He hummed, and made the triple bow to his audience twice over, and stood mute; when at last, tired of this mummary, he took the thesis out of his pocket, and began reading it aloud, very coolly, to the great amusement of the whole assembly. I take it, that this is, in fact, the best kind of memory for men of business: it helps them to retain things and ideas, rather than mere words and the arrangement of phrases. We saw a good deal of this distinguished individual during our stay at Brussels. His personal appearance is striking. The squareness and great elevation of his forehead—the extraordinary size of his ears, considerably

detached from the back part of the head—and the remarkable paleness of his complexion, give him a very peculiar character. He has a quick and brilliant eye, and a mildness in the expression of his countenance which is very pleasing. This nobleman, who, for the interest of Greece, had resigned the best portion of his moderate fortune, and was now journeying towards the seat of his Government, declined every assistance proffered to him, travelled by the diligence, and with a view of being wholly unfettered by foreign influence, had formally resigned all his pensions and other pecuniary emoluments. *It is to be hoped that the Greek nation will prove worthy of such personal sacrifices, by the support they will give to the government of their distinguished countryman.*

The reader will gather, from the last period of this extract, the class of social casuistry by which the conclusions of the worthy doctor are directed. He evidently looks upon "this nobleman," and "the Greek nation," as no more than fit *pendans* the one for the other; and that the latter, if it does not "behave itself" in a befitting manner towards the former, will fully merit that extermination which for the present it seems to have escaped.

It is singular to observe the intuitive knowledge which the doctor seems to possess, touching the moral and intellectual pretensions of every great personage towards whom he makes the remotest approach. He spends a day or two at Brussels; and the following is one of the revelations which come to him during that period. Having spoken of the Prince of Orange, as a person who "promises, by his conduct, a succession of happy and brilliant years to the Flemish nation," he adds, "his amiable consort, the Princess Anne Paulowna, Grand-Duchess of Russia, enjoys likewise—and certainly no princess ever deserved it more—the greatest popularity. I have heard her spoken of in terms of admiration bordering on enthusiasm. This is not extraordinary, when it is considered to what royal stock this princess belongs, and under whose maternal care she has been educated."

As our author "professes intendment" of rendering his book "*as useful as practical information can make it*," it may be proper to state here, once for all, that those travellers who take it for a "Guide," will do well to provide themselves with some other work of a similar nature, by which they may be enabled to check and correct its general and particular statements. Not that we would insinuate the probability of their meeting with any better "Guide," than that which is now offered to their notice: for we hold all professed "Guides" to be equally skilled in the art of leading astray. But there are cases in which two bad things are better than one; and this is one of them. Travellers will not find any two "Guides" that will give them exactly the same details, in regard to any one matter or thing whatsoever. The consequence is, that those persons who are prudent enough to provide themselves with two or three, will be induced to put no trust in either, and will thus escape that mass of misinformation which otherwise inevitably awaits them. Dr. Granville tells us that he wrote his work as a "Guide" to St. Petersburg—there being, up to the present time, no such thing extant. Now this is the only part, of either his design or the fulfilment of it, which we cannot forgive him. If there had been half-a-dozen of these deluders, we should have been happy to see *him* added to the number: for, as "in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," so (as we have hinted above) in a multitude of misleaders it is not absolutely impossible that you may, among them all, fall into the right track.

That our present "Guide" is not behind his fellows in the art, which we have thus demonstrated to be so manifestly useful, one or two slight examples will be more than enough to shew. Speaking of Brussels as an eligible place of residence for persons of economical views, he says, "The necessaries of life are not only plentiful, but cheap. Fruit and vegetables are very abundant."—(Your "Guide," when he confines himself to generalities, can seldom do you much harm—for in these he can scarcely help following that general feeling, which is always right; but when he descends to particulars, let him on no account be trusted.)—"A small basket of the finest peaches in the world has been bought for ten cents. in the summer. I have seen magnificent pears sold in the market for three cents. the pound." (Vol. i., p. 83). Now, not having resided a greater number of years in Brussels than Dr. Granville professes to have spent days there, we will not pretend to set ourselves up as "Guides" in matters of this nature. But thus much we will say—that we could never purchase a single fine peach—not to say a basket of them—even in the autumn, which is the season for them, for less than about ten cents—nor an eatable pear at less than about half that rate. Again: "Bread is of an excellent quality throughout Flanders—perfectly white, light, and highly flavoured: its price is not more than half of what it bears in England." (*Ibid.*) Now the merit of the Flemish and French bread is, that it is *not* "white," which genuine bread can never be; and, if its general price be stated at *one-fourth less* than that of English bread, this is the utmost difference that truth will admit: and the point is one of the utmost importance, to those who are seeking the kind of information which "Guides" profess to afford them. Once more: "The Brussels coachmakers have considerable reputation in the north-west of Europe, and their *calèches* are in great request."—(So far, so good—for the observation is a *general* one; but, when we come to particulars, mark the difference.)—"A handsomely-built and strong carriage of this description, built by Mosca, has been purchased for 3,000 francs, or 2,530 florins;" the former sum being about 120*l.* sterling, and the latter about 210*l.*! The author adds, that such a carriage would cost in London "double that money." Which money he means, probably he himself would be troubled to determine.—But enough of criticism, which is not our chief object in this notice.

Our travellers now hurry through Louvain, Liege, and Aix-la-Chapelle, to the Rhine, without meeting with any thing more remarkable than the appearance, at the last-named city, of two no less distinguished personages than "the presumed author of 'Almack's Revisited,'" and "his amiable and fair lady," who had actually been "residing there during the summer!"

The following is somewhat better worth knowing:—

"The establishment of steam-boats, however, has done away, in a great measure, with this tedious and more expensive mode of travelling. One of these vessels starts twice a week from Cologne for Mayence and back again. Two whole days are employed in the former (stopping the night), and ten hours in the latter voyage. Similar conveyances exist from Cologne to Rotterdam and back again, the distances being performed in twelve hours descending, and twenty-four ascending. The passage from London to Rotterdam, in the steam-boat, occupies twenty-four hours: so that a traveller, embarking at the Tower stairs for Mayence at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, in July, we will say, is sure of getting to Rotterdam on Sunday; whence,

after taking a view of the place, he starts in another steam-vessel for Cologne, where he arrives on Tuesday afternoon. Having rested the night, he again embarks at five in the morning of Wednesday in a third steamer, reaches Coblenz the same day, and is landed at Mayence on Thursday afternoon. If his business takes him to Frankfort, a fourth steam-vessel is ready to convey him to that place on the same day, as two such vessels perform that distance twice daily. Or if Switzerland be the point of direction, the *Frederic William* steamer will convey him to Strasburgh in forty-four hours; from whence, plunging into the Black Forest, a short journey by land takes him into the very heart of Switzerland. Such are the wonderful performances of steam in navigation! A man may breakfast in London on Saturday, take his supper at the *Römisch Kaiser* on the Thursday evening following at Frankfort, and dine in some Swiss Canton on the succeeding Sunday! And all this at the moderate expense of from forty to fifty rix-dollars, or at the very utmost ten guineas. Who will not travel?

Again: the doctor's advice in what follows may safely be taken:—

"A journey performed at the close of the summer, along the banks of the Rhine, is, beyond question, a source of the greatest enjoyment—one which, in my capacity of physician, I would not hesitate to place among the most powerful auxiliaries for the cure of bad stomachs and the blue devils. I have now had two opportunities of witnessing its beneficial effects on the constitution of invalids whom I accompanied during such an excursion, and I speak therefore from experience. There is something so soothing, and at the same time inspiring, in the contemplation of the successive and magnificent panoramas which present themselves to our admiration at every step as we proceed—that few nervous disorders can withstand its sanative power. I would say to the dyspeptic and the bilious—to those who labour under hypochondriac diseases, and a sorry state of the digestive organs; go not, in the summer, to Brighton or Eastbourne—neither cockneyfy yourselves in the Isle of Thanet with aldermen's wives and their rubicund children; but embark for Rotterdam in a steam packet; pray heaven that you may be duly sea-sick; run away from Holland as soon as you get to it, taking the direction to Cologne, by ascending, in a pyroscaphe, the noble stream, in front of which I am writing the present observations; and, once safely landed at that place, and having seen as much of it as is worth seeing, follow us on land to the city of Bonn."

The following anecdote and bon-mot, in connexion with Coblenz, are too good not to merit being better known than they are:—

"We drove to the *Hôtel de Trèves*, on the *place* of the same name, next door to the Theatre, not far off from the *Poste*, and in the vicinity, in fact, of every thing that is good and convenient in Coblenz. The hotel is of the best description. When Napoleon, in the year 1812, invaded Russia, the *Préfet* of Coblenz, looking to the possibility of getting into better quarters by flattering the man to whose ears the flattery of even the meanest individual was sweet music, caused a stone monument to be erected on the *Grande Place*, to commemorate the bold enterprise and its anticipated success. At the close of that campaign, which brought the assailed into the country of the assailants, the Russian General, who took possession of Coblenz, was soon informed of the existence of the presumptuous inscription on the monument, and was recommended to level it to the ground. But Josephowitch, who had more *esprit* than the Frenchman by whom the memorial had been erected, ordered, on the contrary, that it should remain, with the following laconic commentary, written in the very language of the French *bureaucratie*. "*Fu et approuvé par le Général COMMANDANT Russe à Coblenz, JOSEPHOWITCH.*" This monument, with its bitter appendix, is still in existence, and visited by every stranger."

Chapter V. of this volume contains a tolerably full and lively account of Frankfort, which is, perhaps, upon the whole, one of the most agreeable places of residence on the Continent of Europe. We cannot stay to make long extracts from it; but may state in passing, that the doctor seems to have been successful in stripping Mr. Brougham of the credit (such as it is) of having originated the idea of the mechanics' institutions, which have lately been making so much way in England. He shews, pretty satisfactorily, that one of an exactly similar kind existed at Frankfort so early as 1816. But perhaps Mr. Brougham will be content (as he well may) with the credit of having originated the *thing* in his own country, ceding that of the *idea* to whoever may claim it. At any rate, we suspect he will find ample grounds for that consolation which is to be gathered from an opportunity of "having his revenge;" since the very act which strips him of his honours in this instance, at the same time fulfils that amiable aspiration which an Edinburgh reviewer, above all people in the world, may be excused for making:—"Oh, that mine enemy had written a book!"

We sincerely wish the worthy doctor had treated us to a few more such anecdotes as the following, of Pozzi di Borgo. If he had, we should have been tempted to let him "guide" his readers a little out of the right road with perfect impunity:—

"He was attaché to Koutusoff, during the brilliant campaign of 1812, and formed part of the suite of the Minister for Foreign Affairs at the Congress of Vienna, where his zeal, talents, and watchful anxiety for the interest of his Imperial master attracted the favourable notice of most of the foreign diplomatsists, with the single exception, according to common report, of Prince Metternich. That minister was supposed to entertain no cordial feeling towards the Baron. It happened, that during a severe indisposition which confined the Baron to his bed, the Prince saw, one morning, General Pozzo di Borgo, and another Russian gentleman now high in office, coming out of the invalid's house. The Prince, assuming an air of grief and great seriousness, inquired of the General how the Baron was. 'Hélas!' replied the General, 'il n'y a plus d'espoir.' 'How so?' rejoined his Serene Highness eagerly, 'he is dying then?' 'Au contraire, mon Prince,' answered Pozzo di Borgo, 'c'est qu'il va beaucoup mieux.'"

The *professional* extract which we also give below is highly interesting, and is explained with even more than the doctor's usual good sense:—

"As a medical man, I may be expected to say a word or two on the subject of the curious plan of treatment, called *la cure de raisins*. I made particular inquiries on this subject, and had some conversation with patients who had gone through the regular process with success. From both these sources of information, I collect, that people labouring under inveterate affections of the stomach, frequent indigestion, nervous irritability of the digestive organs generally, bilious head-aches following upon an obstinate condition of the bowels, soreness or tenderness of the abdomen, and, in fact, suffering from that proreiform series of symptoms, which accompany diseases principally seated in the stomach or accessory organs, requiring strict diet and pure country air, cooling medicines, and the total absence of animal food, have been recommended to pass from a fortnight to three weeks or a month at or in the neighbourhood of Rudesheim, at the beginning of the vintage season, and to eat nothing but grapes during the whole of that time. Such patients take up their abode in one of the inns at Rudesheim, which are very tolerable, particularly the "Engel," (enjoying a magnificent prospect of the river), and

agree to pay a fixed sum for the lodging and two or three pounds of grapes daily. These should be eaten immediately from the tree, and the only thing allowed with it is a small quantity of bread. Those who can walk, are recommended to pluck their morning portion of grapes from the trees; a thing easily accomplished, as all the innkeepers have vineyards of their own. The second portion, about a pound, is eaten at dinner, or at about one o'clock, and the remainder at sunset. The hours for retiring to bed are from eight till nine, and the patient rises with the sun. This treatment admits of no medicine or other article of food with it. The effect of it is, to adopt the language of Dr. Puff, to bring the action of the bowels to a proper standard—to quiet every symptom of irritability and nervous excitement—to remove headache—improve the digestion—procure sound and refreshing sleep—restore a proper degree of coolness to the skin and mouth—and inspire the patient with cheerful ideas and bright prospects. These miraculous effects of the *cure de raisins* are in perfect accordance with the best notions respecting the modes of treating stomach complaints connected with indigestion. What these complaints require, is a cessation on the part of the affected organ from all ordinary operations; in other words, 'a few holidays from the fatigues of eating and drinking;' and the *cure de raisins* is, perhaps, as good a way 'to keep holiday,' as any that can be recommended."

Our author is much too genteel and exclusive a person to adopt the ordinary methods of making himself acquainted with the popular manners and customs of the people through whose country he passes. Nevertheless, on one occasion, he does condescend to visit a table d'hôte, having learned beforehand that he is pretty sure to meet there "a select number of highly respectable people." The description which he gives of the adventure being (notwithstanding its *grossièreté*) tolerably lively and characteristic, we shall present it to our readers; though we should certainly have passed it over in favour of other matter, but for the very sensible reflections which the doctor educes from it, and which, coming from a professional person of considerable practice, are really worth attending to:—

"I learned, on taking my place at the convivial board, that I had the honour of sitting with no fewer than three Barons, Privy Councillors, superior *employés* in the Government, and some military officers. My informant, who presided at the table, who was master of the inn, introduced me to those who sat nearest. I first addressed one, then another, and at last a third, with the usual introductory observations of strangers willing to enter into conversation; but to no effect. Either my German was unintelligible, or my French too much for them; for I tried both languages. The replies were monosyllabic and discouraging, and I was compelled to fall back into my character of silent observer. As the dinner proceeded, and the conversation, with one exception, became general, a boisterous band of bugles and clarionets, enough to startle the whole Thuringian forest, was admitted into the room; and the astounding noise they made rendered the voices of our guests louder and louder still, until it became, at last, animated to the highest degree, though no Rhenish wine, but only a single tumbler of cold punch had been set before them. Brandishing of knives and forks in the air, as the interlocutors studied to enforce by gesticulation their narratives and propositions; picking of teeth with the point of the knife or a pin during the short pauses of affected attention to the adversary's reply; spitting across the room, and at some distance, on some unlucky piece of furniture; despoiling every plate of the last drop of the savoury sauce, with a morsel of bread held between the finger and thumb; these formed some of the episodes to the more general occupation of eating, enacted by these sprigs of nobility and untravelled fashionables. Their shirt-pins, bearing stones of the diameter of a

rixthaler, cornelian watch-keys like the pans of scales, profusion of massive rings on every phalanx, coarse linen, hair uncombed, and nails terminated by a sable crescent, bespoke them members of that privileged class, which in many of the principal towns in Germany, I am sorry to be obliged to admit, do not always combine the Chesterfieldian manners and neatness of person with their other excellent qualities of the heart and head, but whose peculiarities never strike the uninitiated so forcibly as at table. To all such, I would recommend as part of their education, a "season in London," spent in the free intercourse with the best classes of society. I have frequently had occasion to witness the marvellous metamorphosis which such an experiment has produced in many German and Italian noblemen who visit England with the benefit of excellent introductions. One hardly recognizes them again at the time of their departure, so thoroughly changed are their manners and general appearance, by the result of example. The effects of such a change remain with them through life; and although on their return home they may for a time be considered as singular, the superiority of their address and the neatness of their persons, readily and advantageously distinguish them from the rest of their countrymen.

"Our dinner began with *potage au riz*, of which deep basinsful, with grated cheese, were speedily swallowed. To this succeeded, in single and orderly succession, plain boiled beef, with sour mustard, and a profusion of fermented red cabbage; boiled carp, with its silvery scales in all their brilliancy upon its back; large balls, of a substance resembling hasty-pudding, light and savoury, swimming in a bowl of melted butter resembling castor oil, and eaten most voraciously by all present, with the addition of a sweet *compôte de pommes*. *Chevreuil piqué au lard* was next introduced, followed by some sort of fried fish. At last a boiled capon made its appearance, to which I, who had hitherto been a motionless as well as a silent spectator, commended myself for a dinner; and while thus engaged, I observed that fried parsley roots, hot and hissing from the pan, were received on the table with the approving exclamation, "*Das ist ganz vortrefflich!*" This comedy had now lasted upwards of an hour, and I began to repent of my experiment. At last Dutch cheese, pears, and sponge biscuits, were laid on the greasy table-cloth; coffee and liqueur were presented to some and not to others, and the "*convivii turbulenti*," after having rolled up their weekly napkin, and confined it within a ring of red leather, paid their moderate reckoning of half a rixthaler (eighteenpence!) and departed, one after the other, in all the swaggering complacency which a full stomach is apt to inspire.

"Surely, said I to myself, as I retired to my room, these gentlemen's digestive organs cannot be of that class, for which Abernethy and Wilson-Philip, and Paris and Johnson have written their legislative codes of dietetics. Even within the singular, yet felicitous divergences which exist among those learned contemporaries, (each preaching an opposite sermon from the same text,) it would not be possible to find a place for such stomachs, as I had the leisure of a full hour to contemplate at the Weimar *table d'hôte*. They seem to set at nought all statutes and regulations. The human caldron is daily loaded to the brim with the same ominous mixture above described, and which is not far different from that condemned by the gay author of the treatise on diet. Still *chymification* and *chilification* go on uninterruptedly. No hard liver, dyspepsia, or morbid sensibility are produced, as I have taken pains to ascertain, and the general health proceeds uninterrupted. Something more, therefore, must needs exist in the physical question of digestion, which my learned brethren have not touched upon—and such is in reality the fact. The formulæ which those authors have propounded for solving the general problem of digestion will not apply to, and cannot explain, the many contradictory phenomena, which present themselves at every step in regard to food, nutrition, and disease, among the several civilized nations of Europe. To lay down general rules for dietetics—to predict or threaten the same terrific catastrophe to

every sinning gourmand—to explain by the same unvaried cause, “indigestion,” every *malanna* to which flesh is heir to, is absurd, even when such generalizations are confined to a large class of society in this country, without wandering abroad. One can no more find two stomachs than two noses alike. The whole secret lies in learning how the stomach of our patient has been *educated*, and according to that education to deal with it. This involves an individuality in the attention to be given to cases of “stomach complaints,” which physicians would find too troublesome; yet without it justice cannot be done to the patients. It is sheer nonsense to talk of classing *human* stomachs and *civilized* stomachs; stomachs of drunkards and stomachs of abstemious people; stomachs of aldermen, and stomachs of Pythagoreans; stomachs of literary men, lawyers, physicians, and parsons, and stomachs of young collegians, sportsmen, and dandies, under one and the same denomination and rule. Each has had its physical education as peculiarly different from that of the rest, as that which the possessor has received in the nursery or at college; and each must be dealt with accordingly. A friend of mine, who had occasion to see a physician write several directions for invalids labouring under what are called “stomach complaints,” wondered that he did not give a printed circular to each, in imitation of a great authority who had always the same printed page to refer to, and thus save himself trouble. Had he followed such a plan, he would have done his patients injustice; for, as far as my own experience goes, I am confident he never met with *two stomachs* alike!”

We must now quit our author during the remainder of his rout to St. Petersburg, and rejoin him at the gates of that most interesting of European capitals; for such it is, at least to the inhabitants of all the others. Much of the remainder of our notice will be devoted to the purpose of conveying to our readers as characteristic a notion of this beautiful city as our own space and our author's powers of description will permit. The following are some of our traveller's impressions from the first view of it:—

“The general *coup d'œil* which the “Imperial Residence” of St. Petersburg presents to the traveller, is one of the most magnificent in Europe. It does not, like that of Naples and Constantinople, heightened by the magic effect of the surrounding country, convey the idea of beautiful nature and picturesque situation; neither is the impression first received on entering the spacious streets and extensive squares of St. Petersburg like that which the capitals of London and Paris excite when first beheld, imparting at once just notions of the wealth, splendour, and luxury of their inhabitants. But it surprises more than either, from the great number and magnitude of the public buildings, from the bold style of architecture which pervades every part, and from the total absence of those dark and wretched courts and lanes, the abode of the lowest classes, which in other cities obtrude themselves on the notice of the traveller, in the midst of grandeur and stateliness of exterior.

“It was not without some reason that a French traveller newly arrived in this city, asked where the people lived? “Partout je ne rencontre que des palais et d'innombrables edifices,” he observed; and the remark thus far was correct. No capital in Europe can, in this respect, be compared to St. Petersburg; for no where else do we meet with buildings of such striking appearance, nor does any other city contain so many private houses which might rival the palaces of Rome. St. Petersburg is, in fact, a city of palaces.”

What follows, in relation to the origin and peculiar situation of Petersburg, is sensible and well put:—

“To a sovereign who felt the desire and saw the necessity of bringing his people more immediately into contact with the maritime nations of Europe, and who by the nature of political events was obliged to keep a watchful eye over its nearest neighbours, who were also his most inveterate enemies; the situation of

this second capital of the Empire was not a matter of choice, but one of compulsion. To place a town destined to be the principal seat of government, where St. Petersburg now stands, has been considered a great fault on the part of its founder. It has been alleged that to select a low and swampy soil, on the banks and at the mouth of a river which divides the country into a number of islands, was to perpetuate inconveniences which might never be overcome, and to create a new population that it might become the prey of an unhealthy climate. But Peter the Great, convinced of the important political and commercial advantages of the chosen site of his new city, deemed any inconvenience which he might have to struggle with, arising from the nature of the situation, a matter of secondary consideration. He knew mankind in general too well, and the people in particular whom he proposed to bring together in this place, not to rely upon the efforts of human industry and skill for producing a gradual and beneficial change, and for deriving advantages even from the difficulties in which they were placed. He had the example and success of the first founders of Venice on his side: he knew that the great towns in Holland had had no other beginning."

Our next extract shall point out some of the numerous changes which have taken place in the Russian capital during the last few years, shewing that no former descriptions of it need preclude a new one:—

"A comparison between St. Petersburg as it was in 1801, when Storck's description of that town was first translated into English, and as it now is, shows its rapid increase in size and importance in the course of a quarter of a century. The difference is manifest, not only in the great addition of dwelling-houses, and public buildings since the former period, but in the many improvements and multiplied embellishments which have from that time become conspicuous features of the capital.

"Two new districts have been added in one part of the town since that time, and the other parts have considerably extended their limits. New streets and new squares have been opened; the former are now nearly double in number. A new Imperial Palace in town, and two Imperial residences in the country have been erected. New churches have been built, as well as new places of amusement. Another moveable bridge has been added to the two already existing on the Neva; and several new granite and suspension-bridges have been erected across the canals. Two new museums are forming; several new literary and medical institutions have been founded. Most of the collections of natural history and antiquities have been augmented. An extensive botanic garden has been opened. The principal Imperial palaces have been embellished, their internal decorations and arrangements changed, and new collections of objects of the fine arts added to them. A new exchange with extensive magazines has since risen on one of the points of Vassileiostrow, and Rostral columns to carry a Pharos light have been placed in front of it. The exterior of the great edifice of the Admiralty has undergone a complete change, and most of the streets leading to it have had *trottoirs* added to them. Other alterations also, too numerous to describe, although not less important, have taken place in the same period of time for the improvement of the city."

It appears that Petersburg is at present well supplied with vehicles of public conveyance, of every kind, and at a most moderate price. The various descriptions of these which are to be met with in all the frequented parts of the city, must produce a very lively and picturesque effect—especially when aided by the strange costumes of their drivers. The following sketch of a Russian coachman is worth extracting:—

"The costume of a Russian coachman is very picturesque. It consists of a caftan or tunic of fine blue, crimson, or green cloth, closely drawn over the chest, reaching only as high as the lower part of the neck, which is generally left uncovered, and either buttoned down the middle, with small round-headed gold buttons, or the two front plaits laid one over the other obliquely, clasped

at the upper part with a gold clasp, and as low down as the loins, where it expands in folds, which are gathered together by a rich silk waistband, called a *Koushak*. The tunic reaches to the middle of the leg. The sleeves are tight, and at the wrist have a vertical row of gold buttons. Wide trowsers, generally of the same, or of some fancy colour, with boots, complete the dress. The head in summer is covered with a round hat, low in the crown, and with a wide brim, which is curled up side-ways. The upper part of the crown is very large, and the lower part surrounded by a wide band of velvet, buckled in front with a gold buckle. In winter, the head-dress is different. Instead of a hat, an expanding four-cornered turban, very high, and mostly of rich crimson velvet, with a gold band and a rim of fur, is generally worn. To complete the picture, this important personage wears a bushy beard, of which he is exceedingly careful, and his hair is cut square all round level with the eyebrows. The postilion's dress is uniform with that of the coachman."

We must now pass on to the actual state of society in this rapidly improving capital. As we have hinted in the outset, the worthy doctor's views on this matter must be taken *cum grano salis*, especially when (contrary to his usual principles of universal politeness to all who hold "a certain rank in society") he indiscreetly places the ladies of some of the Russian nobles above those of all other nations. Still there is no reason to suppose that such sketches as the following are greatly exaggerated:—

"It is usual to say of Russian society, that it consists of only two great divisions, the Nobles and the Serfs. How far this may be true, in a political point of view, it is not the purpose of the present work to discuss. Speaking of the accessible society, or, in other words, of the persons of whom good society is composed, there can be no doubt, but that as many classes exist in St. Petersburg as in any other large capital in Europe. The families of persons holding high situations at Court, the Ministers of State, and Foreign Ministers, military officers of high rank having important appointments, or being attached to the person of the Emperor, the hereditary nobility not connected with the Court or the Army may be considered as forming one group, of the first or highest class of society: another group consists of persons who are not distinguished by any hereditary title, but who belong to the first four classes of nobility, on account of their rank in the civil or military service. The superior *employés* under Government, and the heads of the great Imperial establishments or institutions, may be included in this second group.

"The mutual intercourse among these various denominations of persons in high life, and their families, appeared to me frequent, and distinguished by that ease and those elegant manners which characterise the same classes of persons in the first capitals of Europe. A foreigner can only judge of them by what they appear in the midst of their friends and their guests. On such occasions, their deportment is free from *hauteur*, and their address engaging; what they may be with their inferiors I know not. Much has been said of their hospitality, particularly to strangers. As far as I have had an opportunity of seeing it, I am free to acknowledge that there is no exaggeration in placing it above that of the higher classes in other countries. To persons well recommended and properly introduced, be they Russians or foreigners, it is unbounded; neither is it, as elsewhere, limited to a mere matter of form invitation to a dinner or a *soirée*, but extends to many friendly offices, and a frequent repetition of kindness. With regard to the ladies of this class of society, it is the least to say, that in point of manners, politeness, and unaffected dignity of deportment, they yield to none of the most distinguished of the fair sex in other countries in Europe. Nay, constituted as society is at this moment in other capitals, it is impossible not to admit, that in regard to accomplishments, and the more solid advantages of education, some of the Russian ladies of rank are superior to those of other nations. There are few indeed among them, who do not speak with equal facility French, German, and English,

besides their own native language. Many of them write these languages with equal ease and correctness. This is the case, particularly with regard to the younger branches of the nobility, owing to the new and happy direction given to their education, by the successful efforts of the Empress-mother. Nor is a knowledge of languages the only prominent qualification which these ladies bring into society; but varied and useful information also; an extensive acquaintance with the literature and history of Europe; an exquisite *finesse d'esprit*, displayed in an easy and well-supported conversation; and a number of agreeable talents which tend to embellish their existence."

It appears that our own countrymen are alike everywhere. Whether on the banks of the Neva, or the Bay of Naples, reserve and restriction are the order of the day with them. They can do nothing in the way of hospitality, for either the merit or the pleasure of doing it—but only because "it is expected of them."

We are happy to agree with our author in the following tribute to Russian patriotism. The national character has scarcely received the credit due to it on the points referred to in this extract:—

"But although I hold myself unqualified to speak of the Russian character in general, there is one striking feature belonging to it, which the history of recent events has consecrated, and cannot, therefore, be passed over in silence even by the superficial observer. I mean that unbounded devotion to the cause of their country, displayed by the whole population, during the unprovoked aggression of the late ruler of France, affording the striking example (one which is unparalleled in the records of the numerous conquests of foreign countries made by that extraordinary man) of not a single inhabitant, high or low, either of the towns or provinces occupied by his legions, joining his fortune and party; and by either words or deeds promoting the scheme of plunder and devastation then executing against the Russian territory. When Napoleon sent his eagles to Holland, conquered Prussia, penetrated into Austria, and took possession of its capital; when he entered Italy, occupied Spain, and found reasons in diplomatic sophistry, for ejecting the House of Braganza from Lisbon, he ever met with a number of high and powerful individuals, and not unfrequently with a great portion of the population, who, unmindful of their duties as citizens, and unmoved by the more general example of patriotic resistance, or the distresses entailed on their countrymen, espoused and assisted his cause. But in the vast empire of Russia, no such humiliating occurrence took place from the day in which Napoleon set his foot on that territory, to that in which he bid a hasty adieu to the skeletons of his few surviving regiments. It is a curious fact, which the historians of modern times have failed to remark, that in none of those studied compositions called the Bulletins of the Grand Army of the North, with which Buonaparte endeavoured to keep up the *prestige* in favour of his great enterprise among the people of his good city of Paris, has the writer boasted (as he invariably had done in similar despatches written from other foreign countries which he had invaded) of having been joined by any part of the people or by a single Russian individual of note."

In connexion with some professional remarks on the climate of St. Petersburg, our author states the following remarkable fact:—

"It is a fact which will startle my readers, that "a cold" is seldom to be heard of in St. Petersburg. That anomalous species of disorder is indigenous to England, and above all to London. It does an infinity of mischief, and covers many a blunder. In the capital of Russia few people complain of "a cold;" and if a person of consequence (who has been for a great length of time dying of disease ill understood, or badly managed,) does actually fall a victim to the complaint, the candid physician does not, as in some other capital, attempt to mystify the friends, by remarking that "the patient was getting better, but *caught cold* and died." There are, seriously speaking, so few diseases of the chest, catarrhs, and defluxions, and feverish colds in the

Russian capital, that I was quite surprised on hearing consumption quoted as an almost endemic complaint."

We have no room for any details respecting that greatest of all winter luxuries, a Russian stove ; but we cannot help wondering, *en passant*, at the marvellous obstinacy and stupidity which have so long kept us from the enjoyment of such a comfort. But the truth is, that knowledge, reason, and common-sense have little or nothing to do in matters of this nature. Peremptory demand alone is the parent of supply ; and, in conformity with this view, it may be stated as a general proposition, that the discomforts of cold and heat are less felt respectively, in the exact proportion that the sources of those discomforts present themselves in a greater degree. A sultry day in the East Indies (from the "appliances and means" of meeting it) is not half so oppressive, even to the European population, as a sultry day in England ; and the inhabitants of the great European capitals have cause to dread the approach of winter, in the exact proportion that they approach the great northern source of it. A winter in Paris is intolerable ; in England, it is not much better ; in Germany, it ameliorates as you get farther and farther north ; and in Russia, there is not an idea connected with it but those of comfort and luxury.

Again,—we meet in Dr. Granville's work with some very curious details respecting the Russian methods of employing that important mean of health and luxury, the bath. We cannot afford room for any of these details, but must not omit the liberal and sensible remarks of the doctor on this highly-interesting matter ; though we more than doubt of their leading to any good results : for we English are quite as obstinate in pursuing a wrong course as a right one :—

"The physical effects of a bath of this description are highly favourable to the constitution. Judging by my own feelings I should be inclined to place it above every form of bath in general use ; and I think I am indebted to it for the removal of severe rheumatic pains which before nothing seemed to alleviate. A Russian is apt to think that almost every disorder to which he is necessarily liable from the severity of the climate, may be removed by the hot bath, and he flies to it on all occasions when ailing. This general impression on the mind of a whole nation, who are naturally keen observers, has its foundation on long experience, and although not strictly correct to the whole extent, is not to be contemptuously rejected as the effect of ignorance. Most of those who have travelled in Russia, or in the Levant, where a similar kind of bath is used with even greater frequency by every class of people, can bear testimony to the efficacy as well as the comfort of a Russian or Turkish bath, in their own case, when afflicted with colds, rheumatism, cutaneous affections, or incipient fevers. On two other occasions besides the one already alluded to, I attended the same establishment in the course of five weeks spent in St. Petersburg, and both times derived the full measure of benefit from it which I expected. I went thither with every symptom of an approaching feverish cold, and returned quite well, and continued so. The external temperature was on both occasions seven and eight degrees below the freezing point ; snow was on the ground. In the ante-room, the temperature was at 100, and in the bath-room 132 degrees. Yet, notwithstanding this striking difference of temperatures, I walked home the distance of nearly half a mile, without the least inconvenience or ill effect."

The out-of-door scenes of a Russian winter have been so often, and so well described before, that we shall not repeat them here—especially, as they are features which a few years do not change. Neither shall we follow our author into any of his minute architectural and other details, respecting the chief public buildings of the Russian capital ; and which details occupy a very considerable portion of the second volume. But

some of the royal institutions, connected with the morals, manners, and education of the people, we must not dismiss so briefly—as they involve considerations of real interest and importance to all the civilized nations of Europe. First, however, we may cull a few personal anecdotes of the present emperor, who is just now an object of such intense interest throughout the whole of Europe:—

“Nor is the individual conduct of the Emperor himself without its good effect on the minds of his people. His application to business is most regular. The affairs of the state alone seem to engross his attention, and it is said that he seldom gives an hour to pleasure, which might have been better devoted to the welfare of his subjects. He rises early, and spends some time in transacting military matters. Part of this consists in receiving, as I before stated, Count Diebitch, the chief of the *Etat-Major*, who daily waits on his Majesty from seven o'clock till nine, and reports the state of the army during the preceding day, and receives his Majesty's commands. After breakfast he either attends the council, or receives his Ministers daily; each of whom has his appointed days and hours for waiting on the Emperor. He has on some occasions attended the senate; and it was reported, while we were at St. Petersburg, that having heard that the Senators had been in the habit of assembling very late, a practice which caused considerable delay in public business, his Majesty called early one day at the House of the Senate, and finding none of its members assembled, simply desired it to be made known to them, that the Emperor had attended to transact business at such an hour. From that time the Senators took care to be at their post with greater punctuality. At one o'clock he generally attends the parade.”

“The following trait of Nicholas, though of a different description, deserves to be recorded. I had it from the best authority. It is known that the Persians have, of late years, endeavoured to introduce the European tactics into their armies; yet, with so little success, that the Russian troops opposed to them have found little difference in their mode of fighting. Some months before the capture of Erivan by the Russians, some hundreds of these Persian-European soldiers were made prisoners, when the Emperor desired that a certain number of them should be sent to St. Petersburg, where he had them dressed in the uniform of one of his regiments of guards, and ordered that they might be trained and instructed like them. He even took care that their clothing should be of better materials, and their food of the best kind, and, from time to time, his Majesty himself would go to see them manœuvre in order to judge of their progress. When he found them well trained, he sent them back to the Shah, with this message: “Tell your Sovereign, that if he really wishes to introduce the modern European system of tactics and military discipline into his armies, he may safely take you as models—and that he may form as many such as he pleases, by applying to his immediate neighbours, instead of employing some renegade officers, or runaway adventurers from distant countries.”

Of the Empress mother, Dr. Granville gives a very exalted character. The two following illustrations of it are all that we can afford to extract:—

“Those who are accustomed to look on the names of illustrious persons found in the capacity of patrons of schools, hospitals, and other charities, as being placed there merely to add lustre to the establishments, but not to call for personal exertion and interest from them, except on extraordinary occasions, will be surprised to learn that the Empress Maria Feodorowna of Russia does not consider her station, at the head of the numerous institutions alluded to, as a mere sinecure, but that she actually superintends the management of them all, from day to day, and from morning till night: visiting them all in turn, and being for ever occupied in devising improvements, extending their sphere of utility, or maintaining that which has already been confirmed by the test of experience.

"This most indefatigable and active Princess rises at a very early hour in the day, and receives the sealed reports direct, and without the interference of her secretaries or other officers, from each institution placed under her government. She reads them all, makes remarks, and gives the necessary directions, either verbally, or in writing, whenever required. So attentive is she to the very minutiae and details of each establishment, the plan of most of which is of her own suggestion, that, in the case of the *Hôpital des Pauvres*, for example, which is particularly her own foundation, as I have been informed by her physician, *le conseiller* Dr. Ruhl, she will make appropriate remarks to him whenever the number of diseases or the number of deaths appears greater than in the reports of a corresponding period in the preceding year, and will express a wish that an inquiry may immediately be set on foot by this her principal physician into the cause of those differences. Nothing, in fact, escapes her attention."

The institutions of Petersburg, from which, unquestionably, the most important public results will, hereafter, spring; and, consequently, those which are of most interest in the eyes of the rest of Europe, are the establishments connected with the education of the various classes of the people. Not that the utmost possible spread of education, which these establishments can give rise to, is at all likely to be attended by results similar to those which must grow out of general education in a country like England: for these establishments being, for the most part, confined to the capital, their *effects* will be in a great measure confined to that also, as the capital of Russia, unlike that of every other in civilized Europe, exercises but little general influence on the remote provinces of the empire. So that the most enlightened views, even on political subjects, may be permitted to prevail there, without any immediate fear of their proving fatal to the general system of the Russian government. Nevertheless, it must be admitted to shew a real liberality of feeling on the part of the absolute sovereign of an empire like that of Russia, and the consciousness of an unfeigned desire to promote the welfare of his people, when he consents to incur even the remote risks of a system of education like that which is at present pursued in the capital of Nicholas I. Certain it is that, however honourable and beneficial such a system may prove to the Emperor himself, it will one day or other prove more or less fatal to his successors; and this will happen sooner or later, in proportion as those successors recede from, or follow the track which he and his immediate predecessor have marked out for them. We recommend to the particular attention of all those whose time and inclinations permit them, to apply to Dr. Granville's book itself, all that part of the second volume which relates to the two great establishments for female education in the Russian capital. The doctor's description of them is clear and interesting; and it is impossible, on reading it, to doubt that something of a similar kind might, with great advantage, be adopted in this and other countries, in place of the monstrous system of female education which prevails at present. Numerous modifications and ameliorations would, of course, be required, in order to adapt the system to the different habits and after views of the parties to be influenced by it. But all these would speedily suggest themselves; and the bare announcement of an attempt to introduce such a system, under proper patronage, would work infinite good, if it were but by arousing the public mind to an inquiry into the unthought-of and nameless abuses which at present pollute the very springs of our private morals and manners.

At about the middle of volume II., the doctor commences his dissertations on the state of medicine in Petersburg. Here we shall, in

accordance with his own advice to that effect, part company with him for a space—not, however, without stating, that what he brings forward on this head is well worth knowing, “to those whom it may concern.” We cannot help stopping for a moment, however, to smile at the doctor’s lamentation over the fact, that in Russia, as well as elsewhere, patients are in the habit of occasionally “*changing their medical attendant*.”—a practice which the doctor looks upon as the height of human ingratitude! So hurt is he at this unprincipled abuse of our free agency, that, spite of the general *bonhomie* for which we so much admire him, he, in reference to this unpardonable defect in the human character, launches a (true) libel against the whole human race, in the shape of the French proverb, “*L’ingratitude est de tous les pays*.” We must also recommend to the particular attention of patients in general, a new plan which the doctor most disinterestedly propounds, for the laudable purpose of getting rid of the present mischievous practice of giving daily fees to physicians. But as he professes an intention of developing this plan more at length, on some future occasion, we shall willingly wait. In the meantime, however, we must state our entire concurrence with the proposition he makes, that all the plans which at present prevail on this subject, “are more or less objectionable and inconvenient to *one of the parties*.”—(Vol. 2, p. 269.)

The doctor is not very profuse on the subject of Russian sports; but he tells us of *one*, which, but for his obvious freedom from the traveller’s proverbial failing, we might have taken for a piece of innocent invention; unless, indeed, it is to be looked upon as a bit of ingenious satire on his part. Our readers shall judge for themselves:—

“The Russians of St. Petersburg have no cock-pit among their sports; but they have a goose pit, a fact which, I believe, has been overlooked by former travellers. Fighting birds of that noisy yet apparently harmless tribe are trained for sport, and the practice prevails to a great extent among the hemp merchants. They are taught to peck at each other’s shoulders, so as to draw blood. The ganders have been known to have sold as high as five hundred roubles, and betting upon them runs very high. This sort of sport takes place in March, when geese, probably like hares, are mad.”

The doctor does not inform us whether he ever ventured to witness, or, as the French have it, “assist at,” this singular sport.

We fear our extracts have already swelled this paper to an unreasonable, though we trust not an unreadable length. We must, therefore, hasten to a conclusion. After visiting and describing in detail the markets, manufactories, prisons, courts of law, &c., and also the environs of Petersburg, our author, on the 11th of December, 1827, turns his back upon that city, and proceeds on his return to London, through Poland, Silesia, Saxony, &c., making a short stay at Warsaw, and also at Dresden, and describing in detail all that strikes him as worthy of notice in those cities, and on his route. He also makes a brief stay at Weimar, for the purpose of visiting Goethe; and then makes the best of his way back to his *im-patients* in England.

In taking leave of Dr. Granville after our somewhat long sojourn in his company, we must not fail to thank him for much information, and some amusement. The engravings and wood cuts—about seventy in number—public buildings and views in Petersburg, are all well executed—and doubtless accurate in their representation.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Lord Strangford and Colonel Napier's Pamphlets; 1828.—In his recent history of the Peninsular War, Col. Napier, speaking of the Portuguese emigration, charged Lord Strangford, our ambassador at Lisbon, with writing at Salt Hill the despatch relative to the emigration, though dated Hibernia, off the Tagus, 29th Nov., 1807, and in this despatch with claiming the whole merit of the emigration, though the credit was really due to Sir Sidney Smith—for the Prince Regent had actually sailed on the 27th Nov., before Lord Strangford could have reached Lisbon, or have had any "official" interview with him—and thus obtaining, by false representations, the red ribband, which by right should have blushed on the breast of Sir Sidney.

The statement was evidently on the face of it, hasty, and bore the marks of improbability; it was utterly unlikely that any man in a public situation, like Lord Strangford, should commit himself by direct falsehoods. Accordingly from Lord Strangford's reply, we find that he sailed immediately after the event with the messenger, and arrived with him in London on the 19th of December. When and where, therefore, the despatch was actually written, is perfectly unimportant, for he was in effect his own messenger. The account Lord Strangford gives is this—on the evening of his arrival, Mr. Canning sent for him to his house in Bruton-street, and expressed a wish, that the story of the Portuguese emigration, detailed by Lord Strangford in several and successive despatches should be drawn up in one unbroken narrative for publication in the Gazette—omitting collateral matters—such as might compromise the safety of individuals—give notice to the enemy of intended operations—or prove offensive to the government, to which he was again to be accredited. With this request Lord Strangford of course complied—and thus this "reduction" of his own dispatches, which appeared in the Gazette of the 22d, was certainly written not at sea, nor at Salt Hill, but in Bruton-street. Colonel Napier's objection is a mere cavil.

And with respect to his and Sir Sidney Smith's merits in bringing about the emigration, Lord Strangford takes the story back to August—the period, when Bonaparte demanded of the Prince the confiscation of British property. On this occasion, Lord Strangford first suggested, on his own responsibility, the policy of an emigration to the Brazils, and within a month the Council at Mafra came to the resolution of crossing the Atlantic, on the event of two circumstances—the being compelled to confiscate British property, and actual invasion. In the meanwhile preparations were actively made for sailing, on the occurrence of the circumstances supposed.

M.M. *New Series.*—Vol. VI. No. 34.

On the 8th of November the Prince, wisely or not, with necessity or without, complied with the reiterated demands of Bonaparte, detained the few British that had not yet fled, and confiscated their property—but no foreign troops yet appeared, and emigration was not yet carried into execution. In consequence, however, of this act of the Prince, Lord Strangford—his instructions leaving him no alternative—quitted Lisbon—having previously been assured by the Prince, that if the French actually invaded, he was still resolved to go to the Brazils. The French did invade—and the Prince actually embarked on the 27th.

On demanding his passport on the 10th, a ship of war was placed at his lordship's disposal, but Sir Sidney Smith's squadron appearing off the Tagus on the 16th, he took a boat and went on board the following day. From that time Sir Sidney and he acted in conjunction. On the 22d Sir Sydney wrote to the minister announcing hostilities, but the letter was not despatched till the 24th, on which very day the final resolution was taken at Mafra, and taken in consequence of the arrival of French troops, within the frontiers. Sir Sidney's letter, therefore, whatever effect it was calculated to produce, had none on the resolution taken by the Court of Portugal.

Colonel Napier imputes himself the emigration to fright, on learning from the *Moniteur*, of the 2nd of November, that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign. Unluckily for Colonel Napier's accuracy and inference, no such declaration ever appeared in the *Moniteur*. A sort of conditional declaration appeared in the *Journal de l'Empire* of the 31st of October, and was copied in the *Moniteur* of the 1st of November. "England would have lost (or ruined) Denmark, if that court had yielded to fear. It is thus that she will have lost (or ruined) Portugal, and that the House of Braganza, if it makes common cause with England, will have ceased to reign."

We have, ourselves, no doubt of Colonel Napier's industry, or of the general superiority of his book, as we expressed ourselves in our notice of it—but Colonel Napier has very manifestly his prejudices, and too readily gives vent to them—he assumes the tone of a radical—which is essentially and almost uniformly a vulgar and an over-charged one—he writes too like a partisan—with occasionally the flippancy of a newspaper. He professes himself altogether unsatisfied with Lord Strangford's reply—though we really think it would be more creditable to his judgment and his candour, to have yielded a prompt and handsome concession.

The Designs of Russia, by Lieut.-Col. De Lacy Evans; 1828.—This is a hasty, but energetic sketch of the probable career of Russia. The author is obviously in abundant possession of every circumstance requisite for the discussion of his subject; but too much disposed to estimate by the population and acres of a dominion, and the number of bayonets, that can by possibility, or rather upon paper, be brought into the field. He seems not to consider that beyond a certain point these things will not hang and work together—of a certain extent and bulk, they become too distinct and disjointed for single management; and when deputies, with almost, or quite independent powers, must be employed to govern distant regions, unity is gone, and strength is broken. The Russians, unless some check is thrown in their path, the author doubts not, will accomplish the expulsion of the Turks from Constantinople and Europe, and Constantinople become the capital of the Czar; he will boldly and effectively spread his eagle wings, one over the expanse of the Mediterranean, and the other over the regions of British India—"Constantinople is only 3,000 miles from Bombay or Surat, and of them 400 only of land-carriage."

Colonel Evans looks far into futurity, or rather in his view—not far, for he imagines all will speedily be accomplished—all his gorgon terrors realized; but among his anticipations of the Russian achievements, we were somewhat amused—we scarcely say alarmed—at the successive steps of the autocrat's encroachments—and the consequent decline of the British power.

Once in possession of Constantinople, and her conquests a little settled into consistency, Russia will soon, he thinks, begin to feel her new strength, and will no longer hesitate, first, to intimate a desire, a friendly desire, to the government of both England and France, that some slight modifications shall take place in their systems of civil policy—that some of the unseemly ingredients of democracy which disfigure the French "Charte," and that render the debates of our own legislative assemblies, doubtless, so undecorous and wounding to the refined apprehensions and lofty sensibilities of an autocrat, should be expunged or neutralized. By and by, when flushed with success—when he holds a still more numerous army in the leash than he does now—when his military chest is recruited with the obroks of 70 or 80 millions of vassals—when he is no longer locked up within the Baltic and the Euxine—when his fleets will ostentatiously parade the Mediterranean—when all the world begins to succumb to the evidence of his power—what then?—why then "it may be doubted whether he will retain so unfeigned a respect either for the French Chambers or the English Parliament, or the obnoxious, impertinently inquisitive press, as may be the

means of averting such a profanation as that which has been above contemplated." (We do not always catch the Colonel's *specific* meaning.) Besides, a request coming from such a quarter, couched in all the becomingness of amity and high consideration, recommending, in gentle terms, merely an arrangement of the powers of government, more assimilated to the well-ordered condition of things in the superior state, will not appear so very unreasonable; and there will not be wanting, Col. Evans suggests, advocates at home. An attentive, and even deferential ear will at least be lent to the autocrat.

Next, as soon as he is in readiness to pick a quarrel, or strong enough to levy contributions on us—which will not be till his fleets cover the Marmora, and his troops hover over the northern provinces of India—the Russian representative will be instructed to express the Emperor's earnest hope, that *our duties upon corn* will be done away with, as being conceived in an illiberal and unreciprocal spirit, and especially injurious to his subjects of the Ukraine, Crimea, and Wallachia—which must of course be complied with, or war ensue.

But war! the London capitalists, thoroughly aware that we have passed the culminating point, will no longer receive, with their long-wonted complacency, the propositions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the minister must then temporize—and English indignation be smothered. But first the urgencies of the Russian envoy will get wind. The agriculturists will take fright about their rents—they will go down to the House—they will threaten the government—and vituperate the Emperor; all will be reported to that formidable Emperor, and will serve to swell the list of grievances. Complaints will follow of the insults thus passed upon a faithful friend and ancient ally by the turbulent assembly of the English Commons; and then again, there will not of course be wanting some to dwell upon the advantages, under any circumstances, of tranquillity—on the utopian absurdity of the representative system—on the unfitness of popular governments—the illusiveness of that obsolete chimera of political visionaries—the balance of power, &c.

But then, to embarrass the luckless ministers of the day still farther—to involve them more ingeniously—to throw a decent screen over the whole concern, Capo d'Istria, or his successor, or the Knights of St. John, long under the especial protection of Russia—or the Spanish King Ferdinand, if he still survive, will be directed to demand the restitution or relinquishment of our present Ionian, Maltese, and Spanish fortresses. On refusal, the Emperor will of course be appealed to, and will forthwith enforce the demands with his ablest logic.

Our colonies are now perhaps some of them in no very thriving condition, but

from that moment all will sensibly and rapidly decline; and then will begin to be felt the full pressure of the debt, for the quarters' revenues, before declining, will on each return sink lower and lower. Disorder and discouragement must, consequently, pervade every department of the government, and desperate measures must follow. The church lands—the funds will be the obvious resources—public credit perish—Consols drop to 40, 20, or 10, nothing—and every branch of the service in arrear. Our ships will be rotting in our ports, for want of money to repair them; and we shall fall an unresisting victim to the grasping Russian, and our own want of timely exertion. —Oh dear!—But come, let us pluck up our spirits—it is not yet too late—the gloomy prophet tells us, England and France united can carry the world, and surely check the Russian. *This union*, we fear, is but a frail dependence; but for our parts, we have no very paralyzing fears about the uninterrupted progress of Russia to universal dominion. Work will probably be soon cut out at home for the Emperor—his dominions will be divided—Constantine will have a crown—and family quarrels will ensue. In the long run we shall be probably pretty much where we were—if the Turks be expelled from Europe, they will be replaced by others of more activity and more wants—wants which they will be long before they can themselves supply—and in the meanwhile must depend for that supply on our manufactories.

The Clarendon Correspondence. 2 vols. 4to; 1828.—These are two very considerable volumes, filled with original materials of information, relative mainly to one of the most interesting periods of our history—that of James the Second, and the memorable revolution of 1688. They consist wholly of the correspondence and diaries of two of the Chancellor Clarendon's sons, Henry and Lawrence—the first inheriting his father's title, and the other ennobled by that of Earl of Rochester. Both of them played distinguished parts on the theatre of public life. On the restoration—at which period the eldest was but twenty years of age—they were both, by the chancellor's overwhelming influence, introduced into Parliament; and did, and might well look forward to the most brilliant career. The final disgrace—we mean of course nothing but the dismissal and exile—of the chancellor, seemed likely to check the course of the young aspirants for distinction; but they had been thoroughly impressed with the necessity and the virtue of prudence, and Lawrence, in particular, lost no ground at all—he was uninterruptedly in good odour at court, and constantly employed at home or abroad. The elder brother—notwithstanding his office of chamberlain to the queen—for a time gave in to a pretty active resistance to the measures of the court—opposing espe-

cially Buckingham and Arlington—the more influential ministers, and his father's chief and personal enemies. Through the whole of this opposition, however, he kept on terms of intimacy and service with the Duke of York, who had married his sister; and on the attempt of the country party to exclude him from the succession, was eminently useful in supporting the cause of his relative and patron. Towards the end of the reign—though odious to Charles—by James's influence, he was introduced to the council, and on the duke's own accession, received the privy seal, and, in the course of a twelvemonth, was appointed to the lieutenancy of Ireland.

The younger brother, Lawrence, was employed diplomatically, first, on an embassy of compliments to the French King on the birth of the Dauphin—next to Sobieski in his camp—and finally in Holland, with the Prince of Orange, to negotiate a peace. He was thus actively and confidentially engaged till 1679, when he became a lord of the treasury, and on the resignation of Lord Essex, first lord, and was only prevented from going to Ireland by the death of the king. James, on his accession, preferred his services at home—the treasury commission was dissolved, and Rochester was named lord treasurer.

The two brothers were thus at the top of the tree; and had they been as ready to promote the king's views on the question of religion, as they undoubtedly were in political matters, might have remained the reigning favourites. But they had imbibed their father's attachment to the Church of England, and all its hierarchy, and were themselves too intimately connected with the prelates, and influential clergy, to fall in with the king's views. Their devotion to Protestantism was unshakeable—we need not doubt the sincerity of it. Rochester, in particular, resisted more than one *closetting* with the king; and even Giffard, the Catholic Bishop of Madaga, and then the intrusive president of Magdalen, laboured in his conversion in vain. They were both finally dismissed—not in anger—for both of them were handsomely pensioned; but both of them, in spite of their lofty tory sentiments, actually joined William on his invasion. Both of them, however, in the Convention, were advocates for a regency, and of course lost William's favour. Clarendon kept up a correspondence with the exiled king, and more than once was thrown into the Tower on suspicion of plotting with the enemies of the new government; but finally, yet still under a sort of surveillance, he was suffered to withdraw to his own country residence, where he lived in perfect retirement till his death in 1709.

Rochester—always the more prudent man—which seems to express the more *accommodating* man—was, in 1692, so far

purified, as to be again admitted into the council, and finally, by Harley's influence, was made lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1700. But on Anne's accession—and the causes are not clearly developed—he became perfectly unmanageable, and, refusing to return to his post in Ireland, was deprived of his office; and was for some years a conspicuous leader of opposition, till his old friend Harley took the helm, when he was placed at the head of the council, and but for his death in 1712, would have again been appointed to the government of Ireland.

The papers now published are the relics of the writings of these two eminent individuals. Those of the elder were printed 64 years ago, by Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, from copies. The *originals*, lately rescued from destruction, by Upcott, of the London Institution, who ferrets out all these matters with singular diligence and success, have supplied sundry omissions, to the amount of a fifth or sixth of the whole. The chief of this portion consists of Clarendon's correspondence with Sunderland, the prime minister, and his own brother, during the year he was lord lieutenant of Ireland—and most valuable they are, as exhibiting the headlong career of James, and his turbulent agent Tyrconnel. The resolution is manifest on the part of James, not to place the Catholics on a level with the Protestants, but to give them the supremacy—and the beginning was to be made with Ireland. Clarendon, nevertheless, was not in the secret—he was not considered thorough-going enough, and Tyrconnel accordingly was appointed a sort of viceroy over him. The steps which were taken to fill the council—the courts—the magistracy—the corporations, with Catholics, to the exclusion of the Protestants, are minutely detailed. The dispensation of oaths—the suppression of obnoxious trials—the expurgation of the army—for even the ranks were purified—full 4,000 men were displaced, pretendedly on account of age and size, but unquestionably because they were not Catholics—all these matters are fully and distinctly unveiled. Tyrconnel in person executed many of these changes; and the conversations between that “ranting, swaggering” person, and the good lieutenant, which are most dramatically detailed, are among the *amusing* as well as instructive portions of the book. Poor Clarendon's embarrassments are truly pitiable. He was eager to serve the king, and mortified at the slights he experienced, and for a long time seems not to have penetrated into the views of the court, or to have understood the ground or extent of Tyrconnel's influence.

The diary, again, which is complete for the years 1688 and 9, presents many curious particulars relative to William's career from the period of his landing to the time when he was declared king by the convention.

Impelled apparently by his fears for the hierarchy, Clarendon had joined the prince—his own son had gone over with the three regiments under his command at a most critical moment—but the good man seems to have joined William on the full conviction that he had no other views whatever than to secure the Protestant religion—no eye, not a glance at the crown; and when undeceived, would apparently have gladly receded. We have no space for extract; but this part of the diary is full of interest, and will well repay the reading. Burnett shews admirably in it.

The portions to which we have thus particularly alluded, have been, the most of them, as we said, published before; but to the greater part of readers they will be wholly new. Of the parts now for the first time printed, much is doubtless of inferior interest. They belong chiefly to the younger brother—and consist mainly of a diary kept during his complimentary embassy to Sobieski—rather a dull performance. The correspondence contains numerous original letters of James, when Duke of York—of the Prince of Orange—Duke of Ormond and Sir William Temple—his own, with the lord justices of Ireland, during his absence from the seat of government, and Vernon's, the secretary of state, during his residence, which was but short.

The Editor, Mr. Singer, the librarian of the Institution, in Albemarle-street, has executed his office with sound judgment—keeping his eye steadily fixed on the one useful object—the reader's convenience.

Journal of a Voyage to Peru, &c., by Lieutenant Charles Brand; 1828.—The author is a lieutenant of the navy, who on some professional commission, the object of which is of course withheld, started last year in a king's packet for Monte Video, from which point, with all possible dispatch, after failing in an attempt to elude the Brazil blockading squadron, he proceeded by land to Buenos Ayres. Without a moment's delay, he again set off, in a carriage, with three other travellers, to sweep across the Pampas to Mendoza, relieving the sameness by occasionally riding on horseback, after the tearing manner of the country—with which Captains Head and Andrews have recently made us all so familiar. From Mendoza, after due preparations, he scaled the heights of the Andes, in the depth of winter; and descending thence, amidst numerous perils, and reaching Valparaiso, he took a passage in a small vessel, and arrived safely at Callao. Going up to Lima, he was so much occupied with the business he went upon, that, though he staid a whole month, he had no time to make observations, he says; and contents himself with describing the ladies' dresses, which he thinks not particularly decorous; and the tricks of the priests, which he represents as scandalous beyond endurance; and the town

itself, altogether, the dirtiest in South America. Yes, one other matter forced itself upon his notice—an earthquake—several, indeed, occurred during his short stay—but one was very severe, in the evening, when the streets were full of people.

In my life (says he) I never experienced a sensation more awful—a noise resembling thunder was underneath my feet—the earth shook and trembled—a sickly sensation came over me, and I was nearly knocked down by men, women, and children, flying out of their houses, screaming “*Trembler, trembler!*” and running too and fro in all directions. Some lay down on their faces; most of the men were kneeling, and crossing themselves, and praying to their saints for protection. Children were clinging to their mothers, and screaming with all their might; the dogs howled most piteously, and crouching amongst the crowd, seemed to ask for protection; the horses stood trembling with affright, with their riders kneeling by their sides; and the birds fluttered about in the air as if their wings were useless. After three successive shocks, a death-like silence prevailed, and every one appeared rivetted to the spot where they stood. All heads were uncovered, and the different attitudes of standing, kneeling, and laying, impressed me with feelings which I think will never be erased from my memory. This shock happened on the 30th of October, 1827, and was registered by many as being the smartest ever felt without doing damage, or causing the loss of lives.

Scarcely had the lieutenant been a month in this charming spot when he was recalled, and lost no time in returning the way he came—that is by a vessel to Valparaiso, then crossing the Cordilleras and the Pampas to Buenos Ayres, and from thence by a packet to Rio Janeiro, where he had the felicity of seeing the emperor, and the little queen, that is to be, of Portugal. The habits and manners of the emperor are perhaps not much known, and as they differ a little from those of European royalties, we will quote the author's account of them—

I visited the opera for the purpose of getting sight of the Emperor, who happened to be there, accompanied by his two daughters, the Queen of Portugal and the Infanta. The former is about ten years of age (1827), and the latter an interesting little child of six or seven. They were very plainly dressed, and as they sat in their magnificent box, were to be seen to great advantage (by him, or for them?). Whenever the curtain dropt, the audience stood up out of respect to the Emperor—those in the pit facing him—at which time he would always rise and come forward with the little queen and child. He wore a plain blue coat, without star or mark of distinction of any sort, with white trousers and shoes; and but for the gentlemen in waiting never sitting down, or coming forward, it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. The weather being very warm, he used a plain white fan during the whole of the opera, which, by the by, is customary among the gentlemen of South America. The queen is a very pretty little girl, with flaxen hair, and remarkably fair. She was dressed quite like a little old maid, very plain, wearing a prim close

cottage bonnet. The pretty Infanta was the gayest of them all, being dressed just like an English child of the same age, with petticoat-trowsers and sash, her bright flaxen hair flowing in long ringlets over her shoulders. The Emperor is a handsome young man, about thirty years of age, with very dark hair, and large whiskers. He is not very particular with respect to etiquette, for he was talking promiscuously to the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes on each side of him, and they appeared to be very familiar with him. He is frequently to be seen driving about the town in his tilbury, or riding on horseback, in plain clothes, with only one servant—a vast contrast this to his mother, the Dowager Queen of Portugal, who never appeared in public without the greatest parade, and whoever passed her carriage, be they who they might, were obliged to kneel down were it ever so dirty! The Emperor is a very active man, being up every morning by five o'clock. At six he may always be seen publicly bathing amongst the town's-people, at the small island of Cobres, on which is a small fort opposite the palace stairs, from whence he starts in his boat, undresses before every body, and jumps into the water, swimming amongst hundreds of others that are constantly there about him—it being the public bathing place of Rio de Janeiro.

The volume is simply a journal, and to those who have read Captain Head's galloping tour will present very little novelty. The passage of the Andes, in the depth of winter, is the main point of interest. The scenes are tremendous—the difficulty of both ascent and descent enough to appal the stoutest; and the lieutenant has aided his imperfect accounts by a print or two descriptive of the passage. Another print is added, of the travelling carriage on the Pampas, accompanied by relays, and the quachos with their lassos. Describing the descent down a steep of 1,100 or 1,200 feet, he says—

I stood and gazed with wonder, scarcely believing it possible they (attendants) would attempt it. However, the loads were cast off, and away they flew, tumbling and sliding down like lightning. Our beds went into the river, and were soon swept out of sight. Then the peons prepared, and laying themselves flat on their backs, with their arms and legs extended, to my utter amazement, they flew down one after the other with the swiftness of an arrow, guiding themselves clear of the river, although going down with such velocity—one turned, and rolled once or twice head over heels, then round and round like a ball, till he reached the bottom, without the slightest injury. Now, I thought, this would never do for me, so I waited to see how my companion would manage. He approached the brink, and working a hole first to rest his heel in, thrust his stick half way in the snow, so that it might support him to lower himself down a little, and then dug another hole. In this manner he went down the very steepest part, and then let go, and slid the rest in a sitting posture. Now came my turn—I commenced with the plan of my companion, but finding it so very steep, and not liking the hanging posture by one arm, I acted more securely, but

was much longer about it—first working a hole with my stick, and putting my heel in it; then working another hole, and putting the other heel in, thus seeing my way clearly before me; and having a footing of both feet at a time in a sitting posture, while I worked myself steps with my stick, till I passed the steepest parts; then I let go, laying flat on my back, and went down with amazing velocity a distance of 500 feet. Coming down this place occupied me nearly two hours; but I would not have let go on the steepest part for all the gold and silver mines of Peru.

The good lieutenant—his narrative lacking other interest—has taken pains to furnish advice for succeeding travellers, which, were we disposed or likely to follow the track, and hazard our necks, we should carefully treasure up. He takes all into consideration—not only does he tell of distances, and post houses, and expences—but of food and bedding—and not only these indispensable matters, but even pills he prescribes; and by the help of sundry medical writers, talks learnedly of the effects of cold, and warns every body very seriously against drinking—recommending, moreover, those who seek relief from sorrow, not to go to hot climates, for that only makes matters worse—particularly if there be in the parties any predisposition to *madness*.

His piety, too, is quite edifying. In crossing the Cordilleras, one of the attendants fell, and dislocating his ankle was unable to proceed. The other two were thus obliged to bear the loads of three, and these, by the additional weight were later in coming in, and thus fortunately picked up one of the lads who had lain down to sleep; and, from the severity of the weather, must have perished, had he not been thus found and roused. “*Thus proving,*” adds the lieutenant, “*the inscrutable wisdom of Providence; for had not one man dislocated his ankle, the other would have lost his life.*” On another occasion, he remarks—“*I made a hearty breakfast, then went to bed, and slept soundly till the cool of the evening, and much regretted having engaged the courier, or I would have gone on without waiting for him; but as the night turned out very rainy, and we had a tremendous thunder storm, I reconciled myself to the delay—that every thing was for the best.*” This sort of optimism is sailor’s theology; and very consoling and cheering it no doubt is in the encounter of their professional perils.

Seven Years of the Opera, by J. Ebers; 1828.—The main object of this history—next to making a book and a penny by it—is to account for the failure of the author’s administration. For seven years he rented and managed the theatre, at an annual average loss of about £6,000. The general magnificence of the style of the establishment—£500 for fitting up the king’s box a single night—the prodigious salaries, privileges, and accommodations of the leading performers, may seem sufficient to account

for deficiency of profits;—but such is the fashion and popularity of the institution, that all, it appears, may, with tolerable management, be well sustained—it is the grasping of the owners of the building that ruin the undertakers. At least, that and that alone is asserted by Mr. Ebers to be the cause of *his* ruin. The property, first by mortgage, and subsequently by purchase, fell into Chambers’s, the banker’s hands, for £30,000, when he immediately whipped up the rent to £10,000 for two years, with an understanding, on honour (that any body can be so *green*!), if the thing did not pay, not to be severe in exacting his full demand. Unluckily, Chambers’s affairs became involved, and the assignees (assignees have no bowels—with them it is always sacrifice before mercy) enforced the payment to the last farthing, and for the succeeding season demanded £15,000, to which Ebers—playing a desperate game—acceded, and the extravagant sum was actually paid. Such was the success of the management, that this year Ebers lost only £3,000—so that with a reasonable rent, he might really have been a considerable gainer. Not yet content, the assignees, the next year, proposed to take the management into their own hands—in some delusive hope of indefinite gain: this, however, was subsequently abandoned, and the theatre let to Laporte and Laurent for £8,000, and Ebers was jostled out. This, of course, was most mortifying, and it may be safely added, unjust treatment of a man, to whose exertions the Opera, and especially the ballet, has been more indebted than to any one of his predecessors, since the first institution. But where personal interests are concerned, equitable and moral justice apparently claims no one’s regards—legal rights are the standard of action. These, however, are all private matters—except so far as it naturally becomes a subject of wonder and inquiry, how it is that every body connected with the administration of the Opera comes finally to the Gazette. Ebers has made the matter obvious enough at least in his own case.

But the interior view—which his incidental remarks throw open—of the Theatre is somewhat amusing. The condition of the manager is that of a toad under a harrow. The jealousies—struggles—treacheries—graspings—caprices—sullens and sulkings of every performer, from the highest to the lowest—among singers, and dancers, and composers—are perfectly confounding and astounding. The wonder is, how such an establishment, amidst such anarchy and uproar, can get on at all. Rehearsal scenes are chaos come again.—“*Sir, Mr. A. B. won’t go on with the rehearsal.*”—“*Indeed, why not?*”—“*He says you ought to do so and so for him; and he refuses to go on till it is done.*” While this is in discussion, behold an ambassador from the other performers. “*The singers, Sir, say they can’t wait at the theatre all day; if the arrange-*

ment with Mr. A. B. is not settled, they must go home." What is the refuge of the manager? If he remains steadfast, an appeal to the committee (consisting of certain lords and others, who erect themselves into patrons of the institution, and whose patronage seems indispensable) is an engine of confusion quite at hand—especially if the complainant happen to be a *jolie danseuse*.

Yet some things are settled—for instance, the prima donna assoluta, no one presumes to interfere with her allotments. Could not similarly effective limits be fixed for the successive gradations of rank, in the original contract between player and manager? Her privileges are defined—she has a dressing room, with a sofa, and six wax candles—a box, twelve box tickets, and twelve pit tickets;—the seconda, a separate dressing-room, but no sofa, and two wax candles, and a smaller number of orders, &c. The same principle might surely be carried farther.

The volume contains slight sketches of the principal performers, particularly of the ladies, with some portraits, on stone; but the few anecdotes scattered over the pages are very flat concerns, and Taylor's practical jokes are perfectly insufferable. Generally, the narrative is of a plain and unambitious character—with a little, and but a little, of the puff and flourish—much more might have been expected from a theatrical quarter; but here and there we were surprised with a scrap in a very superior style—for instance—

Ronzi de Begnis—who does not know as the model of voluptuous beauty? Perhaps no performer was ever more enthusiastically admired. Her beauty came upon the spectator at once, electric and astonishing. You did not study her, nor trace out feature by feature, till you grew warmed into admiration—one look fixed. Her personal perfection took the more sure hold, because it was not of the ordinary stamp. Her features, but not her complexion, were Italian. The characteristic of the latter was a fairness so perfect as to be almost dazzling—the more so, because so palpably set off by the glossy blackness of her hair. Her face was beautiful, and full of intelligence, and made almost eloquent by the incessant brilliance of eyes, large, black, and expressive, and in which the playful and the passionate by turns predominated—either expression seemed so natural to them, that it seemed for the time incapable of being displaced by another as suitable and as enchanting. Her mouth was so delightfully formed, that she took care never to disfigure it, and whatever she sang she never forgot this care. Her figure, if a thought more slender, would have been perfect, perhaps it was not less pleasing, because it inclined to exceed the proportions to which a statuary would have confined it as well. The form, when at rest, did not seem a lively one, but when in action, it appeared perfectly buoyant, so full of spirit, so redundant with life. The exquisite outline of her swelling throat, pencilled, when she sang, with the blue tinge of its full veins, admitted of no parallel—it was rich and full—infectious terms to convey an idea of its beauty, &c.

Speaking of her performance—especially of Fatima—

Her beauty, gaiety, and that little touch of the devil, so exquisite and essential in a comic actress, were almost too bewitching; but admiration was blended with astonishment, when the representative of the coquettish Fatima, changing her walk, exhibited, with a life and force that spoke to the soul, the wretchedness of the bereaved Donna Anna (in Giovanni), when, in thrilling accents of despair, she calls on her dead father, and invokes her lover to avenge his fate.

Teobaldo e Isolina failed to win the favour of the public, yet there were parts of it almost unrivalled in effect—

In the last scene, the prominent object is a castle illuminated by the rays of the moon, before which Velluti, habited as Theobaldo, in a suit of steel armour, entered, the very personification of chivalry and romance. Such had been the skill of the painter, that a pale gleaming light seemed to pervade every part of the stage—it might have been the steely hue reflected from the armour of the solitary knight, that clothed the walls of the castle in a kindred tint. The melancholy light that fell on the dim scene appeared only to deepen its sombre and unearthly aspect. While this scene is displayed, which seems to paint the silence of night even to the eye, the full orchestral accompaniment is hushed—the flute and the harp alone are heard to prelude the mournful air that breaks from the lips of the melancholy warrior. If ever the attention of an audience was enchained, enthralled, bound, as it were, by a spell, it was when Velluti sang the *Notte Tremenda*. The stillness of the scene was communicated to the house; and not a word was spoken—not a breath was heard. Was this wonderful?—when not to the eye and ear only, but to the heart and the soul, every thing conveyed but one impression—that of pathos, so deep, so touching, so true, that it wanted but one added shade to become too deep for enjoyment.

Rest your scribbling fame upon that, Mr. Ebers.

Military Reflections on Turkey; 1828.—The materials of this little volume have been subtracted from the third volume of a Treatise on the Art of War, written by General Von Valentini, a major-general in the Prussian service. It is addressed mainly to military readers, and contains a general account of the military qualities and capabilities of the Turks, and their wars and modes of fighting during the 17th and 18th centuries, with some observations on the actual state of things in the present day—the result of which appears to be, that the Turks are very much as to these matters what they were during the last century—a little more degenerated. The cavalry is good, but, from the nature of the country, the horses cannot remain long on the field. They are still good hands at defending their towns, though the system of fortification is any thing but system. They have no notion of bastions or of lines, of out-works and covered ways, nor of conforming the height of the works to the nature of the

ground in front. If any thing of the kind be found in a Turkish fortress, it is a proof of the place having once been in the hands of Europeans. High parapets and deep ditches, and you have a sufficient conception of Turkish fortresses. They will have nothing to do with winter campaigns—the men must withdraw to their homes—to follow their trades and domestic occupations. Their wars are wars of extermination—if they make prisoners, it is an exception to the general rule. They cut off the heads of the dead as well as of the living, and preserve the noses and ears as trophies of war. The Porte awards payment for these testimonials of good fortune, but prefers entire heads—to fix them on poles in the capital—and shew something for money.

But the chief and choicest *morceau* of the book is a plan—a receipt for taking Constantinople, which just at this moment is of too dainty a character to be rejected.—Thus—You will get first to Shumla—this is the point to which the Vizier usually advances, and till he arrives, the campaign will not be worth talking about. The Russians, it seems, never got beyond it—though we think Kaminskoy did in 1810, but we cannot stop to examine that matter just now—besides, we are anxious to begin. First, then, you must beat the Turks before Shumla, or turn them—which you please—but it will be best and safest to *turn* them; and this you must accomplish mainly by a diversion—by previously directing a corps of 30,000 to cross the Danube at Nicopole or Rutschuk, and march them, by Tornowa, straight upon Adrianople—stopping only to take Tornowa *en passant*, and make a magazine of it. The march is a trifle—the road, to be sure, a little rough—not much frequented perhaps—but a few hundred pioneers soon clear the course. This will draw off the Vizier, who must retire to cover Adrianople, and if *he* should happen to be too late, and lose time, you will gain it, and make much of it—and he must retreat still farther to look after Constantinople. It will be proper for the corps marching on Adrianople to *surprise* that place; they must commence bombarding forthwith, and work away till a breach is effected, otherwise, the Vizier's presence may prevent the capture altogether, and spoil the beauty of the whole campaign. But being aware of this, of course, they will attend to the thing punctually.

The Vizier thus retreating from Shumla, the main army will pursue him closely and diligently, and will endeavour to anticipate him, and with a detachment turn him. This will enable the main army just to stop and gather the fruits of the retreat—for Turks retreating, it seems, take nothing with them; and so all will fall into your hands, and you will have a glorious abundance of provisions.

Before, however, the main body advances farther than Faki, which is about seventy

miles on the road from Shumla to Constantinople (the whole distance is about 200) a detachment should be despatched to the left and take Varna, by the co-operation of a flotilla; or if you cannot take it easily, leave it—no matter—let it (the detachment we mean) and the flotilla proceed to Burgas, forming thus the left wing of the new line. The centre will be at Faki, with its advanced guard twenty or thirty miles a head at Kirkklissa; and the corps at Adrianople will of course form the right—while another detachment will be sent still farther to the right, and occupy the vale of the Miritza. In this position the whole will repose a few days—for the purpose of gathering stragglers—completing its order—securing its communications, and bringing the country into subjugation, previous to a vigorous and conclusive movement.

Again, like a giant refreshed, the whole moves forward, and takes up a new line, in support of which the fleet will take possession of Midia; and the whole will concentrate, in the narrowing country, at Araba-Burgas, from which point, when all is ready, a general advance will be made forthwith upon Constantinople. The force requisite for these arrangements—which in our eagerness we forgot before—will be 200,000—neither more nor less. The main body 50,000; the corps for the coast and reserve 30,000; another 30,000 for Adrianople; a third 30,000 for advance and reserve; and 6,000 on the Danube, to keep all right and tight in the rear.

Now hey for Constantinople; but first, a landing should be effected in Asia Minor—chiefly to prevent the escape of the Grand Signor into that country with his treasures—which must be intercepted to pay expenses. Therefore the flotilla, which has all along co-operated on the coast, will pass onward, and disembark a good stiff force, and especially take care to secure Scutari. The flag once flying upon Scutari, and Constantinople trembles. Now the army advances on the European side, cuts off, in its course, the conduits, which beginning at about 12 miles from the city, supply it with spring water—nothing, it seems, reduces a Turk like thirst—and undertakes the siege. This will now give no trouble whatever—it will only demand a little patience—three or four days, and they will be *thirsted* into surrendering, and all's your own. We are not sure we understand what becomes of the Vizier—but of course the Adrianople detachment will give a good account of him.

All this, however, must be done *early*—in the spring and first summer months there is grass in abundance—up to the shoulders—but after this the whole is withered, singed, and burnt, and not a blade to be found; and the great valley of the Lower Danube is none of the healthiest in the hot months—nor are plains to the south of the Balkan. But what in a moderate climate

is to prevent the Russians from going on, if not the whole winter, at least till Christmas? This is no question put by a military reader. The wear and tear of an army demands repose—there is no going constantly on for months and months, much less a whole year, with the same forces in continued activity. Health gives way—horses droop—the spirits flag—and all more or less disorganizes; but, besides, the roads are scarcely passable for individuals but in dry weather. When the wet comes, and snow and wet, and frost and thaw alternate, the roads, for an army—knee deep—hip deep—are perfectly impassable, not only for horses and cannons, but the men themselves.

We are much afraid the Russians are somewhat of the latest in their operations—to the 19th August, they were still at Shumla and Varna; a second campaign may be requisite—and between the cup and the lip what may not happen?

The Omnipresence of the Deity, by Robert Montgomery; 1828.—“It is, indeed, a magnificent and sublime composition—in the very highest class of English Sacred Poesy.”—*Literary Gazette*. “Were the author never to write another line, he has won a wreath which the most successful bard of the present day might be proud to wear.”—*Literary Chronicle*. “In the matter and substance of the poem, originality and strength of talent are strongly visible; much beauty of description and pure feeling, a glowing and striking imagery, characterises its general style—we consider it as deserving a great share of public attention and applause.”—*Athenæum*.

Of these papers, or of their opinions, we know very little—the precious decisions here noted, we find at the tail of the bookseller's advertisements, and have no doubt at all of their all proceeding from one source—directly or indirectly—the writer of the book himself, who in a recent publication upon “Puffing,” which we may possibly notice farther, has given ample proof of the close inquest he has made into the mystery and practice of the profession. No three persons, at all accustomed to analyse their feelings, could all of them, from the promptings of those feelings, have come to so preposterous a conclusion—nor, unbiassed, have so committed their judgments to the laughter of their contemporaries. The truth is, these weekly prints are mere advertising media.

To our judgments—we have no waverings about the matter—the poem is a piece of sheer inanity. We need use no qualifying terms—it is a stream—a shower-bath of oily phrases trickling off the brain, like water from a duck's back, that never wets a feather. It is all words, words, words—an eternal round of alliteration—a fatiguing monotony of never changing cadence—the workings of a forcing pump—a combination of Campbell and Darwin—the tone of the

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VI. No. 34.

one, and the mechanism of the other, used and abused to weariness and loathing. Not a single sentiment—we speak advisedly, upon actual reading—occurs, but of the commonest cast—not an approach to one—nothing that enlightens the intellect, or touches the feelings—he is a poet without creative power—neither eliciting new truths, nor new-shaping old ones—an artist without the genius of invention—working by rule and measure—a mere manufacturer.

But the poem has reached a *third* edition. Then it has been much bought—much read we never can believe. It was first purchased as the production of the Montgomery whom every body knows—the very title was calculated to mislead—and any thing of the genuine Montgomery's would be sure, and deservedly sure, to secure attention. Afterwards, the reverence which naturally attaches to the subject, communicated some portion of respect to the poem, and the author had thus the benefit of previous associations, in which his own creations had no share—and particularly in the minds of the pious, who are little used to question their sensations. Inquiry shrinks before the awful consideration, and the spirit of criticism is quenched in submission. The truths and doctrines on such a subject are admitted and undoubted; and the author has at least the art of employing language that sounds like energy, and rings like music. A few pages, however, must inevitably break the spell; and then the question follows—what is there in it? and the answer, nothing!

Though scarcely thinking it worth while to establish our dictum, we will give the reader a specimen or two; and to avoid the chance of injustice, we will dip into the book at random—sure that whatever we pitch upon will confirm all we have said.

The sick man—

When wan disease exhales her with'ring breath,
And dims his beauty with the damp of death,
At some still hour the holy sigh will swell,
The gushing tear of gratitude will tell
That Thou art by, to temper and to tame
The trembling anguish of the fever'd frame.

But oh! when heal'd by love and heaven, we rise,

With radiant cheek and re-illumin'd eyes,
Bright as a new-born sun, all nature beams,
And through the spirit darts immortal dreams!
Now for the breezy hills, and blooming plains,
And pensive ramble when the noon-tide wanes;
Now for the walk beside some haunted wood,
And dreamy music of the distant flood;
While far and wide, the wand'ring eye surveys,
And the heart leaps to pour away its praise!

The reader marks the construction of the verse—the alliteration—the cadence—the perfect emptiness. Again—

And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moon-lit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
See! not a cloud careers yon pensile sweep,

A waveless sea of azure, still as sleep;
Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrin'd in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream,
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam, &c.

One dip more—and a fine dip it is, we see—

Imagination! furl thy wings of fire,
And on Eternity's dread brink expire;
Vain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of immortality unroll'd!
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun,
Quench'd is the moon! and blacken'd is the sun!
The stars have bounded through the airy roar;
Crush'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more;
The deep unbosom'd, with tremendous gloom,
Yawns on the ruin, like Creation's tomb! &c.

No! it's past all toleration.

The Puffed; 1828.—This is another of the same Mr. Montgomery—a poem of the satiric cast—a bolt forged in the fires of a generous indignation, and hurled at poor Mr. Colburn, as the prince of puffers, and first corrupter (God wot!) of the simplicity of the age. The versification is full of storm and fury—signifying nothing—for over-doing is as fatal in defeating an object as under-doing. The whole is manifestly prompted by passion and thirst of vengeance. Mr. C. refused to buy it may be presumed—for as to any real repugnancy to puffing, the author has, unhappily for him, furnished abundant proof he has none—nay, has shewn no common proficiency in the art he undertakes to shew up. Set a thief to catch a thief. The very title of his “Omnipresence”—the dedication to the Bishop of London—the palming it upon the Montgomery—at least the side-attempt to ride into popularity upon his shoulders—the puffs of the papers, direct and indirect—the choice *morceaux* of eulogy tacked to advertisements, &c. &c.—decisive.

Lyric Offerings, by S. Laman Blanchard; 1828.—An unassuming little volume, which contrasts delightfully with the magniloquent nothingness of Mr. R. Montgomery's elaborations. Mr. B. has something of the genuine poet in him—more indications of it in a single page, indeed, than will be found in fifty of the other's. His language is as rich and affluent, with the added beauties of ease and variety—and unindebted for it, comparatively, to any precursors. The phrases are not all of the ready cut and dry manufacture—but a coinage fresh from the mint of his own brain, and the dye often of a very graceful character—expressive, appropriate, direct.—Though fanciful and somewhat wayward, the sentiments have an air of truth and nature with them—congruous at least—betraying no forcings and lashings of the imagination. The ease and even volubility with which he pours forth his feelings, shew the author rests with confidence in his own resources, and draws on them without dreading, or even dreaming

of exhaustion. The “Poet's Bride” has some very beautiful morsels—

—O'er the sands she stray'd
Mute as a wish within a human breast;
And ever where her step its footmark made,
Some wave did woo its faintness into rest.

Her eyes had many shadows, as each dye
Each tinge of thought dissolved into its sky.
Their lids encircled with small beams of gold
Were silver clouds; and shewed the sun behind,
A world of deepening blue—that chased the cold
Left on her temples by some wandering wind;
Feeding with light, or sending fitful showers
To wash her warm cheek's fondest passion—
flowers.

Her lips released the music which the lute
Of her soft tongue discoursed;—or if 'twas mute,
A living whisper, a perpetual breath,
Almost a sigh, did on her lips remain;
As if 'twould rather linger in such death
Than fly to life where tender breathings reign.
O'er the transparent clearness of her brow
Her hair, like a fine waterfall, waved down,
Bathing the pliant marble of her neck;
Whose native light streamed through without a
speck,
Now flashing out in snowiness, and now
Hiding its glory in a ringlet's crown.

—
Around his heart she hovered like a bird,
Secure of its firm nest: his faintest word,
Called sudden light into her love-taught eyes,
And bound her in a chain of ecstasies.
She sent rich-laden sighs from out her soul,
And caus'd fair smiles and dew-like tears to sit
In his heart's honeysuckles; or on the scroll
Of the vast shore his haunting image traced,
And wept to see the waters razing it.
Or harp'd some magic words of love misplaced,
Then clung in sweet conviction to her own,
Breathing her winged wishes through her eyes
That trembled as they flew.

—
They were united where no human ear
Drank their deep vow, and where no human gaze
Startled their still intensity of praise;
Where feet, save theirs, ne'er wander'd, nor huge
piles
Of turrets and tall porticoes appear,
Wild nature mocking with smooth symmetry.
The clouds in maiden meekness fled the smiles
Of their bright loves, blushing into eve.

—
And all the living verdure grows so well,
No soft small worm hath life amid its roots;
And through the air no sound unechoed shoots,
And not a leaf but whose light curl can tell
Of waters playing on their coral dutes:
No sigh or sorrow, or heart-heard farewell,
Or sharper wall when worldly promise fell—
Leaving the heart to break, or find its fruits
Black with a deadly bloom—to feel its fame
But folly, disappointment, and dumb shame.
Here nothing liv'd that own'd an earthly law—
Sincerity and fearlessness were by;
And each seem'd kindred to the scenes it saw
Break on its separate nature, from an eye
Which guiltless oped at morn, and closed as mer-
rily.

Manual of Surgery, by Thomas Castle;
1828.—This little volume, every page of

which is brim full of real and important instruction, exhibits the results of the practice and experience of two of the most successful surgeons and lecturers in London—Sir Astley Cooper and Mr. Green. The Editor, Mr. Castle, of Bermondsey, has introduced nothing but what will be found in the lectures of these eminent men, unless specifically excepted; and therefore the student will know precisely whom he trusts to—the whole comes from the best authority the actual state of the science will furnish. The Editor's object has been to prepare a *manual*, literally, for the use of students. "The mere walking," says he, "from one ward to another, and taking a cursory view of every patient, is not a proper plan to be pursued; they should take with them a pocket companion, and when they meet with any particular case, they should first make their own observations, and then immediately refer to know what they have overlooked, or what is unusual to its general character."—Here is a manual exactly calculated for this purpose. Brevity and clearness have been studied throughout; and we are bound to say, wherever we have dipped into it, we have found these aims successfully accomplished.

A Treatise on Universal Jurisprudence, by J. P. Thomas, Esq.; 1828.—Has the prevailing style of dedication struck the reader lately? Often have we been tempted to protest against it. Mr. Thomas has passed the bounds of toleration, and our disgust is no longer repressible. But Mr. Thomas shall be self-convicted. He is, it must be premised, a Fellow of that precious piece of mummery, called the Royal Society of Literature—the use of which—beyond that of pensioning adherents—is perfectly inconceivable. Take the dedication—and when you have read it—quemcunque voles modum ponas:—

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.
MOST AUGUST SOVEREIGN,

With more of gratitude than of confidence, I approach YOUR MAJESTY'S throne, to lay at your feet, my Treatise of Universal Jurisprudence; deeply sensible of the highly-flattering condescension with which YOUR MAJESTY is graciously pleased to receive it.

Amidst the varied fatigues of this attempt to reduce the comprehensive and often-puzzling science of Jurisprudence into a form intelligible to all YOUR MAJESTY'S subjects, it has been the constant object of my anxious ambition to merit your royal sanction. Often as the midnight lamp has lighted me in my researches—difficult as has been the task of condensing, with impartiality and precision, the principles of the noble but much neglected science of which I treat, I look back, SIRE, with unmixed joy, to lucubrations which are recompensed by the exalted honour of YOUR MAJESTY'S approval.

The age of gold which early fable painted, is realised in the auspicious sway of YOUR MAJESTY. Science, by rapid strides, is approaching towards that perfection, beyond which she is fated

not to pass: The splendours of legislation and peace are, in YOUR MAJESTY'S magnanimous mind, far more estimable than the achievements, even of your victorious forces. YOUR MAJESTY has raised a splendid pyramid of peaceful glory, in the institution of a Royal College of Literature; which, so long as it exists, will, with the gratitude of an affectionate child, cling to the recollection of YOUR MAJESTY'S munificence.

Your affectionate subjects, SIRE! in perusing this book, will perceive in the enumeration of kingly duties, a faint sketch of those imperial virtues which endear YOUR MAJESTY to your devoted people.

That the reign of KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, which history will record as one conspicuous for its dignity, and worthy of lasting imitation, may long continue to shed blessings upon the British nation, is the fervent wish of, SIRE, &c.

What is to be anticipated from a writer, on the principles of government too, who thus, without blushing scarlet, addresses the sovereign of a constitutional government, in terms suitable only to an imperial despot from a crouching slave, whose head is at stake? The book itself, however, is of a more upright and manly character; and if the writer occasionally fall into the obsolete, the hum-drum, and the superfluous, it is more from defect of judgment, than want of pluck. It has no doubt cost him labour enough; but the labour has produced a most unreadable book—its form is that of a syllabus, and its value precisely that of an index. He speaks of his own running stream of references as a "methodical index," but the term is more strictly applicable to the text.

What is the basis of this Universal Jurisprudence? On what principle is it to be built? On particular and general utility. It is useful to me that my life, limbs, and property be secure; it is useful to you that yours also should be secure; it is therefore our reciprocal interests that we abstain from offending each other, and moreover to unite in defending each other. It is precisely the same with all others within the sphere of mutual influence—that all abstain from offending, and unite in repelling. These are the earliest suggestions of experience, the parent of the laws of nature. But in the complications of extensive societies, *meum* and *tuum* require defining and enforcing, and then it obviously becomes useful that the business of protection and redress should be consigned to particular persons. Hence arises the distinction of the governors and the governed; and the regulations which are believed upon the whole best fitted to answer the purpose of their appointment—to define their rights and duties,—get the name of the laws of nations. But nations in the progress of civilization become connected with neighbouring nations, and extend their intercourse with them; and here again it becomes useful to frame the rules or customs which shall govern that intercourse, and these go by the name of inter-

national laws. There are three parties then—the individual—the collective nation—and foreign nations. With reference to individuals are involved the questions of property—of personal rights and duties—of marriage and sexual intercourse—of parents and children—of guardians and wards—of contracts and engagements—of reparation and punishment. The law of nations embraces the constitution of civil power—the legislative—the executive—administration of justice—civil liberty;—while international law comprises treaties, ambassadors, wars, aliens, neutrals, rebels, &c.

Here is a most spacious field of argument; and Mr. Thomas's attempt is to comprise it in the briefest compass—contenting himself, for the most part, with laying down the *results*, without discussing the principles, or detailing the arguments that establish them. His purpose, he says, is to render the knowledge of general rights and obligations more easy and familiar to all who cannot devote to their consideration a laborious and tedious attention, and to accomplish this he has stripped off all ornament—all encumbrances—and occasionally even the *skin*; and wonders the same thing is not done in every department of literature. He is in love with skeletons. This is his style.

The duties of a sovereign are—

1. To reign over his subjects according to the laws, upon which his authority depends. It is not contemplated that a king shall have the power to do harm to the community.
2. To acquire the knowledge of useful government—and watch over and advance the prosperity, security and glory of all his subjects to the utmost of his power—and for this purpose, to maintain honourable peace, to enter into prudent treaties, to practice justice, moderation, and valour, select good and wise ministers, to be acquainted with the constitution, real condition and circumstances of the nation, to promote social harmony, to provide for the popular wants, to encourage industry and population, to reward patriotic and learned men, to remedy all imperfections, to inquire into alleged abuses within the scope of his royal jurisdiction, to ascertain the defects in the laws, and to encourage religion, morality, and useful education—considering the happiness of his people, the supreme law of the state, regarding his crown as the glorious gift of his people, not as inherently derivative from his ancestors, and desiring the happiness of his subjects, rather than the gratification of his private ambition.
3. To lay out the taxes as intended by the legislative.
4. To protect every subject from injury and wrong, so as such defence do not more harm than good to the state.
5. To prevent the spread of obviously-wicked notions.
6. To use his prerogative, on all occasions, for the public benefit.
7. To listen to the respectful complaints of his subjects, and be accessible to them.
8. To be just, merciful, virtuous, generous and accomplished.

9. To overcome his passions, and dismiss caprices from his mind.

10. To observe international law, to keep his public parts with good faith, and to undertake only just enterprises against enemies.

11. Sovereigns of fine courage will pursue undauntedly that which is virtuous, &c.

All which—like the greater part of the book—has the air of an *ipse dixit*:—such and such a thing should be done, as if the expression of it were sufficient to establish its propriety.

Of what use, we would ask the author, is it to tell us, that “all states, whether large or small, weak or powerful, are naturally equal and independent?” The weak will obey the law of the strongest. Or of what use to add—“and have a right to send ambassadors to such nations as receive them?” The right, if there is any, is equally such to those who do not receive them. But it is all matter of compact.

In cases of sieges, he says, “a summons should precede the assault;” but in a page or two before, he observes, in hostile acts, “deception is not perfidy.” The writer will say, he is talking of stratagems in one place, and sieges in another—but does that make the matter consistent?

But in sieges, “the lives of the besieged must, upon capitulation, be spared, excepting by way of exemplary punishment, when the laws of war have been shamefully infringed upon;” and yet in another place, he of course insists upon the terms of a contract being strictly observed—and what is a capitulation, but a contract?

Sometimes we cannot comprehend him at all—for instance—the existence of an universal monarchy is at the least a highly-improbable event; and the *very proof of its accomplishability might necessarily demonstrate its usefulness*.

Establishing the benevolence of the Deity—all nature transcendantly glows with motives of gratitude to him. What does he mean?

When the author quits his tabular form—we have strings of sentences of this kind:—

The body of man is made up of several organs of life, motion, and enjoyment, which gradually develop themselves until their maturity; after which they decay, and become insufficient to perform the demands made upon them. Death, which puts an end to all suffering, ensues. It occurs but once. We do not perfectly understand it. We ought not to condemn it. It is doubtless a wise appointment.

This, we presume, is what Mr. Thomas calls in his dedication *condensing*, and in his preface—his proem, we mean—contrasts with *wire-drawn writing*.

The Rector of Overton. 3 vols. 12mo.; 1828.—The well-meaning, but utterly useless and unamusing production of some half-witted lady, who knows no more of the world which she professes to describe, and its ways which she proposes to correct,

than the babe she should have been nursing the while. She has brooded over "doing-good" people, till she imagines none but the busy, according to their rules, can find employment to resist the killing *ennui* of their own society. She is evidently one who thinks every thing is to be accomplished by lecturing and sermonizing—and the proper business of the rich is to fidget about the poor in the management of their own concerns—and under the notion of improving and instructing, to shape their sayings and doings by some fanciful standard of their own. To any thing tending really to improve their comforts or their morals, we cannot of course be supposed to object; but our doctrine is—furnish them with the means, and let them cut and contrive to their own liking. We have no toleration for the busy-body, interfering spirit of those who must have all their own way—and who can know—and who indeed desire to know—little of the real wants, and less of the real feelings, of those, whose life is labour, and whose main concern must be the maintenance of life. If we could give *leisure*, we might hope, through their intellects, to soften their manners; but as matters are, prudence is the sum of their practicable virtues, and that they will, one thing with another, practise, as well as their betters.

The good lady has a most becoming admiration for the clergy, and the Rector of Overton is, of course, her beau-ideal of one of the species, and a very fine animal we must acknowledge he is—Adonis, Hercules, Apollo—*tria juncta in uno*—less surely might have served even for a bishop. That she is not herself a parson, or the wife or daughter of one—nor any body who knows anything of the clerical condition, or of life, taken generally, or the manners and habits of the day—nor capable at all of estimating, or exhibiting *probabilities*, is conspicuous in every page. The parsonage she calls a *glebe-house*; and her favourite is at four-and-twenty despatched—to fill up the lingering days of an approaching marriage—to Oxford, to take his doctor's degree (and not by mandate neither)—and is represented as previously reading with prodigious fervour for that important occasion. Then a young lad, who has been at Winchester, is described, as thirteen, as writing Greek Pindarics before breakfast, and within a year or two, translating a chapter of Isaiah from the Hebrew, and commenting upon it, and, moreover, collating the most celebrated translators and critics. Then this prodigy is to be sent to Oxford—because at Oxford they are all believers, and at Cambridge all reasoners. Then, again, a gentleman of large estate—the owner of 5,000 acres, or more perhaps, in a ring fence, is represented as a man of high and eminent virtue—of so wide-spread a reputation—that the Lord Chancellor was desirous of appointing him—a "justice of the peace for the district." Bless the good woman—why will she

not keep within the bounds of the actual knowledge!

But to the Rector. He is the son of a man of property, and, of course, duly "born and bred;" but the said property had been so far encroached upon—the father had so hampered and enfeebled it, that the youth found it expedient *himself* to put the estate to nurse, and take to a profession to help him out. He had a stock of resolution, which nothing could daunt, and fagged and fagged at his books beyond any mortal powers. At College he had a friend—all ignorant people speak of College friendships as the most binding ties in existence—one Sir Wm. Somebody, who, with £5,000 a year, was destined for the church, because he had at his own disposal a family living of £700. This gentleman having, it seems, an hereditary passion for sporting, though an excellent and even intellectual person, began to have some mistrustings as to his motives for entering the church, and disclosing them to his friend, he was advised, and at once resolved to renounce the profession, living and all; and having so renounced, as if the sole purpose for going to the University was to qualify for orders, loses not a moment in abandoning altogether his College studies, and sets out the next morning on his travels—towards the Lakes first, because it was right to see what was to be seen at home, before he excursed abroad.

In the meanwhile Mostyn, the hero, goes a curatizing, and while engaged in this enchanting office, in some "sequestered" spot, a lady, young, beautiful, and of magnificent fortune, fell fairly in love with him, and made him a frank offer of her hand; and being rejected, flew into a fury, threw herself on the floor, played the part of Potiphar's wife, screamed out for assistance, and reported him to the bishop, who very considerably, without further inquiry, commanded the Rector to turn the offending young man adrift. Nothing, however, was lost by this—his friend Sir William hears of the adventure, and forthwith presents him with the living, which he had himself so recently declined. By the time the lucky Mostyn is comfortably fixed at Overton, comes home the Baronet, with a bride, a young lady of surpassing charms and virtues, whom he had picked up at the Lakes, and, setting himself down at Overton, proceeds, without the loss of an hour, to put the village in order; and encouraged and aided by the Rector, who proves, as might be expected, to be a man of universal knowledge—theory and practice—all the same to him—things soon wear a new appearance:—smiling cottages rise on all sides—every thing and every body indeed rises—the pauper to the labourer—the labourer to the little farmer—the little farmer to the great one—rows of almshouses too are built; but as there were soon neither sick nor poor, nobody seems found to fill them.

But in all and every matter, the Rector is soon aided by a blooming bride of his own—his patron's lovely and accomplished sister. On the wedding day, the Baronet presents the Rector with £5,000; and that very day, too, the Rector's own estate, in a period of inconceivable shortness, produced a clear £2,000 a year. He is thus rich, and able to share in the expenses attending the bounties of the Baronet, to which however he does not, to our recollection, appear to contribute at all; and, really, the Baronet himself does wonders with his £5,000 a year—we detected in the details of expense what would dip deep into £10,000—most unexpectedly, however, and luckily we should think, his wife poured into his lap, one fine summer's morning, £120,000, besides odds and ends.

The Rector, of course, must be expected to set the tone to every thing, and, accordingly, example is his especial field. He could not even marry without giving a specimen—the marriage must needs take place on the Sunday morning before service, and the bride herself *walk* to the church—she, however, declared herself quite incompetent, and that one point was conceded; the bridegroom read prayers with due solemnity, as if nothing had happened, and Mr. Archdeacon Cambridge—from Richmond Meadows—good man, we never expected to hear of him again—preached a charming sermon on the text—"a good woman is above riches"—for which the bride herself gracefully and blushing made her best curtsy and thanks. But then—the conversations that followed at the Rector's tea-table, that afternoon! "the state of the lower order of angels cannot be much above this."

After some years of matchless felicity, comes again upon the stage, the lady who had made so desperate an attack upon the curate's virtue—a letter from France announces her approaching end, and her desire to obtain his personal forgiveness for the injury she had endeavoured to inflict upon him. With his wife's concurrence, he flies to present the said forgiveness, and offer, at the same time, his advice and consolation. On his arrival, he was introduced to a magnificent apartment, and dinner was instantly served up by half-a-dozen attendants—but no lady. On inquiring into the state of her health, he is only told, her ladyship will herself reply to the question; and accordingly on the following morning she presents herself, not dying, but glowing with matured beauty, and burning with rage—revenge had been her object in sending for the good man—she showers down upon him reproaches and upbraidings—tells him he is her prisoner—her slave—she will keep him till she is tired of him. By her directions, his wife is already informed, and convinced he came *willingly*—that she had been struck to the brain by the intelligence—that she was now a wandering maniac, &c. Part of this was too true—

the intelligence had been conveyed—and her mind *had* given way. All this had been accomplished by a treacherous servant, who, repenting at the sight of her sorrow, and confessing, enabled the Rector's friends, by the aid of some gens d'armes, to rescue him. At first the lady resisted, but the gens d'armes knew their business, and the Rector fought like a lion. Three of the servants attacked him at once, meaning to carry him off to another cover—but mark how the bold Rector foiled them—one he felled at a blow, and then seizing the other two, each by his collar, dashed their foolish faces against each other, till both were disabled; and by the time half-a-dozen more came to their assistance, in rushed the civil power, and all was immediately as it should be.

After a most critical period, the Rector's unhappy lady recovers her reason, and just as all was getting quiet and comfortable again, comes in person the same autocrat lady, announced by an *avant courier* to be in a dying state—she is admitted—she is really ill—had in desperation swallowed poison—is put to bed—receives the Rector's forgiveness—puts her will into his hands—and dies. The Rector finds himself the sudden master of £25,000 a year, and £40,000 ready money, and seems puzzled what to do with it all. "This," he exclaims, "will indeed be the most severe of all my trials, and the deceased lady could not have punished me more, even for an injury, than by this bequest." Though thus the richest man in the parish of Overton—"he is," the writer observes in conclusion, "the humblest"—and evidently best able to afford it.

There is an under plot or two, of course, to make the necessary degree of complexity—one rake reformed, and another left unreformed—and really many a touching scene from the mere juxta-position of things, and notwithstanding the silliness of much, and the emptiness of more.

Strictures of the Rectum, by Frederick Salmon; 1828.—Books of a professional character scarcely fall within the pale of general literature; but we have not always overlooked matters of utility, though not coming precisely within our general scope, and on the claim of utility, the book before us may very allowably be admitted. Strictures of the Urethra are the subjects of multitudes of books, but Strictures of the Rectum appear almost to have escaped notice. A Mr. White, of Bath, was the first English surgeon, it appears, who published a regular treatise upon it, but the practical knowledge he communicated seems to have been but little attended to. The disease, however, is of very common occurrence—much more than is generally imagined even by medical practitioners—and leads to many other derangements—to irritation of the lungs—to affections of the urinary organs

and of the uterus—and is connected with piles, fistula in ano, and various constitutional diseases.

Between strictures of the urethra and the rectum there is great analogy, and the treatment of the one is here assimilated to that of the other. The writer has repeatedly discovered the existence of both these affections in the same patient—and indeed the causes which apparently induce the one, seem also necessarily to tend to the production of the other.

Our chief object in noticing the book is—not to call to it the attention of the profession—that the medical periodicals will do—but that of lay individuals, who will not otherwise hear of it—to qualify themselves to watch the approaches of this insidious disease, and get relief in time. Though a matter of very inferior consideration—the book, it is but justice to add, is well written. We may be sure, where a man expresses himself well—his ideas are clear—and clear ideas imply sound judgment.

The Newly-discovered Temple of Cadachio, in the Island of Corfu, illustrated by William Railton, Architect. Folio.—In the spring of the year 1825, Mr. Railton (the young English architect to whom we are indebted for the present elegant illustration) was waiting at Corfu, for an opportunity to proceed on a professional tour in Greece and Egypt, when the remains of an ancient temple, first discovered three years preceding, were being freed, for the second time, from the earth, which is continually brought down the ravine on Mount Ascension, at the foot of which they stand.

The site of the temple, with respect to the ravine, is a remarkable peculiarity; and it is that which has assisted Colonel Whitmore, the discoverer, in forming a very probable notion of its history. The springs of Cadachio, situate about a mile and a half to the south-east of the present city of Corfu, are the dependence of the shipping which frequent the island for their supply of water. The water of these springs descends the ravine; and it appears to have been the sanctity of the springs which determined the place of the temple. In every other respect, that place is singularly ill adapted for such an edifice. The run of water, and the earth brought down with it, must have threatened its destruction from the moment when it was built; in the same manner they still render it difficult to keep its small remains unburied.

But, by these very facts, assisted by the inscription on a marble which has been engraved in the Museum Veronese, Colonel W. has been led to conclude that the temple belonged either to Æsculapius, or to Apollo; as, from the style of its remains, he also infers, that it was built in the same era with the Parthenon, and the Temple of Theseus, at Athens; that is, in the fifth century before Christ.

In five plates, and four pages of letter-press, of the folio size, Mr. Railton has here illustrated the ground-plan, the elevation toward the sea, and the general remains of the edifice; and he has done the whole of this in the best taste, and with the fullest display of professional skill. In his description, he has introduced extracts from the learned and sagacious remarks of Colonel Whitmore, and re-quoted the very curious and interesting Verona inscription, with a translation. Altogether, the little work reflects high credit upon the author, and will be thankfully received by his professional brethren, and by the lovers of the fine arts, and of classical history in general.

Life and Remains of Wilnot Warwick; 1828.—A volume of light and easy trifles, indicating considerable resources in the manufacturer. They are mere incidents, but the point of interest is artfully seized upon, and felicitously developed. A certain naïveté of expression, with something of the quaint and startling occurring here and there, show the writer to be familiar with Sterne, and Geoffrey Crayon, his dedicatee. In the stories of the Smuggler, and of Gordon he has touched on the confines of the pathetic—and the pathetic will be his forte (he has the faculty of marking small particulars well) notwithstanding the chief of his present efforts are spent upon the ludicrous—and from the perpetual chase he keeps up in pursuit of the comic, he doubtless conceives his book to lie in that direction. But sketches of this kind are not to be closely scanned—they are meant for the minute—they leave no impression—one expels from the memory the other;—and these especially are unusually loose and transient—there is a want of strong lights and shades—all is too much of the same unexciting hue.

Warwick tells his own story first—a man of the poetic temperament—prefixing the roamings of fancy to the ploddings of business, till he finds himself a street musician, playing tunes at two-pence a dozen. At this point he discovers a school-fellow, who kindly informs us his friend took cold and died, and left him these ‘remains.’ The tales hang slenderly together. The author is supposed to be touring—he meets, in a fellow-traveller, with an odd fellow—whose ‘oddness’ seems to consist in good humour—he tells a tale; they pass the evening together at an inn, and the traveller tells another—one of ghosts—the author goes to bed in a painter’s room—is heated and restless, and dreams of ghosts, and is alarmed by a dead arm under his back, which proves to be his own, a little benumbed, and presently again by the sight of the painter’s ‘lay’ figure—which serves for another—makes a visit to a family keeping twelfth day—describes the festivities—the young ones go to bed, and the seniors tell two or three more stories—

travels again and picks up another—revisits his holiday friends, and meets again with the odd fellow, who again furnishes a tale—and finally, returning to the inn, encounters the painter himself, in whose room he had been so much alarmed—who has his own adventures to relate.

And so about a dozen tales are collected, making a very agreeable lounging volume, though doubtless better fitted for the glancing pages of a magazine—than to be thus given in bundles. These things weary in troops—for you must go on, till you get to the end.

Hannibal's Passage over the Alps, by Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, 2d Edition; 1828.—This *questio verata* of the critics, philological and geographical, seems now brought to a close; and this second edition of Messrs. Wickham and Cramer's book, not in the least differing from the first, as to the line of march, but more complete, from the final and perfect survey of the possible passes of the Alps, and the thorough sifting of adverse authorities, has the merit of satisfactorily terminating a discussion, which might have been terminated long ago, if writers had made as much use of their eyes, and unprejudiced understandings, as their books.

The original authorities are Polybius and Livy. The Roman has always been more read than the Greek, and especially by the French, who, till of late years, in all geographical discussions, have always been more distinguished than the English. Now Livy decidedly points to Mount Genevre, and the French authorities, accordingly, all labour to establish that route. But Livy's account is not only stuffed with extravagancies, but is full of inconsistencies, and, especially, is irreconcilable with Polybius, though to Polybius he plainly trusted for his general story; sometimes obviously and grossly misapprehending him, and at other times, after his manner, adorning, and amplifying, and blundering; moreover, from knowing nothing of the scene which he ventured upon describing. He wrote, too, nearly two centuries after the event.

Polybius, on the other hand, published his account of the passage within forty years of Hannibal's expulsion from Italy; was himself a sober, unpoetical person—a military man too—and surveyed the ground with his own eyes, and with a direct view to the passage; but though careful in marking distances, and not defective in descriptions of the country, he is sparing of particulars, and especially of names, and of course has not furnished the more obvious means of determining the precise line of march. The probabilities are thus all obviously in favour of Polybius's accuracy; and the writers of the volume before us, taking Polybius in their hands, set out with the express purpose of tracing his descriptions, step by step, and have produced a body of evidence con-

clusive, certainly, against Livy's Genevre, and apparently, almost decisively, in favour of Little St. Bernard.

Polybius, we have observed, was careful in marking distances, and has fixed two points on the Rhone—the crossing of Hannibal's main army 100 miles from the mouth, and the march along its banks upwards of 175 miles. The first points out Roquemaure (confirmed by the additional fact recorded by Pansanus, that the river is there unbroken by islands) a little above Avignon, and the latter, Vienne.

From Vienne, the obvious course to Italy was by Les Echelles, Aiguebellette, de l'Epine, or Mont du Chat, all passes of the Alps, within a few miles of each other; the latter, for sufficient reasons, is the one adopted, and Bourget (near Chamberi) is concluded to be the town or fort which protected the pass, and was taken by Hannibal after the battle. From this place the declension of the country took him to the Isere, at Montmaillan; from thence the valley of the Isere, along its windings 60 or 70 miles, to Scez, was an open route; from thence again the passage of the Little St. Bernard was right before him; from Little St. Bernard, the valley of the Doria Baltea led him to Aoste and Ivrea, and from thence he finally reached Turin: the whole corresponding throughout with Polybius, with as much closeness as in a matter of description can well be expected.

The main fact to establish is the point of divergence from the Rhone—from thence all is comparatively easy. Livy stops at the point where the Isere falls into the Rhone, and does not take Hannibal over the Isere. Turning from this point, along the left bank of the Isere, the course to Italy was naturally by the Cenis, or the Genevre, and Livy leads him over the Genevre—in his time the Genevre had become a common pass. Polybius, however, though he does not specifically speak of Hannibal's crossing the Isere, yet represents him on the right bank, and considerably to the north, and actively engaged there. He describes what was called the *Insula* very minutely, which he would have had no occasion whatever to do, if Hannibal had not crossed the Isere. The *Insula*, he compares in size and form with the Delta of Egypt, where he himself had been, and with which it corresponds in those respects. The angle is formed by the lines of the Rhone and the Isere, and the base of it by the line of hills, which constitute the first step of the Alps on the western side, and of which the Mont du Chat is a part. This insula was the country of the Allobroges, for the sovereignty of which two brothers were at the time contending, the eldest of whom Hannibal aided and established, and in the mean while suspended his course. Nothing is said of his returning, nor is it probable he did return to re-cross the Isere; and when he was in the insula, the obvious line was

towards the Mont du Chat, and from thence to the Little St. Bernard. Besides, the original line laid down by Hannibal, on the evidence of previous inquiries from the natives of the Alps, who invited him and guided him, corresponds with this as to distances—which Livy will not do at all.

Not a shadow of doubt can be entertained of the actual route being north of the Isere; and Vienne, as was observed, corresponds with the distance marked by Polybius from the mouth and passage of the Rhone;—from Vienne the course to Mont du Chat is direct and obvious; and from thence the vale of the Isere and the pass of Little St. Bernard equally so. No reason upon earth can be given for his going farther north, on the one hand, by the more impracticable passes Mont Blanc and Great St. Bernard, or on the other to Mont Cenis, far away from the Insubres, through whose country he certainly passed—that is, along the vale of the Doria Balea by Aoste and Isere. Po-

lybius has, in short, two fixed points, the one 275 miles from the mouth of the Rhone, that is Vienne; and the descent from the hills through the Insubres, that is, north of Ivrea and Turin—the whole line therefore, from west to east, must have been considerably to the north of Mont Genevre and even Mont Cenis.

We have no space for niceties, but every thing which bears upon the question is discussed by the authors—and no shirking. They have themselves examined the country, completely, and in all directions—thoroughly sifted their materials—given to every body a hearing, and to every body their due: and all in a calm and temperate spirit which nothing but good faith and confidence in their researches could well support. General Melville, who spent many years in surveying the Alps, has the merit of first indicating the route now established, though he seems to have inclined to Great St. Bernard.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

WHILE our sheets are coming from the press, and preparing to take, under the hands of the binder, that form which speeds them through the delighted world, the Theatres will be raising their curtains, and displaying their drop-scenes. We are not gifted with the faculty of prediction, and therefore think it wiser not to say what the Theatres are, and shall be, till they open. Covent Garden commences with a Shakspeare temple, painted by that capital artist, Roberts, and with a management directed by that not less capital artist in his way, Fawcett. But in what shape his ingenuity is to delight the world, we know not; for we have been painfully forced, from long experience, to doubt the actuality of the annual speculative list put forth in the

newspapers, always giving us the “promise to the ear” of from three to five Comedies, a pair of Tragedies, and a profusion of minor performances that would take up the brains of a whole generation of adapters.

Drury Lane comes out in great force. By the accession of Farren, the Comic company is complete and admirable. With the best fop on the stage, in Jones, and the best old man, in Farren, Comedy can require nothing beyond the powers of the company. Wallack's American trip has left the stage in the hands of Mr. Cooper, whose intelligence, moderation, and good sense, mark him for the situation. But excepting a Tragedy, from Miss Mitford, a Drama, from Knowles, and an altered play, from Kenny, the Theatrical Library is empty.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, June 16.—After the prizes had been awarded, as mentioned in our last Number, an historical eulogium of M. Ramond was read by Baron Cuvier, perpetual secretary. Also a Physiological Memoir on the Brain, by M. Magendie. Baron Fourier, perpetual secretary, then delivered an historical eulogium on M. Charles; and afterwards, M. Prony read a memoir on the labours of the late M. Perronet. The subject of the prizes for the years 1829 and 1830 were then announced.—23. M. N. Cacciatore, director of the observatory at Palermo, forwarded to the Academy the fifth book of one of the astronomical works of Piazz, and which was wanting in the *M.M. New Series*.—Vol. VI. No. 3.4

library of the Institute. MM. Navier and Mathieu reported very favourably on a *perspective sector* of M. Lalaune, an instrument for facilitating the attainment of the perspective lines in a drawing. MM. Lacroix, Poinso, and Navier, made a most flattering report, and recommended for insertion in the “*Recueil des Savans Etrangers*,” a memoir of M. Corances, on the Integration of some Equations of Partial Differences, and on the Movement of Water in Vessels. MM. Dumeril and Blainville then presented a report, a memoir of Dr. Foville upon the Anatomy of the Brain; and the Academy requested the continuance of his investigations.—30. M. Mirbel read a note on a remarkable development of the

stem of the *calycanthus floridus*. M. Gay Lussac presented a specimen of artificial ultra-marine, manufactured by M. Guimet; and a new pyrophorus, formed by the calcination of sulphate of potass with charcoal; and showed by experiment that it is much more inflammable than the pyrophorus formerly known. MM. Dulong and Ampere reported on an Italian memoir of M. L. Nobili, relative to an effective system for

measuring the electric currents; and this eminent philosopher was solicited to continue his researches.—July 7. M. Poisson read a note on the problem of the waves.—14. M. Arago communicated a letter of M. De la Rive, on some electrical experiments. M. Latreille made a verbal report on a paper of M. Macquart, entitled *Diptères du Nord de la France*.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Meteorology.—On the evening of the second of November, 1827, a halo was observed in America, at New Haven, to which nothing similar seems to have been remarked. Between the hours of seven and eight there appeared around the moon, a little more than its width in distance, a very luminous saffron-coloured light. On the outer edge was a circle of bright red, which now graduated into a deep purple; around the purple was a circle of bright blue, which faded into a yellowish green, increasing towards the outer edge to a very vivid green. There appeared to be faint white rays passing from the moon across these columns, whose circles formed around this lunar glory a larger circle, of a dark leaden colour, which gave the whole a very beautiful appearance.

Antiquities.—Some most interesting intelligence has recently been transmitted to Europe by two French travellers, relative to the city of Petra, in Arabia Petraea, and concerning the country of the Nabathæi. The following particulars regarding Wadi-Moasa, a place of which preceding travellers had scarcely obtained a view, are worthy of being laid before the public, and are extracted from a letter written on the spot by M. Laborde. "Arrived in the ravine, we descended from our camels, and began to sketch, when the Arabs inquired what we were about, as these were not the ruins; in fact, we soon after entered the true Wadi-Moasa, in the midst of the most magnificent tombs, cut in the solid rock, and more elevated than the first; and in the back ground we perceived a range of gigantic monuments, of which the effect is indescribable. We had seen the ruins of Balbek, the long ranges of columns of Palmyra, the street and the oval of Djerask; but all these were far behind these immense piles of two or three stages of columns, this square league of rock, excavated and strewed with the most splendid ruins. We were in a continual ecstasy. At length we arrived at the place called Serai Pharaon, *palace of Pharaoh*, an edifice near which we established our head quarters, in a grotto, and while examining these monuments, only intreated heaven to allow us sufficient time to pourtray and lay down plans of them. But scarcely had we begun to sketch that which was nearest to us, when

an Arab came to say that this was nothing, and that we should proceed without loss of time to the Kamel Pharaon, *treasury of Pharaoh*. We followed him, and passed by a vast theatre, excavated in the rock, and by other mausoleums. We soon saw a *chef-d'œuvre*, both for its state of preservation and its singularity, of which the style and the construction are full of faults, but of which the mass, consisting of two stages of columns, interspersed with the richest ornaments, curious bas-reliefs, and great equestrian statues, presented the most extraordinary appearance that we had ever seen, and of which the finest drawings would give but a faint idea. We subsequently penetrated deeper into the ravine, and found a great triumphal arch, supported by the two sides of the rock which enclose this narrow valley, and another avenue of the most interesting tombs, still richer than the first. All these monuments, cut in a rose-coloured granite rock, have a soft harmonious tint, and are still further embellished by the large shadows of the surrounding rocks."

Monument to Kosciuzko.—On the mountain of Bronislawa (composed of two words, signifying *to defend glory*), almost at the gates of Cracow, the Poles have raised an indestructible monument to Kosciuzko:—it is a mountain piled upon another mountain. Seven years it has been in progress, and is only now finished. Subscriptions were collected for the purpose of erecting it, in Poland, Lithuania, and even in Russia. All the youth of Warsaw, the nobility, the people, old men, women, and children, either handled the spade or wheeled the barrow; and those who were unable to work themselves, contributed to support the labour of others. But the tomb of the hero has not been placed on this monument; it still remains within the city, on the mountain of Wazel, where with Joseph Poniatowski only, Kosciuzko shares the honour of the regal sepulchre, and is placed near the great Sobieski.

Circulating Manure.—Common salt and lime, when mixed together, gradually decompose each other; the result of the decomposition is soda, and a peculiar deliquescent salt, muriate of lime. This salt, from its great attraction for the moisture of the atmosphere, is an admirable fertilizer for sandy

hot soils. A plan similar to this is actually adopted in China, but instead of fish (in this country sprats) night-soil is used with the lime; the whole mass being made into cakes like bricks, is afterwards dried in the sun, and sent into the inland provinces for the use of the farmers. So universal is this practice at Pekin, that these cakes are said to form no inconsiderable portion of the circulating medium of that great city.—*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

Damascus Steel.—From the observation of travellers, that the manufacture of Damascus blades was carried on only during the time when north winds occurred, a Russian philosopher, M. Anozoff, made experiments on the hardening of steel instruments, by putting them, when heated, into a powerful current of air, instead of quenching them in water. From the experiments already made, he expects ultimate success. He finds that for very sharp-edged instruments this method is much better than the ordinary one; that the colder the air, and the more rapid its stream, the greater is the effect, which last varies with the thickness of the mass to be hardened. The method succeeds well with case-hardened goods.

Growth of Hair.—From the following circumstance, recorded in a medical journal, it would appear that a most redoubtable rival to the far-famed Macassar oil has been discovered in Germany. A man, between twenty and thirty years of age, of a strong and healthy constitution, having a short curly, and coarse hair, of a dark brown colour, found himself becoming bald. Numerous and large bald spots appeared on the head, and gradually increased until it became perfectly bare; and as the eyelashes fell out, the man had quite a singular and disagreeable appearance. When the head was closely examined, a short white and scattered down, very similar to a slight degree of mouldiness, was perceptible. At first it was hoped that the hair would grow again; but the sequel proved the contrary. After two years, Dr. Radimacher advised him to pour French brandy upon sulphate of copper, and when it had remained a few days, to wash the bald parts once a-day with the solution. In eight days the hair had begun to grow, and in four months it equalled the original growth in quantity, but was of a lighter colour, crisp, dry, and stiff, and had not a natural appearance. A spot still remained bald on the back of the head. The eye-brows and lashes grew again, like the rest of the hair. A year after this the man shed his hair again, but the eye-brows and lashes remained. Dr. Radimacher wished him now to wait awhile, to ascertain whether the hair would or would not grow again spontaneously; but the patient would not, and had recourse to the solution, which produced another growth of bland or light hair; and the spot which had continued bald, notwithstanding the solution, became covered in common with the other parts of the head.

This growth had a much more natural appearance than the former one.

Temperature of the Planetary Space.—According to M. Fourier, the temperature of the space occupied by our planetary system is very nearly forty octogesimal degrees, or ninety degrees of Fahrenheit's scale, colder than the temperature of freezing ice.

Natural Phenomenon.—A substance was recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences, which had been forwarded to the government, as having fallen from the sky in Persia, at the commencement of this year. This species of celestial manna was found in such great quantities, that the earth for a considerable distance was entirely covered with it. In some places it was five or six inches in depth. The cattle, and particularly the sheep, eagerly fed upon this singular production, which was also converted into bread for the support of the inhabitants. Such was the information which a Russian general, who had witnessed the phenomenon, communicated to the French consul in Persia. Upon examination, this substance was found to be a sort of lichen, already described by botanists. These mosses, which appear to be found in very great abundance, must have been carried by the wind to the places where their sudden appearance was remarked. A similar phenomenon was noticed in the same regions of Persia in the year 1824.

Rectification of Spirits.—A patent has been recently obtained for an improved process of rectifying spirits, which deserves to be noticed. The material proposed to be employed is charcoal, which is to be re-charred immediately before using, and ground or bruised to a fine powder. This pulverised charcoal is to be introduced into the still in the proportion of about one gallon of the charcoal to four gallons of spirits. The application of fresh charred wood or charcoal to the spirits, in this way, will, it is said, totally destroy the empyreumatic flavour which the spirit may have contracted in the process of distillation. It is further proposed, in order to get rid of the essential oil in spirits, to mix water with it, and then to introduce the fresh charred charcoal in the way described, which will perfectly purify it, and leave the spirit without any unpleasant flavour. Spirits rectified in this way will be found particularly desirable for preparing and mixing with cordials.

Paper for Draughtsmen.—Reduce to a powder, and dissolve quickly in a glazed earthen vessel containing cold water, some gum-tragacanth, having been well worked with a wooden spatula, to free it from lumps. There must be a sufficient quantity of water to give this diluted gum the consistence of jelly. Paper, and some sorts of stuffs, upon which this composition is smoothly applied with a pencil or a brush, and dried before a gentle fire, will receive either water or oil colours. In using water colours, they must be mixed with a solution of the above gum.

This cloth or paper, so prepared, will take any colour except ink. When it is intended to retouch any particular part of the drawing, it should be marked with a sponge, or clean linen, or a pencil (containing some of the above-mentioned liquid); if the part is only small, it will then rise quickly, and appear as if repainted.

Intense Light.—It is stated by an eminent German chemist, that hydrate of lime, pulverised, and exposed upon charcoal to a stream of oxygen, through a blow pipe, with an orifice of 0.02 of an inch in diameter, fed by a common lamp, gives the most intense light. He attributes this to a sort of pulverulent atmosphere, which the lime disengages at that temperature. Substances which do not form molecules in a gaseous state cannot produce so vivid an incandescence.

Organic Relic.—A workman recently broke a mass of very firm conglomerate rock, quarried for the new state house, now building at New Haven, in the United States of America; and found lodged in a cavity, so completely enclosed as to exclude the possibility of external introduction, a piece of wood, the small limb of a tree, apparently of the pine family, with the bark entire; the wood not mineralized, but fresh and in perfect preservation, and not even attached to the walls of the cavity, except slightly at one end, but lying in it, as in a case; the piece of wood was not longer than a finger, and the cavity but two or three inches in diameter; it was lined with a soft and feebly coherent matter, resembling the substance of the rock, in a state of rather minute division. The conclusion, from this interesting fact appears irresistible, that this piece of wood was floating in the waters which were charged with the materials of this rock, and became enclosed during their consolidation—thus proving that this rock had never been ignited, and that a tree or shrub was in existence when it was formed. That it is a very ancient rock of this class is evident from its composition presenting quartz, fresh and brilliant, red feldspar, and mica, along with entire fragments of granite, gniess, mica slate, argillite, &c., being evidently an early offset from the destruction of a primitive formation. It passes from a fine sand-stone into a coarse

pudding-stone. The rock has been usually referred, by the American geologists, to the red sand-stone formation; it is in many places covered by ridges of green-stone lias. In the same rock formation, but fifty miles from New Haven, were found the bones of a large animal. In a similar rock in Scotland, certain traces of animals have been recently observed.—*Silliman's Journal.*

New Mode of communicating Heat.—A patent has been recently obtained for a new method of communicating heat, which, in some respects, resembles that of heating by High Pressure Steam. The Boiler is withdrawn from the direct influence of the fire, and heat is communicated through other substances, the peculiar properties of which, constitute the value of the invention. Double bottomed vessels are used, and in the intermediate space, fluid substances are placed, in sufficient quantity to cover and protect the flat bottom of the outer vessel.

The substances used are various, but all have the properties of boiling at known and fixed degrees of temperature; so that when fire is applied to the vessel containing them, to raise them to the boiling point, they furnish vapour heavier than atmospheric air, and easily condensable by comparatively hot surfaces, which vapour, coming in contact with the colder surface of the inner vessel, imparts heat thereto, and falls again, in the fluid state, to be reheated, whereby a constant generation of vapour and return of fluid is going forward; and this without any mechanical pressure or elastic force being exerted, a communication being, at all times, kept up, between the fluid medium and the atmosphere. Thence a fluid which boils at 300° (and any degree between 200 and 700—Fahrenheit may be chosen) will impart nearly that degree to substances placed in the boiler, without it being possible to go beyond it: so that, a proper medium being chosen, all chance of burning or injuriously heating is avoided.

By these means it is proposed to supersede the use of high pressure steam in various processes, where a high but regulated heat is necessary, and likewise to produce very elastic steam without any danger in the process, and at a cost very inferior to what is now required for the same effect.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A work, highly interesting to the ancient historian, is now in active preparation; being a complete series of Lithographic Engravings, from the Original Model of the Great Egyptian Tomb, taken by the late traveller, Belzoni, on the spot. It is to be brought out by his widow, the possessor of the model; and under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence. In giving the intimation of this beautiful as well as learned work, to our readers, it may not be

impertinent to say a few words of the interesting editress. We have been informed, on good authority, that she is a native of our own island, though some have dated her birth-place from Ireland. She married Mr. Belzoni when very young, also accompanied him, unrecordingly, through all the scenes of his enterprizing destiny; which was not less perilous than various. To his first celebrated publication, concerning his discoveries in Egypt and Nubia, she added a

little account of her visit to Jerusalem, which she modestly entitled "Mrs. Belzoni's *Trifling Narrative*;" but its information was far from *trifling*, and the unpretending simplicity of the style disarmed all severity of criticism. The letter-press of the present proposed work (subscribers' names for which are received by Mr. Churchill, bookseller, Leicester Square) we understand, is partly from MSS. notes of his own, and partly from subsequent written opinions of learned men, on the symbolic history, contained in the embossed and painted imagery on the walls of the tomb. Specimens of these figures and hieroglyphics were shewn to the public, in the portion of the royal sepulchre exhibited in London, and also in about a dozen large plates, annexed to the before-mentioned narrative of Belzoni, published on his return from Egypt; but this contemplated work will convey, in eighty large prints, the *whole* picture of the interior of the tomb, in accurate copy from the original model.

A Poem, entitled, *All for Love, or the Sinner well Saved*, in three Cantos or Sections. By Mr. Southey, will be published in October.

Mr. Sotheby is engaged in a new version of the *Iliad*, in Heroic Rhyme; he has completed the first Six Books.

A Manual of the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Eye and its appendages. By S. J. Stratford, Member of the College of Surgeons, London.

Remarks on the several Sunday Services of the Church throughout the Year. By the Rev. Bishop Jolly.

Dr. Shirley Palmer, will publish in November, *Popular Illustrations of Medicine and Diet. Part I., Of the Principal Exciting Causes of Disease and Death.*

Another volume, in quarto, of Dr. Lingard's *History of England*, beginning with the Commonwealth, will be published in November.

The Rev. Samuel Hinds, Vice Principal of St. Albans' Hall, Oxford, is about to publish *The History of the Rise and Early Progress of Christianity*, comprising an Inquiry into its true Character and Design.

The Rev. J. B. S. Carwithen, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, Author of the *Bampton Lectures*, for 1809, has in the Press a *History of the Church of England to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century*. The first two volumes will appear in November, and bring down the Work to the Restoration of the Church and Monarchy, in 1660.

The Rev. C. Benson, Master of the Temple is about to reprint his *Chronology of Our Saviour's Life*.

A Pocket Cyclopaedia is in preparation, which will be composed of complete Treatises on every branch of Literature and Science, freed from the difficulties of Tech-

nical and Mathematical Language. By Dr. Lardner.

Time's Telescope, for 1829, will be published with the Almanacks, on the 18th November. And will contain a variety of new and interesting matter, original Poetry by living Authors, &c. &c.

The Rev. John Angell James has in the Press, in 12mo., *The Family Monitor, or a Help to Domestic Happiness.*

The Bishop of Down and Connor, (Dr. Mant) is preparing for the Press a volume on those Events in our Saviour's Life which are the subjects of Annual Commemoration in the Services of the United Church of England and Ireland.

Early in October will appear, *Great Britain Illustrated; a Series of Views*, comprising all the Cities, Principal Towns, Public Buildings, Docks, and Remarkable Edifices in the United Kingdom; from drawings made expressly for the Work. By W. Westall, A.R.A., and engraved by E. Finden. With descriptions by Thomas Moule, author of the *Bibliotheca Heraldica*, &c. &c. This Work will appear Monthly. Each number will contain four Views.

A System of Geography, Popular and Scientific. By James Bell, Editor of *Rollin's Ancient History*, &c. 6 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Thomas Attwood has a new Work in the Press, on the Currency, &c. of the Kingdom.

Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind. By the late Jonathan Dymond, in 2 vols. 8vo.

Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, and other Matters, selected from the *Times Journal*, with additional pieces.

An Essay, Explanatory of a Method whereby Cancerous Ulceration may be stopped, by the Formation of Crusts and granulating Margins; with Practical Remarks on other Analogous Diseases. By W. Farr, Surgeon.

Hints to Counsel, Coroners, and Juries, on the Examination of Medical Witnesses. By John Gordon Smith, M.D.

The Rev. H. Pattam, Rector of St. Cuthbert's, Bedford, has in the Press a *Compendious Grammar of the Egyptian Language*, both of the Coptic and Sahidic Dialects. With Observations on the Bashmuric and Enchorial Characters, and some Explanation relative to their Use; with an Appendix, consisting of the Rudiments of a Dictionary of the Egyptian Language. By Dr. Young.

The Casket of Literary Gems. Second Series.

Dr. Shirley Palmer has nearly ready *Popular Illustrations of Medicine and Diet, Part I. of the principal exciting Causes of Disease and Death.*

The Annual Publications are all making great exertions to outvie each other, in the

attractiveness of their engravings, and the celebrity of their contributors. In addition to all those of last year, there will be several new ones this—each putting forth almost the same pretensions to superiority: the contributors and engravers to each, are, with few exceptions, nearly alike in all of them. Those of last year were the *Forget Me Not*, *The Friendship's Offering*, *The Bijou*, *The Amulet*, *The Winter's Wreath*, *The Pledge of Friendship*, *The Keepsake*, and *The Literary Souvenir*.—In addition this year we are threatened with *The Anniversary*, *The Juvenile Forget Me Not*, *The Juvenile Keepsake*, Edited by Mr. Roscoe, *The New Year's Gift*, making altogether 12 in number. When it is considered that these elegant publications require a large sale, perhaps 5000 or 6000, to repay the heavy expense of getting them up, it is to be feared that some of their proprietors will have reason to regret their speculation.

Besides the above, a new French Annual is announced, to be published by Mr. Ackermann. The writing to be entirely in French; and to contain seven engravings.

Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer, the author of *Pelham*, has a new work in the Press, entitled *The Disowned*. in 4 vols.

Tales of the Great St. Bernard, by the Rev. G. Croly, author of *Salathiel*, is on the eve of publication.

The Castilian; a Spanish Romance. By the author of *Gomez Arias*, will appear in October.

Mrs. Bray, author of the *White Hoods*, and *De Foix*, has an Historical Romance nearly ready, entitled *The Protestant*.

Tales of a Voyager. Second Series, will shortly appear.

Mr. Grattan, author of *Highways and Byways*, has a new work nearly ready for the Press.

The author of *Brambletye House*, is engaged on *Zillah*, a Tale of Jerusalem.

Nollkens, his Life and Times, by Mr. Smith, announced some time back in this Magazine, will soon appear; as will also *Sailors and Saints*, by the authors of the *Naval Sketch Book*.

The Last of the Plantagenets, illustrative of Domestic Manners and Public Events in the 15th Century.

Rank and Talent; *Life in India*, and *The Anglo Irish*, are all announced for speedy publication.

Mr. Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, accompanied with Explanatory Notes. in 2 vols. 8vo.

Mrs. Williams has in the Press, a Fourth Edition of her Syllabic Spelling Book, or a Summary Method of Teaching Children to Read; upon the principle originally invented by the Sieur Berthaud, adapted to the English Language, with numerous additions and improvements, and illustrated by appropriate engravings.

The 2nd Number of the "Enigmatical Entertainer and Mathematical Associate," being for the year 1829, will appear this month.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Life of the Celebrated Sir Francis Drake, the first English Circumnavigator, &c. &c. Imperial 8vo. 10s. boards.

Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru. Illustrated by original Maps, and Plans of the Battles of Chacabuco, Maypo, Junin, Ayacucho, &c. By John Miller. In 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. boards.

Royal Naval Biography, by Lieut. John Marshall, R.N. Supplement Part II. In 8vo. price 15s. boards.

The Life and Remains of the Rev. Leigh Richmond. By the Rev. W. Grimshaw. 8vo. 14s. boards.

The Thirty Years' War. By Frederic Shiller. Translated by G. Moir, Esq. 2 vols, 18mo. 7s. boards.

Notes on the Campaign of 1808-9. in the North of Spain. By Lieut. Colonel T. S. Sovell. Price 2s. 6d.

LAW.

An Accurate Abstract of the Public General Statutes, passed in 9 Geo. IV., anno 1828, being the second session of the Eighth Parliament of the United Kingdom. By Thomas Walter Williams, Esq. 8vo. 9s. boards.

Observations on the Natural Right of a Father to the Custody of his Children, and to direct their Education; his forfeiture of his Right, and the Jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery to control it. By James Ram, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Price 2s.

Practice of Tenantry. By Kennedy and Granger. 8vo. 15s. boards.

MEDICAL.

Elements of Descriptive and Practical Anatomy, for the use of Students. By Jones Quain. 8vo. 16s. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick. Edited by his friend, Henry Vernon. Post 8vo. 9s.

La Petite Française, or Vocabulary, Exercises, and easy Reading Lessons, intended as a Companion to the Child's French Friend. By M. A. Allison. 2s. half bound.

A Sequel to Dr. Wanothrocht's Recueil Choisi. 12mo. 4s. bound.

Moral Biography, or Lives of Exemplary Men, for the Instruction of Youth. 18mo. 3s. 6d. half bound.

An Historical Account of Sub-ways in the British Metropolis, for the flow of Pure Water and Gas into the Houses of the Inhabitants, without disturbing the Pavements. By John Williams. 8vo 12s. bds.

The Five Games of the Match at Chess, played between the London and Edinburgh

Chess Clubs; with Variations and Remarks. By W. Lewis. 8vo. 8s. large paper, 12s. boards.

The Tocsin, or a Review of the London Police Establishments; with Hints for their Improvement, and for the Prevention of Calamitous Fires, &c. By T. B. W. Dudley.

The Pomological Magazine; a Selection of those Fruits most worthy cultivation, with their History, Management, &c. By Joseph Sabine, Esq., and John Lindley, Esq., of the Horticultural Society of London. Vol. 1 royal, 8vo. coloured plates, £3.

A Compendium of Mechanics, or Text Book for Engineers, Millwrights, Machine-Makers, Founders, Smiths, &c.; containing Practical Rules and Tables connected with the Steam Engine, Water Wheel, Pump, and Mechanics in General. By Robert Brunton. Fourth Edition, greatly enlarged. 12mo. price 5s. boards.

POETRY.

The Vale of Bolton; a Poetical Sketch. By F. C. Spencer. 12mo. 7s. boards.

Poems, Sacred and Miscellaneous. By George Woods, jun. 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.

An Epistle from Abelard to Eloise. By Thomas Stewart, Esq. 1s. 6d.

POLITICAL.

Evidence before the House of Commons on the Wool Trade. 2s. 6d.

Earl Stanhope's Letter, to the Owners and Occupiers of Sheep Farms. 1s. 6d.

The Curse and Cure of Ireland; exhibited in a Dialogue on the Catholic Question. By William T. Haley.

A Supplement to an Analysis of the Constitution of the East India Company, embracing the important Laws as to Criminal Justice and Insolvent Debtors, passed last Session; together with some Preliminary Observations. By Peter Auber, Esq., Assistant Secretary to the Hon. the Court of Directors. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

RELIGION.

Antichrist; an Estimate of the Religion of the Times. By the Rev. John Reland, A.M. 12mo. 5s. boards.

The Works of James Arminius, D.D. formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin. To which is added, Brandt's Life of the Author, with considerable Augmentations, &c. &c. By James Nichols. Vol. 2. 8vo. 16s. boards.

Sermons. By the Rev. R. H. Carne. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

TRAVELS.

St. Petersburg; a Journal of Travels to and from the Capital, through Flanders, the Rhenish Provinces, Prussia, Russia, Poland, Silesia, Saxony, the Confederated States of Germany and France. By A. B. Granville, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. £2. 5s. bds.

America, or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the Several Powers of the Western Continent, with Conjectures on their Future Prospects. By a Citizen of the United States. 8vo.

The United States of North America as they are. 8vo.

Guide to Mount's Bay and the Land's End. By a Physician. 8vo. 10s. boards.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents Sealed in September 1828.

To George Stratton, of Frederick-place, Hampstead-road, Middlesex, gentleman, for his improvements in warming and ventilating churches, hot-houses, and all other buildings; which improvements may be applied to other purposes.—Sealed 28th Aug.; 6 months.

To Granville Sharpe Pattison, of Old Burlington-street, Westminster, Middlesex, Esq., for an improved method of applying iron in the sheathing of ships and other vessels, and of applying iron bolts, spikes, nails, pintals, braces, and other fastenings in the construction of ships and other vessels.—4th September; 6 months.

To John Seaward and Samuel Seaward, of the Canal Iron-Works, All Saints, Poplar, Middlesex, engineers, for their improved methods for propelling carriages and all other vehicles on roads, and also ships' boats and other vessels on water.—4th September; 6 months.

To John Robertson, of Limehouse Hole, All Saints, Poplar, Middlesex, rope manufacturer, for certain improvements in the

manufacture of hempen rope or cordage.—4th September; 6 months.

To Charles Sanderson, of Park-gate Iron-Works, near Rotherham, York, iron-master, for a new method of making shear-steel.—4th September; 2 months.

To Samuel Brooking, Esq., of Plymouth, Devon, rear-admiral in the royal navy, for a new method of making sails of ships and other vessels.—4th September; 6 months.

To William Bell, of Lucas-street, Commercial-road, Middlesex, for his improved methods for filtrating water and various other liquids.—4th September; 6 months.

To William Farish, of Cambridge, Jacksonian Professor in the University, for his improved method of clearing out water-courses.—4th September; 6 months.

To Thomas Robinson Williams, of Norfolk-street, Strand, Middlesex, for certain improvements in the making of hats, bonnets, and caps, and in the covering of them with silk and other materials, with the assistance of machinery.—11th September; 6 months.

To Thomas Milikew, of Berwick-street, St. James's, Middlesex, cabinet-maker, for

his improvement in the construction, making, or manufacturing of chairs, sofas, lounges, beds, and all other articles of furniture for similar purposes, and also of travelling and other carriages and vehicles of every description for personal use.—11th September; 2 months.

To James Beaumont Neilson, of Glasgow, Lanark, engineer, for his improved application of air to produce heat in forges and furnaces, where bellows or other blowing apparatus are required.—11th September; 6 months.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Mansfield-street, Borough-road, Surrey, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for making screws.—18th September; 6 months.

To William Losh, of Benton-house, Northampton, Esq., for certain improvements in the formation of iron rails for railroads, and of the chains or pedestals in or upon which the rails may be placed or fixed.—18th September; 2 months.

To Joseph Rhodes, the younger, of Alverthorp, Wakefield, worsted-spinner, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning and twisting worsted-yarn and other fibrous substances.—18th September; 6 months.

To Joseph Clisild Daniel, of Limpley, Bradford, Wilts, clothier, for certain improvements in machinery for dressing woollen cloths.—18th September; 6 months.

To John Melville, of Upper Harley-street, Cavendish-square, Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements in propelling vessels.—18th September; 6 months.

To Edward Forbes Orson, of Finsbury-square, Middlesex, gentleman, for his improved cartridge for sporting purposes.—18th September; 6 months.

To John Jones, of Leeds, York, brush-maker, for certain improvements in machinery for pressing and finishing woollen cloths.—25th September; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in October 1814, expire in the present month of October 1828.

3.—A. F. Didot, Holborn, for an improvement in making printing types.

— A Shaw, Leicester, for an apparatus for the better cutting of window, plate, and sheet glass.

— W. Sampson, London, for improvements in raising water.

— R. Philips, Newbury, Berks, for improvements in a plough.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

DR. GALL.

Jean Joseph Gall was born in 1758, in a village of the Dutchy of Baden; his parents were in trade. It was at Baden where he first commenced his education, then at Brucksal, and afterwards at Strasburgh, where he studied medicine, under professor Hermann; it was at Vienna in Austria, that he became invested with the title of Doctor, in the year 1785, and afterwards followed the practice of medicine; but at this place he was not permitted to develop his new ideas on the functions of the brain, which he had founded both on scientific study and observations on nature. This opposition to his views at length determined him to visit the north of Germany, and he was well received in all the capitals of the German states, as well as in Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, and he explained his system before several sovereigns, by whom he was honoured with marks of esteem and admiration. He likewise visited England, and at length determined to go to and reside at Paris; regarding it as the centre of the learned world, he judged it the most proper of all other places to propagate his doctrine: he therefore repaired to that capital in 1807, where his great reputation had already preceded him. And here we may remark that, although Dr. Gall's lectures had been interdicted at Vienna in 1802, by command of the government, it may be interesting to know that

the expense of publishing the great work of Gall and Spurzheim, at Paris, in 1810, was guaranteed by Prince Metternich, at that time Austrian Minister at the Court of France. He had previously attended several courses of Dr. Gall's lectures, consulted him as his physician, and remained attached to him up to the time of his death.

The object which Gall proposed was to dissipate the void which existed in physiology and philosophy relative to the situation of the intellectual faculties of man; and, notwithstanding the knowledge of the ancients, and the hitherto received notions which science had taught, yet still its fundamental notions, not by any means perfect, were far from that degree of scientific precision to which the observations and genius of Gall have conducted us; and, although in the history of science the first ideas of the system may have been discovered, yet still it must be allowed that all the proofs belong to him, as well as the conservation of all the great truths which were brought forth in evidence.

The immense labours of Lavater were well calculated to draw the attention of the curious to the subject, and to apply to the part of the head those observations which he had made on the face and on the frontal region. Our knowledge of the exterior appearances of the head was yet very imperfect and vague, and those who supported the possibility had not the means of demon-

strating it; and the form of the head of those pretended connoisseurs, like the facial lines of Lavater, seemed rather coincidences than the necessary connexions between physics and morals. Gall collected these fugitive ideas, and finally imprinted on them a scientific form; and from which has resulted a system—a system of facts, a series of observations, enlightened by reasoning, grouped and arranged in such a manner that there necessarily follows the demonstration of a new truth, fruitful in useful applications, and sensibly advancing the progress of civilization. Such is the character of the celebrated system of craniology invented by Gall, and which it may be said his genius distinguished almost instantaneously, although confirmed by the force of immense application; but, starting from this point, the able physiologist laboured incessantly in his painful task, and consecrated the whole of his life with that indefatigable ardour, of which men of superior minds alone furnish examples; and although he has not completely succeeded in the difficult enterprise, yet he ought not to be reproached; on the contrary, thanks are due to his memory for the mere attempt; for the service he has rendered to philosophy is immense; he has prepared immortal glory to medical philosophy, in indicating the nature of the study which ought to be pursued to give intellectual physiology all the development of which it is capable; and moral philosophy itself is much indebted to him, for having diverted it from speculations foreign to its true end, and in which the most trifling prejudice is an incalculable loss of time.

Gall was attended in his lectures by the most distinguished persons in Paris, as well characterized for their learning, as for the eminent dignities they bore in society. He died at his country house, at Montrouge, near Paris, August 22, at the age of 71, and the examination of his body took place 40 hours after his death, in presence of the following members of the faculty: Messrs Fouquier, J. Cloquet, Dannecy, Fossati, Sarlandière, Fabrè-Palapat, Londe, Costello, Gaubert, Casimir-Broussais, Robouane, Vimont, Jobert, and Marotti. The exterior appearance of the body presented a considerable falling away, particularly in the face. The skull was sawed off with the greatest precaution. The substance of the brain was consistent, and this organ was firm and perfectly regular. No trace of ossification was remarked in the cerebral arteries, notwithstanding the advanced age of the defunct. The cerebral ventricles were not opened, the brain being expressly ordered to be preserved.

The funeral of Dr. Gall took place at Paris, at the burying ground de l'Est, on August 27, which was attended by a very considerable number of the faculty and learned persons. Three *éloges* or *oraisons funèbres* were delivered at the place of interment by Professor Broussais, Dr. Fossati and Dr. Londe.

Professor Broussais informs us, that Dr. Gall possessed most of the social virtues, particularly beneficence and good nature, qualities (he observes) precious in all ranks of society, and which ought to make amends for many defects; but for Gall, they had only to palliate a certain roughness of character which might wound the susceptibility of delicate persons, although the sick and the unfortunate never had to complain; and indeed the Doctor ought in strict justice to have more merit in our ideas, from never having once lost sight in his writings of either decency or moderation, particularly when it is remembered how severely he was attacked in propagating his favourite doctrine.

SIR HENRY TORRENS.

Colonel Sir Henry Torrens was born at Londonderry, in the year 1779. Having lost both father and mother at an early age, he was taken under the care of his uncle, Dr. Thomas Torrens. He received his education at the Military Academy of Dublin, where, from the hilarity of his disposition, he was universally designated "Happy Harry." He commenced his professional career, by obtaining an ensigncy in the 52d regiment, in November, 1793; in June, 1794, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 92d regiment; and, in December, 1795, he was removed, with the same rank, to the 63d regiment. With the latter corps, he proceeded to the West Indies, where he served under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, distinguished himself by his bravery, upon several occasions, and was severely wounded in the thigh, at the siege of Morne Fortunee. While in the West Indies, he was appointed to a company, in one of the native corps then forming; and, through his professional skill, and the general amiableness of his manners, he obtained, in an eminent degree, the admiration and love of the officers and men under his command.

Captain Torrens returned to England in 1798; and, at the close of that year, he went to Portugal, as aid-de-camp to General Cuyler, who commanded a body of auxiliary British troops in that country.

Removed from his West India corps to the 20th regiment of foot, he served under the Duke of York in the Dutch campaign of 1799. In the battle fought between Egmont and Haarlem, he was severely wounded by a shot through both his thighs. On his return from Holland, he was promoted to a majority in a fencible regiment, with which he proceeded to Nova Scotia, and remained there till the autumn of 1801. He then exchanged into the 86th regiment of foot; and, after taking the command of that corps, he marched with it across the desert, to India. In consequence of a *coup de soleil*, at Bombay, he was obliged to re-

turn. At St. Helena, however, he recovered his health, and married Miss Patton, the daughter of the governor. He again proceeded to India, served there till 1805, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

After his arrival in England, he was employed on the staff as Assistant Adjutant General for the Kent district. In 1807, Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens joined the unfortunate expedition to South America, as military secretary to the commander of the forces. At the attack of Buenos Ayres, he received a contusion from a musket ball, which shattered the writing apparatus that was slung to his side.

On his return, the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley made him his military secretary; and, in that capacity, he embarked with the expedition to Portugal, in 1808, and was present at the battles of Roleia and Wimeria.

When the Duke of Wellington was superseded in his command, he returned with his Grace to England; and immediately afterwards, the Duke of York was pleased to confer upon him the appointment of military secretary to the Commander-in-chief; an office which he filled for many years with reputation to himself, and advantage to the army. In 1811, he obtained a company in the third guards; in 1812, he was made aide-de-camp to the Prince Regent, with the rank of colonel; in 1814, he was made major-general, by brevet; in 1815, he was appointed to the colonelcy of the 2d regiment of foot; and in 1820, he was appointed adjutant general. In performing the arduous duties of the last-mentioned office, he revised the old military regulations, and incorporated with them arrangements of a more rapid and masterly character.

Colonel Torrens was also a Knight Commander of the most honourable Order of the Bath, and a Knight of the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword. — His death, which occurred on the 23d of August, while he was upon a visit at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, was awfully sudden. Apparently never in better health and spirits than on the fatal day which closed his honourable and exemplary life, he went out for an airing on horseback, accompanied by Lady Torrens, his two daughters, and some gentlemen. He was seized with apoplexy, but did not fall from his horse. As soon as it was discovered that he was in a fit, he was carried into the house, and every effort was made to effect his recovery, but without success. From his first seizure, till the moment of his decease, two hours afterwards, he never spoke.

By the desire of his family, the funeral of Sir Henry Torrens was private. It took place at Welwyn, on the Thursday following, August 28. His remains were attended to the grave by one of his earliest and most attached friends, Lieut.-Colonel d'Aguilar.

Sir Herbert Taylor has been appointed Adjutant General in the room of Sir Henry Torrens; and Sir William Keppel succeeds him in the command of the second regiment.

THE DUKE OF SAN CARLOS.

The Duke of San Carlos, some years since ambassador from the court of Madrid to that of St. James's, and subsequently to the French court, was born at Lima, in the year 1771. He received his education in the principal college of that city, the rector of which was his governor. At the age of seventeen, he went to Spain, where he progressively attained high military rank, became a grandee of the first class, counsellor of state, &c. He commenced his military career as colonel in the second regiment of Majorca infantry, of which his uncle was colonel proprietor. He served in the Catalonian campaign, in the war of 1793; and as a volunteer in the Toulon expedition.

On the death of his uncle, Colonel San Carlos was appointed Chamberlain, and afterwards Governor, to the Prince of the Asturias, now Ferdinand VII. His system of education, however, not being in accordance with the political views of Godoy, Prince of the Peace, the influence of that profligate adventurer deprived him of his honourable post. Yet, such was the consequence of San Carlos, that he was named Major Domo to the Queen, in 1801, when the court was occupied with negotiating an alliance between the heir of Spain, with his cousin, a Princess of Naples.

In 1805, he was invested with the office of Major Domo to Charles IV.; but, in 1807, some time previously to the imprisonment of the Prince of the Asturias, through the intrigues of Godoy, in the palace of the Escorial, he was removed from court, and appointed to the vice royskip of Navarre. Three months after his assumption of that government, he was ordered to consider himself a prisoner in the citadel. This measure is understood to have been taken, in consequence of a report, that the Duke of San Carlos had ventured to advise the heir apparent to deprive the queen mother of all political influence, in the event of the king's death—his majesty being at that time very ill—and also to put Godoy upon his trial. It was on the 29th of October that Ferdinand's papers were seized, his person placed in durance, and he and his counsellors declared to be traitors. In the subsequent investigation of the Escorial, the Duke was subjected to close and severe examination; and, though liberated at the same moment as the Prince, he was ordered to remove sixty leagues from Madrid, not to reside within twenty leagues of the coast, and not to fix his abode in Navarre.

When the French armies entered Spain, he resided at Alfaro. In the meantime, the insurrection in Aranjuez broke out;

Prince Ferdinand ascended the throne (March, 1808), imprisoned and confiscated the property of Godoy, and appointed the Duke of San Carlos Grand Master of the Household, and Member of his Privy Council. The Duke arrived in Madrid some days before his royal master's departure for Bayonne, accompanied him in his journey, and had several conferences with Buonaparte on the subject of exchanging the crown of Spain for that of Etruria. In those conferences, the Duke invariably insisted that Ferdinand would not consent to any treaty, without the enjoyment of his liberty, or without the sanction of the Cortes. In the interim, Godoy had been liberated in Madrid, through the influence of Murat. He immediately proceeded to Bayonne, whither he was followed by Charles IV. and his queen. The old monarch then retracted his abdication, and, ultimately, his son was compelled to restore to him his crown. Ferdinand—Joseph Buonaparte having first been placed on the throne of Spain—was sent to Valençay, in France, whither he was accompanied by the Duke of San Carlos, the Canon Escoiquitz, &c. The Duke remained with Ferdinand till he, with Escoiquitz, was ordered by Buonaparte to Paris. While in that capital, he availed himself of the opportunity to confer with the diplomatic agents of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, on the affairs of Spain. Buonaparte, afterwards suspecting the influence possessed by the Duke, and by Escoiquitz, over his royal captive, determined upon separating them from Prince Ferdinand. The Duke was accordingly confined at Leons-le-Saulnier, and the Canon at Bourges.

In his retirement, the Duke of San Carlos cultivated his taste for botany, and more particularly for history, politics, and general literature. Five years had Ferdinand and his relatives been in captivity in France, when Buonaparte, finding himself attacked by the allied powers of Europe, and no longer in a condition to leave a numerous army in Spain, determined to reinstate him. In consequence of this resolve, he recalled the Duke of San Carlos to Paris, in the month of November, 1813. There San Carlos communicated with the Duke of Bassano, and then went to Valençay, where, after several long discussions, a treaty was concluded on the 11th of December. The Duke, in consequence, set out for Madrid, to obtain the consent of the Regency to the treaty. He arrived there on the 16th of January, 1814; but the arrangements proposed by France were not accepted, and he was under the necessity of returning to Valençay. In passing through Catalonia, he had a conference with Marshal Souchet, on the subject of evacuating Spain by the French army. Previously to the Duke's arrival at Valençay, Ferdinand, impatient of his return, had despatched Don Joseph Palafox, to Madrid, with new

instructions. At length, after many obstructions, the King, accompanied by the Duke, set out upon his return. It was found expedient to proceed, in the first instance, to Saragossa; and, the Cortes not choosing to give up the reins of government, they next went to Valencia, in the month of April.

On the third of May, the Duke of San Carlos was appointed first Secretary of State. In consequence of the refusal of General Freyre to accept the office of Minister of War, the Duke accepted it, in conjunction with that of Minister of the King's Household. The former post he soon afterwards resigned in favour of General Eguia.

The Duke of San Carlos was presented by the Emperor of Russia with the decoration of the Order of the Black Eagle—by the King of Prussia, with that of the Red Eagle—and by the King of Naples, with the insignia of the orders of Saint Ferdinand and Merit, and Saint Januarius; with a very flattering letter of thanks from his Sicilian Majesty, for his having contributed to his re-establishment on the throne.

Soon after the restoration of King Ferdinand, the Duke, his minister, commenced the task of introducing a system of economy into the kingdom: he established a junta of ministers, over whom he presided—took various measures for a general repair of the roads, increasing the number of canals, and reviving the credit of the national bank—and he established several academies for the cultivation of the arts and sciences. Notwithstanding these very laudable exertions, his enemies were numerous; and, finding them increase, he, in the month of November, 1814, obtained permission to terminate his ministerial functions.

In October, 1815, he was nominated ambassador to the Austrian Court. In 1817, he was recalled, and sent, in the same capacity, to the court of Britain, where he resided some years, till replaced by the Duke de Frius. His next and last diplomatic appointment, which he held until the time of his death, was at the French Court. He died at Paris, of an aneurism of the heart, on the 17th of July, in the present year. His health is said to have declined very rapidly, since the death of his favourite daughter, the Countess de Lessine. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, the Count del Puerto, an officer in the royal guards of Spain.

M. CHARLES.

Jacques-Alexandre César Charles, late librarian to the Institut Royal, at Paris, whose name recalls to our recollection the progress of experiments in natural philosophy, and an extraordinary discovery, was born at Baugency, November 12, 1746. In his early years he cultivated music and painting, and was remarked by a delicate and singular facility in acquiring the most varied talents. He occupied, for some time, an in-

ferior situation in the finances, and nothing at that period foretold that he would one day become one of the most able natural philosophers in Europe; still, either in the cultivation of the arts, or in his ordinary occupations, he undertook nothing but what he completed with elegance, justness, and precision. At length the plans of the comptroller-general of the finances forced M. Charles to enter into the career of the sciences. This employment was soon suppressed, when the name of Franklin and his discoveries mainly contributed to bring into vogue the study of natural phenomena. M. Charles therefore launched into the arena of science by public demonstrations, and was attended by numerous auditors, and in a short time his lectures gained great celebrity; inasmuch, that Franklin himself, then ambassador at the court of Versailles, being present at one of them in which he had been eminently successful, said, "I see very well that nature has nothing to refuse you."

M. Charles had proceeded several years as a professor, when a striking and unlooked-for discovery astonished the amateurs of science. The brothers Montgolfiers had succeeded in constructing a machine capable of moving and elevating itself in the air to a great height, and supporting a considerable weight, which was received with joy and admiration throughout Europe; it was hailed as a new era, in which man, master at last of the only element left for him to contend with, might see his power over nature doubled. It was on the 5th of June, 1783, when the Montgolfiers made their first experiment, in presence of the states of Vivarais, assembled at Annonay; their balloon weighed 500 lbs., and elevated itself in ten minutes to the height of 1,000 toises; it then became stationary for a short time, and slowly descended, after having made an horizontal line of 7,200 feet. As soon as this was known at Paris it excited a general enthusiasm; all lovers of science felt the most lively desire to repeat the experiment, and M. Charles, from his celebrity, was fixed on to undertake it; and on the 27th of August, 1783, his balloon ascended from the Champ-de-Mars, in presence of a prodigious number of persons, who had the satisfaction of witnessing its complete success. The public astonishment was carried to its highest pitch afterwards, on viewing the ill-fated Pilatre-de-Rosiere, and the Marquis d'Arlande, ascend in the air, seated in a boat suspended to a balloon. At length M. Charles formed a project not less adventurous, and, accompanied by M. Robert, ascended, from the Tuilleries, to the height of 7,000 feet, and travelled in the air nine leagues in the course of several minutes, and safely descended at Nesle, in presence of the celebrated Duc d'Orleans (then Duc de Chartres), and the *élite* of the court of France. After M. Robert had quitted the car, M. Charles reascended, the balloon rapidly attaining the region of the clouds in a still

higher degree, when he again descended perfectly safe.

We well remember two anecdotes worthy recording upon this subject, of Louis XVI., both denoting the kind character of that prince. When he had been informed of the intention of M. Charles, fearful of the event, he ordered the police magistrate to prevent the ascension; but from some accident the order was eluded; and when his majesty heard the success of this daring enterprise, he gave M. Charles a pension from his own private purse, which was continued to the period of the revolution.

Some time after this event, the Duke of Orleans ascended with Messrs. Charles and Robert, from his (then) park of St. Cloud. It was in this excursion *aux nues* that the duke found himself obliged to cut open the balloon with his sword, which caused the aerial travellers to descend with more alacrity than they wished, although without any material accident.

Although aerostatic ascensions have offered spectacles the most astonishing, which the genius of man could ever imagine, yet they have not hitherto conferred any immediate advantages to society; still it must be confessed, that in their progress, the process discovered and perfected by M. Charles, has been uniformly followed.

Once during the lectures of M. Charles, the terrific leveller Marat, who professed the physical sciences, without any ceremony went to the apartments of M. Charles, and annoyed him with his opinions, which he called *discoveries*. M. Charles in return, with his usual perspicuity, explained the objects in discussion, when Marat, whom nothing reasonable could ever convince, became frantic, and drawing his sword, fell upon the professor, who being a powerful man, and excited by the imminent peril, rapidly seized his enemy, threw him down, and taking his sword from him, broke it to pieces. Marat fainted away,* and for some time life appeared doubtful. M. Charles called in his neighbours to assist him, and Marat was carried home, whilst Charles went to the minister of police to inform him of the transaction. We need hardly hint what a source of affliction this event became to Charles's friends, during the system of terror, when his adversary possessed such unbounded power; but luckily Charles had the happiness of being forgotten; he was lost in the innumerable host of the monster's new enemies.*

* Marat, previous to the revolution, pretended to be the apostate of liberty, and was the same vain captious egotist in England, when he published here his "*Chains of Slavery*," written expressly against the court of Versailles, about the year 1775. He was an envious mountebank, perpetually endeavouring to overthrow the reputation of every man of merit, and loading himself with consummate praise; and this attack upon Charles, whom he would have murdered, was solely because that professor had not spoken with adulation of his experiments. He was always the sanguinary wretch he afterwards so fully demon-

Although he escaped this danger, yet the remembrance of the revolutionary horrors obliges us to recount another. He had received from royal munificence, with his pension, apartments at the Louvre, and the rich cabinet of curiosities which he had formed, occupied a part of the Galerie d'Apollon. When the Tuilleries was attacked (August 10, 1792) the assassins penetrated into his apartments. Charles seeing himself so suddenly assailed by the furious multitude, avowed himself, and brought to their recollection his aerostatic ascensions, and even shewed them the car he used, which now became to him a monument of protection, for he owed his life solely to the singular impression this remembrance made on them. But a more powerful motive than personal interest animated him on this perilous occasion, and gave to his words an extraordinary effect, and indeed at no period of his life had he been so eloquent: one of his brothers, an ecclesiastic, pursued by the revolutionary demons, was hid in his apartments, where Charles had secretly kept him for above two months. After some useless searches the murderers retired; thus fraternal piety, presence of mind, talents, and courage, obtained a double blessing!

In the latter years of his life Charles was attacked by the stone, which, at length, (at the commencement of the present year), making rapid and despairing progress, obliged him to endure, with resignation, an operation almost without hope, and three days after, he was lost to science and the world—dying, he said, “I die without regret, since I shall not be forgotten by my friends!”

JEAN SAMUEL ERSCH.

The Universities of Halle and Jena have lately lost a professor who was esteemed one of the most indefatigable that bibliography had to boast of in Europe—Jean Samuel Ersch, born in 1766, at Gross-Glogau, in

strated, and affected to challenge the whole world; yet at the same time a remarkable coward. Indeed he was ever in fear, for he had been informed that he had been watched closely when in England; we believe it was the Editor of *Le Gazetteur Gaiassé*, who gave him this hint, which, to the day of his death, continually haunted him. Thus, when in 1782, he wrote a “Memoir on the Criminal Law,” which he dared not put his name to, “because,” said he, “that will be the way to the Bastille.” Indeed, Brissot, who relates this anecdote, characterised him thus: “Under despotism he was afraid of the Bastille, and since the reign of liberty he has always been in fear of prisons!” In 1797, he was importuned by Brissot to join the popular party. “No,” said he, “I would rather continue my physical experiments in peace, for philosophy does not lead to the Bastille; besides, the French are not yet sufficiently ripe nor courageous enough to support a revolution.” This was the monster that a very short time after, not only preached (in his halfpenny paper called “*L'Ami du Peuple*!”) but saw put in practice, the doctrine, that “*pour affranchir la France il faut que le sang de 300,000 têtes aristocratiques ruissellent dans les rues!*”—the blood of the heads of three hundred thousand aristocrats must flow, before France can be free!

Silesta. He resided formerly at Jena, where he was occupied in periodical works on geography and statistics, and where he translated a variety of interesting voyages and travels in foreign countries. In 1788 he published a catalogue of the anonymous works of Germany, serving as a supplement to the work of Meusel, entitled “*Learned Germany*.” He was associate with Schutz and Bertuch, in conducting the “*Literary Gazette of Jena*,” and he contributed to that work until the beginning of the present year. He likewise edited a “*Repertory of the Journals*, and other Periodical German Works on Geography and History,” in 3 vols., in which he indicated the different *Mémoires* contained in the journals. At Hamburg he edited the “*Gazette Politique*,” in which he continued the *Repertory of Literature* that he had commenced at Jena. It was at Hamburg also he published the work which made known the name and the laborious researches of this German bibliographer. His “*Literary France*,” containing the French authors from 1771 to 1791, with two continuations, which he published in 1800 and 1806, was very favourably received, although some faults and omissions were apparent, which it is hoped will be remedied and improved by M. Quérard's forthcoming work at Paris, as that is undertaken upon a grander scale. Ersch likewise published “*The New German Library*,” without mentioning many other literary productions, the severe toils of which brought upon him a very serious illness; but having, in 1800, been chosen librarian to the University of Jena, he returned to that town, and there commenced a course of lectures on geography and modern history. Some years after, he was named chief librarian and professor of geography and statistics at the University of Halle, where he transferred the *Literary Gazette of Jena*. He there continued his bibliographic researches with the same zeal and attention, and published his “*Manual of German Literature*,” from the middle of the eighteenth century to the end of 1814, in two heavy volumes; and he continued, after the death of Meusel, “*Learned Germany*,” which contained an indication of all the works composed by each author, and the journals where they were either criticised or analyzed. He undertook, in conjunction with M. Gruber, a “*General Encyclopedia of the Arts and Sciences*,” an immense work, and which differed advantageously from all other encyclopedias, inasmuch as every thing in it was reduced to facts, and in which care was taken to join to every article numerous bibliographic references, where the reader might find more ample information upon all its various subjects. Unfortunately, the enterprise was more than Germany could support, and the work was discontinued, which so affected poor Ersch that he took it seriously to heart, and, falling ill, at length expired, broken-

hearted, the 16th of January last, at Halle.

Ersch was one of those laborious professors with which Germany, more than any other country, so much abounds. He was continually sought after and consulted; and, notwithstanding the occupation and toil with which he was almost overpowered, he still found time for satisfying the reiterated demands made upon his various knowledge. Nor can we conclude this short notice without wishing, in justice to his memory, that means may yet be found for finishing the very voluminous and useful encyclopedia—a work so much wanted in Germany, and the commencement of which was so arduously undertaken by Ersch and his coadjutor.

MONSIEUR GALLOIS.

Monsieur Gallois, a member of the French Institute, in the class of Political Economy, was formerly known, in England, as well as in his own country, as an active revolutionist. In 1798, he was sent over to negotiate an exchange of prisoners with the English government; but, from some cause, with which we are unacquainted, his mission failed of success, and he was even forbidden to reside in the metropolis.

After his return, M. Gallois was, in 1799, made a member of the Tribunat. He is considered to have exerted himself very effectively in procuring the elevation of Buonaparte to the imperial dignity; and particularly in drawing up an instrument for the purpose of rendering that dignity hereditary.

In 1805, he made an official report on the letter which had been written by Buonaparte to the King of England. It was, we believe, for that service that he received the cross of the Legion of Honour. After the Tribunat was dissolved, he entered into the legislative body. In 1813, he was named, with M. Lainé, and others, one of the commissioners to inspect the papers relative to the negotiations of France with the allies. The report of the commissioners was, that peace alone could save the country.

On the last night of the year 1813, M. Gallois was one of the deputies who were appointed to present the compliments of the season to Buonaparte, who was then in momentary danger of perdition, and who was pleased to treat the deputation as traitors to his state and power. M. Gallois, however, remained at his post in the Assembly, and was one of the first to acquiesce in and promote the abdication of his fallen master. In the month of August following, he expressed himself with great energy in favour of the liberty of the press; observing, that none but despots need fear it, or would lay it under restraint.

When Buonaparte returned from Elba, M. Gallois finally retired from public life. He died at Paris, on the 6th of July, bequeathing a rich library to the Institute. He is known as the translator of Filangieri's work on the Science of Legislation.

DR. HOOK.

The Rev. Dr. James Hook, Dean of Worcester, &c., was the eldest son of Mr. James Hook (musical composer for Vauxhall Gardens, for nearly half a century), and brother of Theodore Hook, Esq., the well-known author of *Sayings and Doings*, and various other popular works.

Educated at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, Mr. Hook entered into Holy Orders. Previously, however, to that important epoch of his life, he is said to have written for the stage, in 1795 and 1797, a comic opera, entitled *Jack of Newbury*; and another dramatic piece, *Diamond Cut Diamond*; but we are not aware that either of these productions has been published.

Mr. Hook married, in 1797, the second daughter of the late Sir Walter Farquhar. He had also the good fortune to be patronized by one of the members of the Royal Family; and, through a combination of fortunate circumstances, aided by merit and talent of no common order, he rose rapidly in the church, obtained a lucrative living, became one of the King's Chaplains, a Prebendary of Winchester, chief Deacon of Huntingdon, and Dean of Worcester; and, in all probability, had he lived a few years longer, a mitre would have encircled his brow.

Amongst Dr. Hook's clerical publications, we find—*Anguis in Herba*, a Sketch of the True Character of the Church of England, 8vo. 1813;—A Sermon preached at St. George's, Hanover Square; with a Correspondence between Earl Grey and the Author on the subject of it, 1812;—and a Charge to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Huntingdon, 1816.

The correspondence between Earl Grey and Dr. Hook, mentioned above, arose from the circumstance of the preacher having stated some opinions respecting the Roman Catholic Question. Lord Grey animadverted upon those opinions with great severity; and Dr. Hook replied with equal pungency.

The Rev. Dean died at Worcester, on the 5th of February. This event was thus respectfully announced in the *Worcester Journal* of the following day:—"We have the painful task of recording the death of our worthy Dean, the Rev. Dr. Hook, whose courtesy and hospitality endeared him to all ranks, during his comparatively short residence at the deanery. He expired yesterday, between twelve and one o'clock, in the 56th year of his age." The consignment of his body to our parent earth, in the succeeding week, was, also, thus honourably recorded:—"The funeral of our late lamented Dean, Dr. Hook, took place on Tuesday, in our Cathedral. The whole of the Choir, the Minor Canons, the Lay Clerks, the Prebendaries, the Archdeacon, and the Lord Bishop of the diocese, were in the procession. The pall bearers were Lords Foley and Deerpurth; Colonel Davies, M. P.; Sir Anthony Lech-

mere, Bart. ; Mr. Whinnington-Ingram ; Messrs. Isack, Lechmere, and Wall. The mourners consisted principally of the Dean's family ; the King's scholars closing the melancholy train. The body was deposited in a vault of our Lady's chapel. We may truly say, that never was more general or sincere sorrow felt, than has been excited here by the death of this most estimable divine ; who, during his short residence at the Deanery, had, by his charity and benevolence, secured the gratitude of the poor ; and by his urbanity and hospitality, obtained the esteem and affection of all who knew him in the county and city."

THE COUNT DE SEZE.

The memory of this noble-minded French royalist, who died in the month of April, will long be cherished with feelings of respect and devotion, from the fearlessness with which he advocated the cause of his sovereign, Louis XVI. He had been se-

lected, with Tronchet, and Lamorgion de Malesherbes, then in his seventy-third year, to prepare the defence of their illustrious client. With what success, history too truly records : the task of delivering that defence was entrusted to De Seze.

More fortunate than his venerable colleague, Malesherbes, De Seze survived the horrors of the reign of terror, and had the exalted gratification of living to witness the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty. His fidelity was then rewarded. He was created a peer of France, grand treasurer of the order of the Holy Ghost, commander of the king's orders, and first president of the Court of Cassation.

Eminently moral and pious in all the relations of life, the Count de Seze expired in the arms of his children, to whom his dying words were addressed :—" You have always, like me, followed the path of duty : continue in it, my dear children."

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE Continental harvests have partaken, generally, of the defects of our own. Ireland seems to have been more fortunate, few complaints having arrived from thence, and considerable improvement having taken place in the condition of her labouring population. Greater numbers of them have found employment at home during the present, perhaps, than during any past year within memory. As subjects for wonder will never be wanting, even Ireland is, at length, rising in the scale of nations. Scotland, also, boasts a more prosperous harvest than the generality of our more Southern counties. In Perth, and the higher northern districts, though the wheat was beat down by the winds, it has been secured with little damage or complaint, excepting, in some parts, of a yellow caterpillar ; the quantity about two-thirds of an average ; the late sown wheats defective, all of various quality. Oats, barley, beans, peas, potatoes, a full average and of good quality. Turnips a vast crop. The oats are said to be the largest crop that has been obtained of late years. From Scotland we have received high panegyrics of the Irish labourers, as not only steady workmen, but able to cut a greater breadth of corn in a day, at the same time performing it with greater ease, than any other. Hopes are expressed that their usual annual visits to Scotland may ever continue. In various parts of England, complaints have been made of a deficiency of labourers for the harvest ; in consequence, labour has been so dear, that good hands have earned upwards of eight shillings a day. This has chiefly arisen from the circumstance, that we have had less of Irish assistance during the present, than in former harvests.

Notwithstanding this reduced number of harvest labourers, several of our Correspondents express their apprehension of a surplussage of hands, during the approaching winter, and an extreme solicitude as to the ability of their parishes for the support of the supernumeraries. In this very serious exigence, they seem to have no other resource than in assistance from the legislature, which surely, all past expectations and circumstances considered, must be a very precarious dependence, if not absolutely a forlorn hope. A plan has been proposed of splitting the large parishes, each into two or three ; but granting such a scheme might produce a better regulation of the support of paupers, or the unemployed, it could bring no accession of labour, which is the great *desideratum*. As it appears to us, the legislature can afford no relief in such a case, which indeed can only be supplied by the tenantry themselves, assisted by their landlords. It is, in fact, a strange occurrence, that the most important occupation of the most flourishing and opulent country upon the face of the earth, should be so managed, as to be incapable of giving bread for the labour it requires. Something surely must be radically wrong, must be rotten to the core, in such a state of things.

In all concerns of moment, men should look to themselves, and, taking an impartial view of their own conduct, endeavour to ascertain how much of the misfortune suffered, may have originated in their own error, and to what degree the remedy may lie within their own power. We will briefly recur to one source of ill success in farming, which we have repeatedly noticed in these reports—the excessive, and we venture to add, shameful,

foul and weedy state of vast breadths of both arable and pasture land, throughout this country, so boastful of her agriculture. Now the clearing away this degrading nuisance would, at once, employ a great additional number of labourers, and return a vast profit to their employers. There are also many profitable articles heretofore cultivated in England, but many years since entirely neglected, since wheat has been the golden object, the culture of which might now be advantageously revived. There are, too, numbers of indispensable articles which we have long been voluntarily in the habit of importing, that might be profitably grown at home. Our tenantry, indeed, complain, and very justly, of the oppressive burden of taxation; for though the public bears this burden, it must be understood with respect to those growers who have the means of holding their corn, whilst the less fortunate in that respect, on every falling market, must feel heavily the grievous weight of taxation. On this point, indeed, the appeal to Parliament is most legitimate. And it is the clearest and most obvious duty of all public bodies, to use their accumulated and powerful influence on the legislature, for the removal of all unnecessary, that is to say, of all taxation which is not required for truly public and national purposes. Such, however, seems by no means the leading object of our great agricultural associations. Finally, the signs of the times seem to indicate, that the monopoly of home-grown corn cannot be revived or obtained.

A summer, the most variable, wet, stormy, and blighting, that we have seen during many years, has been fortunately concluded by some weeks of the most mild and beautiful weather, with which our fickle climate ever indulges us. The result has been most fortunate for late harvests, and for those farmers in early districts who had either the good luck or the discretion not to be too hasty in their operations. The wheat crop will be full as defective as we stated in our last; nor will the quality of the best preserved, equal that produced in a good, namely, a dry season. Wet summers are unfriendly to the weight and quality of bread corn. However, price will make ample amends to the fortunate growers of the best samples of the year, and even afford some indemnity to the less fortunate, since the damp and rough corn will fill the bushel. Had not the Corn Bill passed, wheat would at this moment have been at an alarming price, sufficient to excite the most heart-burning clamours in the country. It may at present be deemed high, with little probability of a fall, since, from a harvest like the late, the supplies from abroad cannot be so considerable as in productive years. Old wheat is superior in price to the new, by 6s. to 16s. per quarter. The straw of all culmiferous crops is necessarily great, from the constant moisture of the season; and in the least fortunate districts, it is averred, that a sheaf of wheat has scarcely produced beyond one-half of the weight of corn, which was rendered by a sheaf of last year, the quality also cold, rough, and lean. These facts have been speedily ascertained, as the flail and threshing-mill, this year, have been called into very early operation.

The spring crops have been universally more prosperous than the wheats, both in straw and corn. Beans and peas are the most productive; oats standing next, though much of this corn was blown away by the high winds. Barley is a great crop, but a considerable part of it discoloured; and that which has been put up in a damp state, will scarcely escape being mow-burnt, thence unfit for matting. Much corn of all kinds, indeed, was stacked in so moist a condition, as to induce the necessity of unmaking the rick, in order to dry the sheaves. The harvest has been most perplexing and expensive, but to the fortunate few. The fen counties appear to have suffered most, and the heaviest calamities of the season have arisen from the floods. Clover seed, from the favourable change of the weather, has succeeded beyond expectation, yet will not be an abundant crop. Trefoil is a crop, and winter tares particularly good. Turnips, potatoes, and mangel wurzel are great crops—the after grasses most abundant, and the fallows green like a meadow, and full of keep. But in the fens, both the cole and turnips are unproductive. Our late observation has been verified, as to the inferior quality of grass forced into an inordinate luxuriance by constant moisture. Beasts, in the great cattle districts, have not improved in proportion to the superabundance of grass. The present cannot be deemed a great fruit year, nor is the quantity of any species entitled to particular commendation.

All store stock is in great request. Cart colts are at an extravagant price, and the import of horses continues. Wheat sowing began early, the length of the harvest, and condition of the fallows considered. These last, indeed, we never before saw in a more foul and slovenly condition. The next crop of wheat, that is to say, the proprietors of it, will suffer heavily for this. Hops, in consequence of the late favourable weather, have improved, but neither the quality or extent of the crop can be yet ascertained.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 6d.—Pork, 5s. to 6s.—Raw fat, 2s. 4d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46s. to 90s.—Barley, 34s. to 40s.—Oats, 19s. to 34s.—Bread, The London fine 4 lb. loaf 11d.—Hay 55s. to 100s.—Clover ditto, 75s. to 120s.—Straw 32s. to 38s.

Coals in the Pool, 27s. to 39s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, September 22d.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The Sugar Market has been languid all the week; but the prices are fully supported, except for the very ordinary Brown Muscovadoes, which have in several instances been sold on rather lower terms. At the close of the market this afternoon the estimated amount of sales for the week were stated at 2,600 hghds. and tierces.

Coffee.—There have been several public sales of British Plantation Coffee this week; and some descriptions, of late so much neglected, have met with purchasers at advanced prices.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There have been rather extensive cargoes of Rum at market this week, as also a good supply of Brandy: moreover, Geneva is still inquired after; but no supplies of any extent are yet needed.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The latter article continues progressing: and has experienced an advance of from 6d. to 1s. 6d. per cwt. during the past week. Hemp is also in good demand. In Flax there is little variation.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3½.—Altona, 13. 14.—Paris, 25. 40.—Hamburg, 13. 14.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Frankfort, 151½.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 1½.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Madrid, 36½.—Cadiz, 36½.—Bilboa, 30.—Barcelona, 35½.—Seville, 35½.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48½.—Genoa, 25. 40.—Naples, 39½.—Palermo, 119.—Venice, 47½.—Lisbon, 45½.—Oporto, 45½.—Rio Janeiro, 20½.—Bahia, 34½.—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9¾d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 292½.—Coven-try, 1,000½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 107½.—Grand Junction, 305½.—Kennet and Avon, 29½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 413½.—Oxford, 700½.—Regent's, 26½.—Trent and Mersey, (½ sh.), 805½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 260½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 88½.—West India (Stock), 215½.—East London WATER WORKS, 120½.—Grand Junction, 56½.—West Middlesex, 69½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½.—Globe, 160½.—Guardian, 21½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 101½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Char-tered Company, 52½.—City, 0½.—British, 8 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of August to the 23d of September 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Barker, Shrewsbury, coffee-house keeper
T. Fortune, Heighington, Durham, cattle-jobber
BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 53.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Allen, W. S. Kingston-upon-Hull, bookseller.
[Hall and Co., Beverley]
Armand, P. le Comte de Fontaine Moreau, South-
ampton-street, Fitzroy-square, and Church-
court, Old Jewry, silk-merchant. [Darke,
Red-lion-square]
Alexander, I. and A. Stodart, Upper Clapton,
brick-makers and builders. [Stratton and
Overton, Shoreditch]
Brooke, W. Gainsborough, innkeeper. [Spike,
Temple; Wells, Gainsborough]
Brandon, J. I. Rickmansworth, merchant. [Ja-
cobs, Great St. Helens]
Blake, J. G. Chelsea, shipowner. [Wright, Alie-
street]
Bonner, C. Spalding, scrivener. [Carter, Spal-
ding]
Brearley, J. Milnrow, Rochdale, shopkeeper.
[Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham,
Brighouse, Halifax]
Boone, A. and J. Piccadilly, hatters. [Coe, Hat-
ton-garden]

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VI. No. 34.

Cook, J. J. Southwark-bridge-road, coach-maker.
[Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence-lane]
Crosland, J. Honley, Almondbury, York, scrib-
ling-miller. [Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Carr,
Gomersal, Leeds]
Dickinson, G. Liverpool, dealer. [Norris and
Co., Bedford-row; Woodburn, Pre-ton]
Davis, T. Goswell-street, cheesemonger, [Bous-
field, Chatham-place, and Mould, Great Knight
Rider-street]
Edwards, P. B. Tanyralt, Carnarvon, merchant.
[Kearsey and Hughes, Lothbury; Williamson,
Liverpool]
Edmunds, A. Worcester, timber-merchant. [Car-
dale and Co., Gray's-inn; Parker and Smith,
Worcester]
Emet, J. Downend, Mangotsfield, Gloucester,
stone-quarryman. [Adlington and Co., Bed-
ford-row; Haynes, Bristol]
Foster, F. Oxford-street, tailor. [Sutcliffe and
Co., New-bridge-street]
Fallows, S. Stainland, York, cotton manufac-
turer. [Williamson, Gray's-inn; Norris, Hal-
ifax]
Fair, C. Liverpool, wine-merchant. [Prest, Li-
verpool]
Geary, J. Brentwood, master-mariner. [Badde-
leys, Leman-street]

3 L

- Herring, J. M. Aberystwith, victualler. [Davies, Temple
Harris, J. Bletchington, Oxford, tailor. [Bridger, Finsbury-circus; Cecil, Oxford
Harris, G. North-buildings, Finsbury, bill-broker. [Norton, Jewin-street
Hone, W. Ludgate-hill, bookseller. [Harmer, Hatton-garden
Jones, R. Reading, canvass - manufacturer. [Church, Spital-square
Kemp, J. A. Prittlewell, Essex, miller. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle
Lister, H. North Audley-street, tailor. [Jackson, New-inn
Little, E. C. Old Kent-road, Camberwell, brewer. [Hayward, Temple
Lane, J. N. St. Mary-at-hill, wine-merchant. [Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane
Lee, I. Bankside, Southwark, timber-merchant. [Walker, Gloucester-street, Queen-square
Luff, T. Long-lane, Bermondsey, victualler. [Child and Mann, Upper Thames-street
Lind, G. Brighton, merchant. [Collier and Co., Carey-street
Moore, T. Tipton, Stafford, grocer. [Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Spurrier and Ingleby, Birmingham
Marshall, C. H. Cheltenham, merchant. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruett and Co., Cheltenham
Maunder, W. and J. Morchard Bishop, Devon, serge - manufacturers. [Anderson and Co., Bridge-street, Blackfriars; Terrell and Barton, Exeter
Metcalf, R. Haddiscote, Norfolk, miller. [Francis, New Boswell-court; Beart, Great Yarmouth
Nelson, W. Broad-street, Golden-square, oilman. [Atkins and Davies, Fox Ordinary-court
Palmer, J. Wells, innholder. [Miller, Frome, Selwood
Roper, P. H. Manchester-street, dealer. [Bebb and Ganning, Bloomsbury-square
Rhodes, E. and W. H. Sheffield, cutlers. [Smith, Sheffield
Snelus, T. Oxford, carrier. [Dudley, Oxford
Smallbones, G. Bath-place, New-road, St. Pancras, glass-cutter. [Gill, Millman-street
Shaw, J. Newsome, Almondsbury, York, merchant. [Sandars, Old Jewry; Jacomb and Tindale, Huddersfield
Scholefield, J. Middleton, Lancashire, dealer in coals. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Duckworth and Co., Manchester
Tress, C. Bishop's Stortford, grocer. [Chester, Staple-inn
Town, J. Croydon, innkeeper. [Parker, Bouverie-street
Tomlinson, J. Salisbury-street, Strand, milliner. [Richardson, Ironmonger-lane
Tanner, P. Manchester, publican and iron-founder. [Heslop, Manchester
Thurtell, J. Great Yarmouth, commission-agent. [Austin, Gray's-inn; Palmer, Great Yarmouth
Wetherall, W. Mansfield, horse-dealer. [Perkins and Frampton, Gray's-inn; Raisbeck and Co., Stockton
Wadsworth, C. Salford, spirit-dealer. [Morris and Goolden, Manchester
Winder, J. Leicester, draper. [Ashurst, Sambrook-court
Watkins, H. D. Limehouse-hole, mast-maker. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. L. Bowles, to be a Canon Residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral.—Rev. L. H. Biddulph, to be Vicar of Old and New Shoreham, Sussex.—Rev. T. N. Blagden, to the Vicarage of Washington, Sussex.—Rev. L. Jefferson, to the Vicarage of Brough, Westmoreland.—Rev. R. Roocke, to the Rectory of Lynden, Rutland.—Rev. T. M. Symonds, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Countess of Carysfort.—Rev. T. Pitman, to the Vicarage of Eastbourne, Sussex.—Rev. R. J. Beadon, to the Vicarage of Holcombe Burnell.—Rev. J. Bettridge, of York, to the Living of St. Paul, the new church near the Asylum.—Rev. J. Skelton, to the Chaplaincy of Wykeham.—Rev. E. Ramsden, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. James's, Upper Darwent, Lancaster.—Rev. T. Furneaux, to the Augmented Perpetual Curacy of St. German's, Cornwall.—Rev. E. P. Stock, to the Curacy of St. James's, Bath.—Rev. W. Hobson, to the Perpetual Curacy of Thurton, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Salter, to the Rectory of Iron Acton, Gloucester.—Rev. J. C. Campbell, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Argyll.—Rev. J. Fayer, to be Master of

the Grammar School at Chard.—Rev. G. W. Wrangham, to the Rectory of Thorpe Bassett, York, and Chaplain to the Duke of Montrose.—Rev. W. J. Thornton, Chaplain to Earl Leven and Melville.—Rev. G. F. Tavel, to the Rectories of Euston with Barnham, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Deatry, to the Chancellorship of Winchester.—Rev. M. Dallas, to the Rectory of Wonston, Hants.—Rev. M. Colpoys, to the Rectory of North Waltham.—Rev. A. Gibson, to the Vicarage of Chedworth, Gloucester.—Rev. H. N. Pearson, to be Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.—Rev. J. Wilkinson, to the Rectory of South Croxton, Leicester.—Rev. J. Hayton, to the Perpetual Curacy of Ryhope, Bishopwearmouth.—Rev. R. Ripley, to the Perpetual Curacy of Chester-le-Street.—Rev. Dr. Richardson, to the Rectory of Brancepeth.—Rev. G. L. Warner, to the Vicarage of St. Mary Breden, Canterbury.—Rev. J. Taylor, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Michael's at Thorn, Norfolk.—Rev. H. Green, to the Vicarage of Upton Snodsbury, Gloucester.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The King has appointed Viscount Melville, Vice-Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, Vice-Admiral Sir H. Hotham, Sir G. Clerk, bart., and G. C. Pratt, esq. (commonly called Earl of Brecknock) His Majesty's Commissioners for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral.—And the following have been appointed Commissioners for the Affairs of

India: Lord Ellenborough, Right Hon. R. Peel, Lords Aberdeen, Sir G. Murray, bart., Duke of Wellington, Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Lord Wallace, Right Hon. I. Sullivan, Lord Ashley, Marquis of Graham, L. Peel, esq., and Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

August 21.—Report of the Committee of the House of Commons published relative to their inquiry into the manner of obtaining dead bodies for dissection. Their proposition is to follow the example of France, and appropriate for dissection the bodies of those who die under public charge, or who, when dead, are not claimed by their friends.

25.—Parliament prorogued to October 30.

26.—A beautiful new Gothic chapel consecrated at Kennington, called St. Mary, Lambeth; it is intended to hold about 2,000 persons; and as auxiliary to the chapel, a Sunday school is to be established.

27.—The late Archbishop of Canterbury's will proved in Doctor's Commons; personal property taken at £180,000!!! The value of the nomination to the Registry of the Prerogative Court, secured to his Grace by an Act of Parliament only a few days before his death, estimated at upwards of £100,000 more.

28.—Workmen commenced pulling down Covent Garden Market, in order to proceed with the building of a new one immediately.

— Duke of Cambridge left town on his return to Hanover.

— Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England had a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, relative to the disposition of the funds arising from the deposits of the Savings' Banks.

— Merchants of Liverpool trading to the Brazils, memorialized the Admiralty for protection against pirates infesting the South American seas.

September 5.—Parliamentary Paper published, containing a table of the number of persons employed in all public offices, and the gross amount of their salaries in 1827; the number is stated to be 22,912, and the money paid them, £2,788,907!*

8.—The Jewish year 5589, ushered in at sunset with the preparatory rites observed on such occasions by the Israelites resident in the metropolis assembled at their synagogues. The Feast of Trumpets early the next morning was celebrated, in commemoration of Abraham's offering up his son.

— First stone laid of a Meeting House for the Society of Friends at Stoke Newington. The ex-

* In the reign of George I. the army consisted of 18,500 men; and "the whole peace establishment," says Sir J. Sinclair, "cost £2,583,000." So that the present corps of placemen exceeds that number by 4,000, and their salaries amount to more than the whole of the peace establishment of that reign!!!

pense is estimated at £10,000, and it is expected to be one of the handsomest buildings, as a place of worship, that has yet been erected by that respectable body.

11.—Old Bailey Sessions commenced.

12.—Advices from Lisbon announce the termination of the trial of Sir John M. Doyle and Mr. Young. Sir J. M. Doyle to be banished Portugal within eight days, and Mr. Young to find securities for not again interfering in the political affairs of the country.

13.—Notice sent to Lloyd's, from the Foreign Office, that the French Government had ordered an additional naval force to blockade Algiers.

20.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 24 prisoners received sentence of death (one of them only 15 years of age) and above 100 were ordered for transportation.

MARRIAGES.

D. Mackeller, esq., to Maria, daughter of Count Meneghetopulo, of Zante.—Lieut.-Colonel Dumaresq, to Elizabeth Sophia, daughter of the late Hon. A. R. B. Danvers.—Rev. A. P. Clayton, son of Sir W. Clayton, bart., to Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of the late Dean of Salisbury and Lady E. Talbot, and niece to the Duke of Beaufort.—Lord Clarina, to Susan Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Hugh Barton, esq., Battle-abbey.

DEATHS.

Hon. H. F. Stanhope, only brother to the Earl of Harrington.—Hon. and Rev. A. G. Legge, Dean of Lincoln.—93, Very Rev. Dr. R. D. Waddilove, Dean of Ripon.—Sir Henry Torrens, Adjutant-General of the Forces.—At Kensington, 79, T. A. Grindal, esq.—Her Grace Susan, Duchess of Manchester.—In Regent's-park, Mrs. C. A. D. Chapman, daughter of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.—At Blackheath, the Very Rev. Dr. G. Gordon, Dean of Lincoln.—Lady Montgomery, wife of Sir J. Montgomery, bart., M.P. Peebles.—In Myddleton-square, Mrs. T. Dibdin.—Lieut.-Col. Forsteen.—Ann, relict of Major General Fawcett.—90, Sir A. S. Namond, bart.; late comptroller of the navy.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Dr. Gall, the phrenologist.—In Sweden, Count Frederic Wachtmoister, lately in the British naval service.—At Stockholm, 85, Professor Thimberg.—At Dieppe, Miss Georgiana Drew, daughter of the late Lady Susan Douglas.—At Sydney, New South Wales, the Hon. C. Thorsby, member of the legislative council.—At Rotterdam, the Rev. H. Randolph.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

No less than 47 shopkeepers (many of them respectable! the *Tyne Mercury* says) were

fined, August 25, in the Mayor's Chamber, at Newcastle, for their scales being not just, or their weights deficient.

A letter from Lord Eldon to the Ship-owners of the Society of North Shields, has been recently published; it is dated July 23, and announces that the Duke of Wellington purposes giving his attention to the important case of the shipowners during the present recess of Parliament.

YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.

Lately part of the cliff at Owthorne, once the site of the Sister Churches, fell into the sea, by which circumstance a leaden coffin was discovered, containing the remains of a clergyman, interred there upwards of 120 years ago; he had been murdered, and thrown into a well, where he was found four years afterwards.

The question relative to the Vicarial Tithes at Halifax is now finally settled, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of York, who has undertaken to recommend the measure to the Crown; the sum to be paid to the vicar is £1,500 per annum. The arrangement will ultimately be ratified and settled, *in perpetuity*, by an act of Parliament.—*Leeds Mercury*.

The Exhibition of Fine Arts (Northern Society) at Leeds has closed; and £400 were taken for the sale of pictures during the season. The number of single admissions, sold at 1s. each, were 5,422, besides 442 season tickets at 5s. each.—*Leeds Intelligence*.

In consequence of the increased population of Preston, His Majesty has been pleased to grant to the Corporation a new Charter, bearing date August 7, 1828, and appointing the late mayor and the senior alderman, for the time being respectively, His Majesty's Coroners, and the residue of the aldermen His Majesty's justices of the peace for the borough, in addition to the Coroner, and four justices of the peace, heretofore appointed by former charters.

At Lancaster assizes, 3 prisoners received sentence of death for burglary; the calendar (like all the other counties of the northern circuit this summer) was very light.

The first stone of a new Wesleyan Protestant Methodist Chapel has been recently laid at Holbeck.

At the September meeting of the Yorkshire Horticultural Society, a cucumber was presented, called the Wellington, which measured upwards of two feet in length, and of a proportionate thickness.

The Bazaar at Wakefield has produced £444. 11s. 6d., for the benefit of the Dispensary and Fever Ward.

The stupendous work of removing a mountain into a valley, in the Godly-lane-road, near Halifax, is proceeding successfully, and will, when completed, surpass any improvement ever attempted in Yorkshire.

Married.] At Liverpool, Sir John Jervis W. Jervis, bart., to Miss Bradford.

CHESHIRE AND DERBY.

Respecting the Silk Trade, and comparing the present state of the throwing mills in Congleton, as contrasted with 1824, it appears that, in 1824, there were 52 mills in Congleton, containing 13,340 dozen spindles in full operation, furnishing

a remunerating return on the outlay employed, and an adequate price for labour, the average of each hand being somewhat more than 6s. per week. In 1825, commonly called the "mad year," 12 new mills were erected, and several others were enlarged. In 1828, the trade began with 64 mills; capable of containing 20,784 dozen of spindles. Of these mills, 25 are wholly unoccupied; and there are 12 parts of mills standing, comprehending 8,439 dozen of spindles; and the remainder, viz. 12,345 dozen, the number now in operation, are worked at a weekly loss to the occupier, notwithstanding an inadequate price for the labour, wages averaging somewhat more than 4s. per head, being a reduction of almost one-third, or upwards of 30 per cent.—*Macclesfield Courier*.

August 19, a new church was consecrated at Derby by the bishop of the diocese; it is in the Spanish Gothic style; and consists of a large oblong building, with four light and elegant towers at the corners, and other smaller embattled towers along the sides, and reminds the beholder of the Moorish buildings of Grenada.—*Derby Reporter*.

The cause against certain members of the corporation of Chester, as trustees of "Owen Jones's Charity," has been argued before the Vice-Chamberlain's Court, and given against them with costs; thus obliging them to render a faithful account of their stewardship, or suffer an attachment from the Chancery of the Palatinate.

At the Derby Musical Festival, the sum of £961. 4s. 11d. was received at the church doors during the four days; and the amount of tickets sold produced £2,944. 17s. 6d.

Died.] At Glossop, 70, the Rev. J. Barbe, a Roman Catholic clergyman, who had quitted France in 1793, in consequence of the revolutionary atrocities, and remained in England until his death, highly respected.—At Macclesfield, Mr. Batt, who for 21 years superintended the Sunday School.—At Bank-hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, 70, S. Frith, esq., deputy lieutenant of the county.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

The foundation stone of a new church has been recently laid at Wolverhampton; it will contain 2,300 sittings, of which 1,300 are to be free.

A new Wesleyan Chapel has been begun at Walsall; it is to be in the Grecian style.

Lord Kenyon has addressed "a Letter to the Protestants," dated August 30, on the state of the Catholic Question. With a proper respect for his lordship's motives and character, we read the following paragraph with surprise and sorrow:—"We live in times when every man who values principles should depend on his *own exertions*, and not on those of *princes, prelates, nobles, politicians, or parliament*. Some of the last sessions of parliament have shewn how little safe it is to trust to such quarters for security."—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

A meeting has been held at Shrewsbury for the purpose of promoting the building of a free church in the vicinity of Castle Foregate in that town, when a committee was formed, and a subscription entered into for that purpose.

A monument has been opened in St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, to the memory of the Rev. J. B. Blakeway, 31 years ordinary and official,

and 32 years minister to that parish; it was erected by subscription of the parishioners.

Died. At Stafford, 82, Mr. John Kenderdine, formerly shoe-manufacturer; he acted as agent for Sheridan in his elections for that borough, who called him always "Dear King John," as may be seen by the following note, inserted in Moore's Life of the orator:—"Cavendish-square, Sunday night.—"Dear King John, I shall be in Stafford in the course of next week, and if Your Majesty does not renew our old alliance, I shall never again have faith in any potentate on earth. Yours, very sincerely, R. B. Sheridan."

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The Bishop of Lincoln in his recent visitation charge to the clergy at Leicester, gave a description of the law regarding plurality of benefices, residence upon the respective livings, curates, &c. &c., and stated that he felt it to be his imperative duty to enforce the requisitions of this act with strictness and impartiality; and he took this opportunity of explaining the law to the clergy of his diocese, lest any should incur the penalty from want of information!

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The tolls payable at Deritend Bridge, and at the several other gates in Deritend, leading into Birmingham, ceased on August 27.

Several persons have been punished under the new Street Act for having baited a bull, attended by a great concourse of people.

The Committee at Birmingham, established for endeavouring to get that town represented in parliament, invited Mr. Tennyson to a public dinner, as a mark of respect for his disinterested exertions in the House of Commons in behalf of that object; and Mr. Shaw, the high bailiff, wrote to him, but Mr. T. politely declined the honour, in accordance with what he conceived his public duty; and in his answer to the high bailiff, avers that government must soon yield to the paramount authority of public opinion, notwithstanding their opposition for a time to their fair pretensions.

The expenses for the Western Division of the County of Northampton for the last year, amount to £7,529. 19s. 1d.; out of which £1,044. 10s. 5d. were paid for bridges and surveyor, and £5,000 for the law, viz. vagrants, felons, prosecutions, debtors, gaol, judges' house, county hall, and coroners! The disbursements for the Eastern Division were, besides, £3,635.

The Ladies' Bazaar at Leamington produced upwards of £700, for the benefit of the General Hospital and Dispensary.

At the Anniversary Meeting of the General Infirmary at Northampton, for the relief of the sick and lame of all counties, it appeared that 79,913 persons have been cured, and 8,508 relieved since its foundation in 1774. A sermon was preached for the charity, and £70. 7s. 7½d collected at the church doors.

At the Ladies' Bazaar at Northampton, for the benefit of the Infant School, the sum of £135. 1s. 3d. was collected.

Died. At Peterborough, 80, Mrs. A. Fox; her ancestor, Ross, was in the service of Mary Queen of Scots, at Potheringay-castle.—91, Mrs. M. Andrew, of Long Buckby; she was the mother of 12 children, grandmother of 63, great-grandmother of 113, and great-great-grandmother of 2, making

in all 190 descendants.—At Birmingham, 84, Mrs. Judith Mansell.—At Coventry, Rev. J. Davies.—Mrs. Harris, at Coleshill; she had been mistress of the workhouse 21 years.—At Leamington, Sir P. C. Silvester, bart.; he was son of Admiral Cartet, and nephew to the late Recorder of London.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The collection at the doors of the Cathedral at Hereford Music Meeting, amounted to £775. 9s. 3½d.

Died. At Hereford, J. Wathen, esq.—Within the space of four months have been interred at the parish of Powich, 8 persons, whose united ages amounted to 602 years; their names are as follows: John Penny, 85; Anne Goodman, 99; Thomas Brookes, 70; Mary Charles, 70; Thomas Grainger, 71; Mary Davis, 70; John Lea, 62; and Sarah Lawrman, 75.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The expences for paving, pitching, cleansing, and lighting the city of Bristol, and the liberties thereof, from January 1 to December 31, 1827, amounted to £10,953. 7s. 3d.

The disbursements for the county of Gloucester, from Easter sessions 1827 to Easter sessions 1828, amounted to upwards of £32,000; £17,158. 16s. 10½d. were expended for building and repairing county bridges, and nearly all the remainder for criminal jurisprudence and its attendants.

The collections, at the churches only, for the public charities at Cheltenham, have amounted during the last eight years to upwards of £5,500. The number of children now educating there at the public expense exceeds 1,600.

OXFORD AND BERKS.

A meeting was held at the Town-hall, Thame, August 28, to take into consideration the propriety of making a navigable canal from Aylesbury by Thame, to join the Wilts and Berks Canal at Abingdon, when a committee was formed for that purpose, as well as for an inquiry into the propriety of forming a railroad also instead of a canal. It was voted to raise a fund of £200,000 by shares of £25 each.

As one of the small boats which ply at and near Windsor was returning home, September 3, from Egham races, loaded with the extraordinary number of 19 persons, it struck on some stakes in the river, filled with water and sunk, when 9 persons perished.

The Bazaar, held at the National School, Banbury for the benefit of that institution and "The Visiting Charitable Society," was kept open two days, for the sale of fancy works, and produced upwards of £125.

An elegant school, for the gratuitous education of children, has just been completed at Wallingford, in the Gothic style, by public subscription.

HERTFORD AND ESSEX.

The new Corn Exchange at Bishop's Stortford will occupy a space of 126 feet in length, and 63 in width. The Exchange is at the north end, with counting-houses under a colonnade, supported by iron columns, which opens to an area in the centre, communicating to which is the hall, 60 by 25 feet, with entrances to the east and west. At the south end of the building is the butchers' fish,

and poultry market. Over the hall will be a coffee-room of the same dimensions, and 20 feet in height, with magistrates' and other rooms adjoining, the whole of which are so constructed as to be used for assemblies, concerts, or other public meetings. The building, when completed, will be an elegant specimen of the Grecian Ionic order.

Died.] At High Willows, 34, Henry, son of W. Thomson, esq.

KENT AND SURREY.

At a meeting held at Queenborough, of the fishermen of that place, to take into consideration their miserable situation, thanks were voted to the subscribers to their relief, and to Mr. Capel (one of their representatives in Parliament), who detailed to the meeting the efforts he had made to get a bill passed for their relief, but which, on the ground of informality, had at present failed—still he had every assurance, and from many circumstances, he firmly believed that justice was at hand. "We ask," said Skey, the fisherman, and defendant in the prosecution by the Mayor, "for the possession of what we received from our fathers, and what a jury declared to be our just inheritance." He concluded by a resolution, unanimously agreed to, "That in the midst of their privations, they looked forward with hope and confidence, that the nation would not, in their case, be presented with an instance of the prosperity of a town being destroyed, its source of industry annihilated, and its loyal inhabitants dispersed, for the sake of usurped authority and unconstitutional interest!"

A handsome new stone dock was recently opened in Chatham Yard; it is said to have cost £200,000!

Died.] At Dover, Forbes des Vœux, esq., son of Sir C. des Vœux, bart.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

The Commissioners for the better Regulating, &c. the Town of Brighthelmston, have published their account of disbursements for the last half year, by which it appears that the sum of £9,521. 17s. 8d. has been expended for that purpose. The expense for lighting and cleansing the streets amounted to £1,051. 9s. 4d., and upwards of £2,200 were paid for groynes and sea wall.

Married.] At Milbrook, the Rev. J. C. Ebdon to Eliza, grand-daughter of the late P. P. Powney, esq., M.P. Windsor.—At Southampton, Sir R. Williams to Mrs. Bingham.—At Hastings, the Hon. G. F. Hamilton, son of Viscount Boyne, to Emma Maria, daughter of the late Matthew Russell, of Brancepeth-castle, Durham, esq.

DORSET AND WILTS.

At the Salisbury Music Meeting, the sum of £1,790 was received at the six performances, leaving only £140 for charitable purposes, to which should be added the profits of the dress ball.

Died.] At Poole, 73, Mrs. Forrestal; she married 40 years ago, and a few hours after the ceremony, her husband left the town, and has never been heard of since.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

The new school rooms erected at Honiton for the children of the Daily and Sunday Schools on the National System, have been opened; the two rooms are capable of containing 150 children each. It is not a little gratifying to know that, since its establishment, the young ladies of Honi-

ton have principally instructed the female children themselves.

There are now 600 Portuguese exiles at Plymouth, among whom are magistrates, doctors of laws, physicians, merchants, officers, and some non-commissioned officers and privates, the greater part of whom are without resources. Every attention has been paid to these unfortunate foreigners by W. Fox, Esq., the Brazilian Vice-consul.—*Treeman's Exeter Flying Post.*

Died.] At Wiveliscombe, Mrs. Abigail Slowly; her death was occasioned by the overturning of the Barnstaple mail-coach!—At Sidmouth, Mrs. Cator.—At Wells, 80, Mrs. Jane Pulsford.—At Bath, 102, Mrs. Calvert.—At Tiverton, Mr. W. Salter.

CORNWALL.

The pilchard fishery has been more successful this season than it has been known to be for many years. At St. Ives, about 3,000 hogsheads have been secured by the seans; and at Fowey, upwards of 1,000 hogsheads of fish have been taken. A plan for curing them has lately been put in practice by Sir Isaac Coffin, and they turn out to be superior in flavour to the best red herrings.

Subscriptions have been entered into for rebuilding the Crown and Nisi Prius Courts at the Guildhall, Launceston.

A great number of Portuguese refugees have within the last ten days arrived at Falmouth. About 100 of these unfortunate foreigners landed from a Spanish brig, in which they embarked from Ferrol; a Swedish brig landed about 420 from the same place; a Spanish ship, a schooner, and a lugger, arrived with 616 refugees; and about 60 passengers came by the Marlborough, and 24 by the Stanmer. There are also at that place between 300 and 400 Germans, who arrived in the early part of the year in a vessel, in which they embarked for Brazil, but having put into Falmouth in distress, they refused to proceed, and have since remained there supported by the inhabitants!—*Western Flying Post, Sept. 15.*

Married.] At Fowey, Mr. Cowling to Miss Collings.

WALES.

We have heard much of the excellence of Scotch morals, generally ascribed to the influence of superior education; but we believe the Principality of Wales, if we are to take the amount of criminal offences as a fair criterion of the moral state of a country, furnishes fewer cases of judicial proceedings than the kingdom of Scotland, the respective number of their population being taken in the account. If in Wales there is not the refinement of England, neither are there the vices of England.—In Denbighshire, there are only 3 criminals in a population of about 70,000.—At Brecon, 2 for trial.—At Merioneth, not one prisoner for trial.—At Carnarvon, 4.—At Flint, 2.—At Cardigan, there was not one prisoner for trial! On this very cheering occasion, the officers' wands were decorated with white ribands!—At Carmarthen, the sessions were postponed in consequence of Mr. Justice Heywood having been attacked with paralysis.

At the late visitation dinner at Brecon, the Rev. Archdeacon Davies declared his intention of founding two scholarships of £25 each, at the College of St. David's, at Lampeter, from the pro-

ceeds of his archdeaconry. After an elegant sermon, preached by the bishop, £436. 17s. were added to the fund of that institution.

Denbigh Eisteddfod and Musical Festival was attended with the most exalted in rank and importance in the Principality. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was present, and received the freedom of the borough. The usual distribution of prizes took place.

Died.] At Wenvoe Rectory, Glamorgan, the Rev. T. Davies, upwards of 51 years the resident minister of that parish!—At Tenby, Pembroke, Mr. Serjeant Heywood, chief justice of the Carmarthen circuit.

SCOTLAND.

At a late hour yesterday evening, we received notice of a most distressing and melancholy accident which occurred on Loch Lomond that afternoon, whereby thirteen lives were lost. The Lady of the Lake, steam-boat, was on her return from her usual voyage to the head of the loch, and had lain to opposite Tarbet, to receive on board those passengers who had landed there, or such other visitors as were waiting for her at that place. The small boat, which belongs to the inn, immediately put off. The boat was crowded; there were from 20 to 25 crammed into the small coble. The lake was smooth, and shining as a mirror, and the steam-boat was not much more than thirty yards from the shore. A person, who was standing on the beach, described to us that the boat wobbled on, from one side to another, till it came close to the steamer; it then made a "green" towards the steamer, so alarming, that most of the passengers rose up and clustered to the other side, when the boat completely heeled over, and floated keel uppermost. It was a moment of intense agony. Few shrieks were heard—one or two piercing ones could be distinguished—and thirteen unfortunates were stifled with the waters instantly! Where the accident took place there was about five fathoms of water. Every exertion was made by those on board the steamer, and by those on shore to render assistance.—*Paisley Advertiser, Aug. 30.*

A beautiful new Light House is erecting on the Mull of Galloway. The tower will stand 85 feet above the base, which, added to an elevation completely natural from the level of the sea to the apex of the rock, of 270 feet, will render the beacon one of the highest and most commanding in the whole kingdom; it will cost £8,000.

Died.] At Perth, 106, Mrs. Margaret Macphail; she had a distinct recollection of the Rebellion, and had twice seen the unfortunate Prince Edward in his wanderings.

IRELAND.

The Lord Lieutenant has recently visited his estates at Carlingford, when his tenantry met him by appointment in the lawn, and he thus addressed them:—"My friends, I have long promised myself the pleasure of coming amongst you; various causes deprived me for a time of that pleasure. Ill health, for which I am sure you were all sorry, first detained me; again, when on the eve of coming, I was called to assist in the councils of our Most Gracious Sovereign—the call came from a quarter too high to admit a moment's hesitation. At length an opportunity offered me, which brought me, not to visit, but reside amongst

you. I was always an admirer of the Irish character, and I most unaffectedly declare, that in no part, either of England, Scotland, or Wales, have I found a tenantry more upright, more just, or more punctual, than in this part of Ireland. I am aware that I am addressing a mixed assemblage of Protestants and Catholics; but I came not here in the capacity of either, but as a friend. I care not at what altar a man worships, or under what form he sends forth his prayer to his Creator, but the honest man is the man I respect—he, and he alone, shall find a place in my confidence. I have never asked, nor I never will ask, any man to change his religion. In my relation to this country, I am called on to decide between parties, and I shall always endeavour to support that principle which I first professed, and which I made a condition of, when I accepted the government of this country—to know no man by his religion—to be guided in my decision only by the justice of the cause. If every man in his situation in Ireland would act on the same principle, prosperity would soon be restored to this country, proof would be given that the surplus capital of the sister kingdom could be safely transferred to this, and your shores, which now present a scene of beauty unequalled, would then show an increase of wealth unexampled.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Perhaps on no other assizes in the recollection of any person living have there been so few cases for trial on the Irish Circuits as this year. This has been attributed by some to the influence of the Liberator and the Catholic priesthood; but we have no doubt that the real cause of the change is the improved condition of the working classes; and the increase of the Irish revenue for same time past puts this almost beyond a doubt.

It appears from the Report of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the friends of the "Irish Sunday School Society," that there are 173,613 scholars attending these schools, and that 28,853 of them are above 15 years of age; in the last 18 years there had been an increase of 2,000 schools, and even since January (this year) 183 new schools had been formed. It appears that "education was given at a cost of no more than fourpence a year for each child." Last year there was a goodly army of nearly 16,000 teachers ranged under the banners of the Society, and although fully the one-half of these were women, "yet," said the Rev. R. Daly, "he was sure this army would do more to tranquillize and civilize Ireland, than twice that number of the stoutest soldiers ever led by the Duke of Wellington." The Earl of Roden, in acknowledging a vote of thanks, said, "I consider it the greatest honour of my life to be the president of this Society. My sovereign has been pleased to bestow many honours upon me, for which he has my humble gratitude; but I would tell him as I tell you, that I consider the honour of my nomination to my present office, as far superior to them all!"

Married.] At Inch Bridge, Clare, widow O'Kelly, 94, to a hearty young fellow, named M'Namara, 24!—At Dublin, the Rev. J. Hobson to Sarah, daughter to the late Right Hon. A. Browne.

Died.] At Collon, Louth, 88, Lord Oriel; his lordship commenced his Parliamentary career in the first year of George III.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of August to the 25th of September, 1828.

Aug.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. Ct. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	213½	88½	87½	96½	96½	101½	20 1-16	242	98 100p	73 74p	87½
27	—	87½	87½	96½	96½	101½	20 1-16	242 3	99 101p	73 74p	87½
28	213½ 14½	88½	87½	96½	96½	101½	20 1-16	242	102 104p	73 75p	87½
29	214½ 15	88½	87½	96½	96½	101½	20 1-16	—	103 105p	74 75p	87½
30	214½ 15	88½	87½	—	96½	102½	20 1-16½	—	103 106p	75 76p	87½
31	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Sep.	215½	88½	87½	—	96½ 97	102½	20 1-16½	—	—	75 77p	87½
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	214½ 15½	88½	87½	96½ 97½	97½	102½	20 1-16½	242	107 108p	74 76p	87½
4	214½ 15	—	87½	97½	97½	102½	—	—	108 109p	74 75p	87½
5	—	—	87½	97½	—	102½	—	—	108 109p	74 76p	87½
6	—	—	88½	—	—	102½	—	243	109p	74 75p	88½
7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8	—	—	88½	97½	—	102½	—	243	107p	74 76p	88½
9	—	—	87½ 88	97½	—	102½	—	243	100 105p	73 75p	88
10	—	—	87½ 88	—	—	102½	—	—	102 103p	73 75p	87½
11	—	—	88½	—	—	102½	—	—	84 87p	72 74p	88½
12	—	—	88½	—	—	102½	—	243½	87 89p	72 73p	88½
13	—	—	88½	—	—	102½	—	—	88 90p	73 74p	88½
14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
15	—	—	88½	—	—	102½	—	—	88 91p	73 75p	88
16	—	—	87½ 88½	—	—	102½	—	243½	91 103p	74 75p	88
17	—	—	87½ 88	—	—	102½	—	—	95 97p	74 76p	87½
18	—	—	87½ 88	—	—	102½	—	—	95 96p	74 77p	88
19	—	—	87½ 89	—	—	102½	—	243½	95 97p	75 77p	88
20	—	—	87½	—	—	102½	—	—	96p	76 77p	87½
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	—	—	87½ 88	—	—	102½	—	—	94p	75 77p	88
23	—	—	87½ 88	—	—	102½	—	—	94p	76 77p	88
24	—	—	88½	—	—	102½	—	—	94p	76 77p	88
25	—	—	88½	—	—	102½	—	—	94p	76 77p	88

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From August 20th to September 19th, 1828.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co. 50, High Holborn.

August.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20	0		66	70	60	30 00	29 88	49	49	WNW	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
21	03		66	67	58	29 76	29 66	49	49	W	NW	Fine	Fine	—
22	07		64	63	54	29 62	29 70	49	49	WNW	N	Fine	Rain	Rain
23			61	62	51	29 88	29 96	49	49	NW	N	Fine	Fine	Fine
24			61	66	63	30 07	30 08	49	49	NW	NW	—	—	—
25		○	69	72	71	30 14	30 18	50	51	NW	NE	—	—	—
26			74	73	55	30 21	30 20	51	51	S	SE	—	—	—
27			72	71	59	30 18	30 14	50	50	SE	SE	—	—	—
28			72	73	59	30 11	30 08	50	50	SE	SE	—	—	—
29			69	72	60	30 07	30 05	50	50	SE	SE	—	—	—
30			65	70	57	30 06	30 04	49	50	E	NE	—	—	—
31			66	69	56	30 01	29 89	49	50	ESE	ESE	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
Sep.		☾	65	69	55	29 84	29 84	50	50	ESE	ESE	Rain	Clo.	Fine
2			66	67	56	29 91	29 92	50	50	SE	NE	Fine	Fine	Fine
3	08		64	66	58	29 94	29 94	50	50	E	E	Rain	Rain	Fine
4			64	67	58	29 93	29 93	50	50	E	SE	Fine	Fine	Fine
5			66	68	58	29 91	29 91	51	51	SE	SE	Fine	Clo.	Fine
6			64	67	58	29 96	29 90	51	51	SE	SE	Fine	Fine	Fine
7			63	65	54	29 90	29 81	50	51	SE	SSE	—	—	—
8			66	74	53	29 83	29 70	50	49	S	SE	—	—	—
9	02	●	65	74	54	29 74	29 79	49	51	SW	WSW	Rain	Fine	—
10	24		64	68	58	29 65	29 45	52	50	SSE	WSW	Fine	Rain	Clo.
11	16		67	64	61	29 45	29 47	50	51	W	W	Clo.	Show.	Fine
12	46		62	65	58	29 40	29 33	52	55	WSW	W	Rain	Clo.	Rain
13	09		64	68	52	29 46	29 57	51	51	NW	NW	Fine	Fine	Show.
14	22		54	58	50	29 70	29 90	51	50	NW	NE	Rain	Show.	Clo.
15			53	60	46	30 17	30 32	50	49	E	ENE	Fine	Fine	Fine
16			53	59	42	30 40	30 38	48	47	NE	SE	—	—	Clo.
17			54	62	53	30 37	30 08	47	48	SE	SE	—	Clo.	Clo.
18			57	64	45	29 93	29 91	48	48	SE	SE	—	Fine	Fine
19			50	67	48	29 96	30 03	48	49	ESE	SE	—	—	—

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of August was 2 inches and 80 100ths.